D71600

MAYFAIR

£1.50 ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN Vol. 19 No. 12

OUR 200-PAGE 10-GIRL BONANZA

Plus Your 40 favourite Girls of the Year

OUTSTANDING JOANNE LATHAM: THE GIRL YOU'VE *ALL* ASKED TO SEE

SKY SOCIETY: AIRWORTHY AIRCRAFT OF WW2

A CUP OF D: THE FULL-BREASTED BEAUTY FROM THE TEA-SHOP

NOSTALGIA: DID YOU EVER SEND OFF FOR A SEEBACKROSCOPE?

A REAL STOCKING-FILLER: SANTA'S SEXY LITTLE HELPER

LET'S GET BASIC: COMPUTER JARGON CARTOONED

PRIVATE TREATMENT: EROTIC DREAMS FROM THE DENTIST'S CHAIR

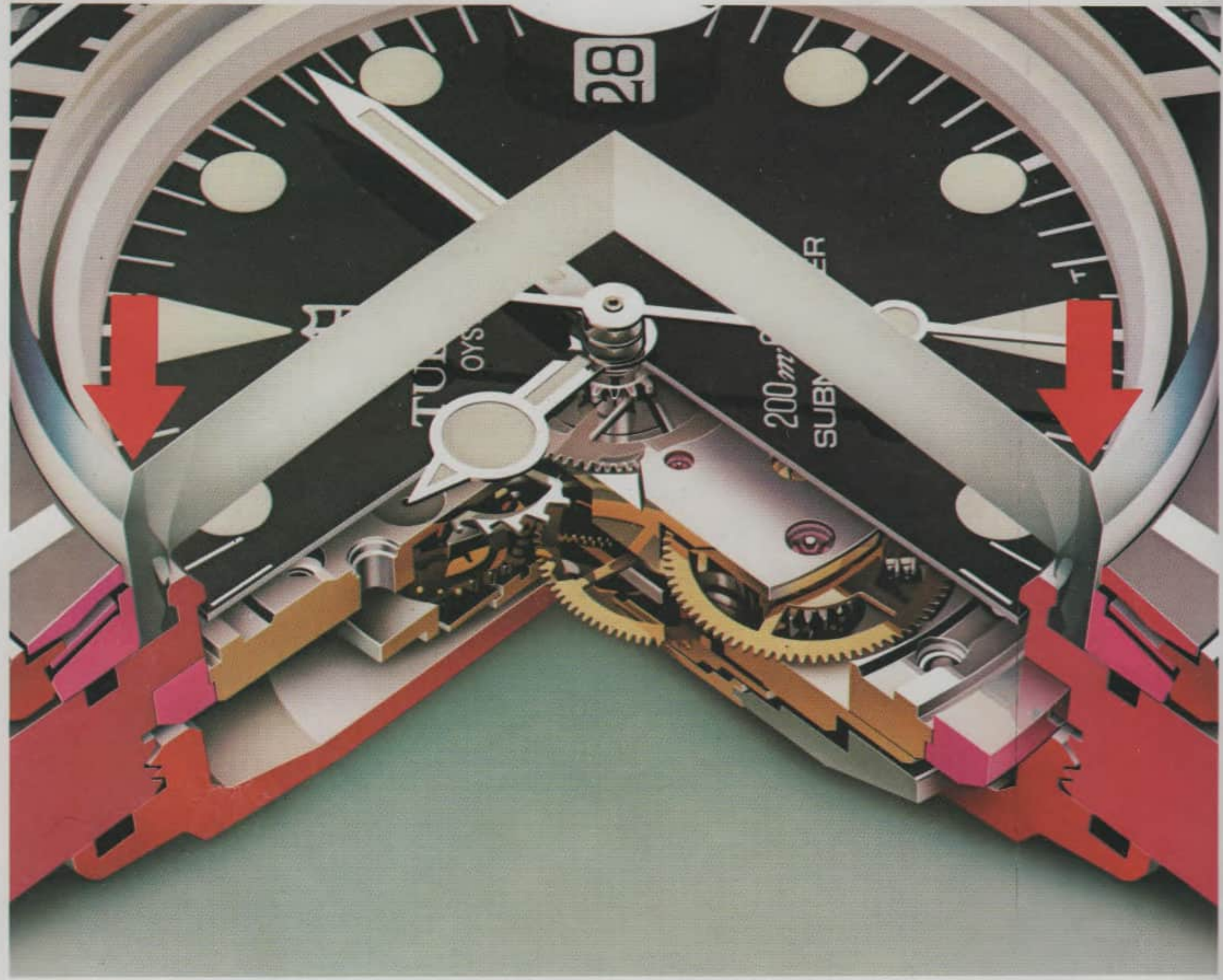
SPORTY MORGANS: 75 YEARS YOUNG

MATURE ALLURE: THE CRAZE FOR OLDER WOMEN

FABULOUS QUARTZ WATCH OFFER

OUR ALL-STAR GIFT SUGGESTIONS

AUSTRIA 80 A. SCH
CANARY ISLANDS 575 PTAS
DENMARK 35.00 KR
FINLAND 30.00 FM
FRANCE 40.00 NF
GERMANY 15.00 DM
HOLLAND 9.90 FL
ITALY 8,000 L
NORWAY 40.00 KR
SPAIN 550 PTAS
SWITZERLAND 8.20 SFR
NORTH AMERICA $4.25



THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT A TUDOR THAT WORKS BETTER UNDER PRESSURE.

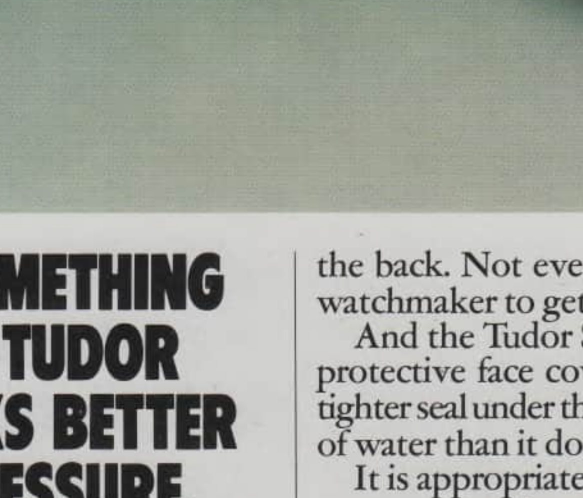
There are people who respond well to pressure: it even seems to make them function better. The Tudor performs in exactly that way. Carved from a single block of surgical stainless steel, the Tudor case becomes – 162 operations later – an object so faultlessly constructed that to call it merely "waterproof" is almost insulting to its integrity.

Nothing penetrates the winding crown, which screws down into the case in the manner of a submarine hatch. And nothing gets in at the back. Not even you. It takes a skilled watchmaker to get that off.

And the Tudor Submariner's crystal, its protective face covering, forms an even tighter seal under the pressure of 100 fathoms of water than it does at the surface.

It is appropriate that the Tudor should act so well under pressure.

For its fortress-like case houses one of Switzerland's finest watch movements: a rotor, self-winding, craftsman-built movement with a reliability that merits only the surest protection.



Illustrated: the Tudor Submariner Prince Oysterdate in steel. For the address of your nearest Tudor jeweller and further information on the complete range, write to Tudor at 1 Green Street, London W1Y 4JY, or telephone 01-629 5071.

TUDOR

TOUGHEST. STRONGEST. SUREST.

Welcome

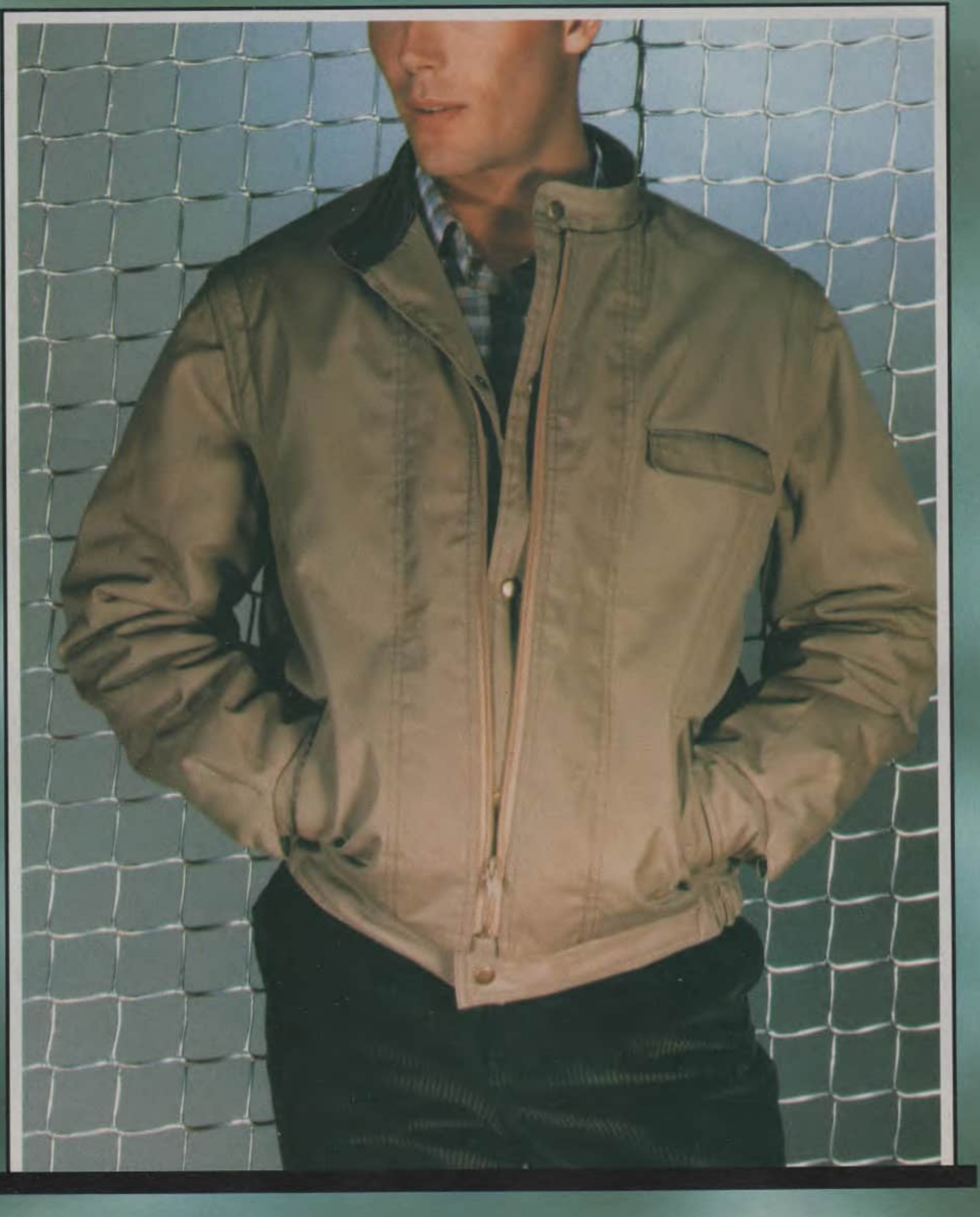
Compliments of the season, and welcome to the world of *Mayfair*, the ultimate in male entertainment. The special Christmas issue is always the highlight of our year, and this time we believe it is a really outstanding package. We've crammed 200 memorable pages with the very best in fiction, features and humour. And don't forget our girls. This time we present ten beauties to satisfy all tastes plus, of course, our annual Girls of the Year review where we look back at 40 fantastic females from past issues. Now's the time to relax, so just sit back, and enjoy *Mayfair*.

MIDDLE TAR
DANGER: Government Health WARNING: CIGARETTES

As defined by H.M. Government

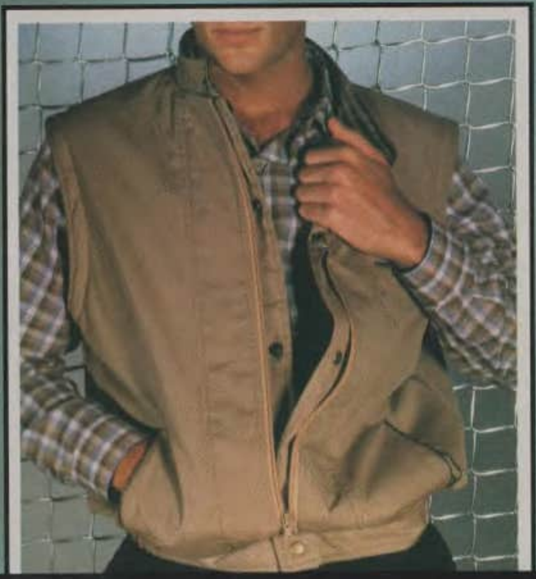
CAN SERIOUSLY DAMAGE YOUR HEALTH

Now a gentleman
complete co-ordination



Prices around: (Main picture) Jacket £48, Cord trousers £29.95, Check shirt £15.50. (Other pictures) Cord shirt £19.95, Sweater £22.50, Trousers £24.95.

may relax with



The gentleman's search for properly tailored, comfortable leisure clothes has too often left him with a limited choice of unco-ordinated garments.

Now Van Heusen put an end to the search with our new totally co-ordinated range of leisure clothes.

As well as being modern and stylish, they're beautifully tailored for real comfort.

For example, while our jacket is made from warm, snugly-quilted material, it is nevertheless of elegant line and colour co-ordination.

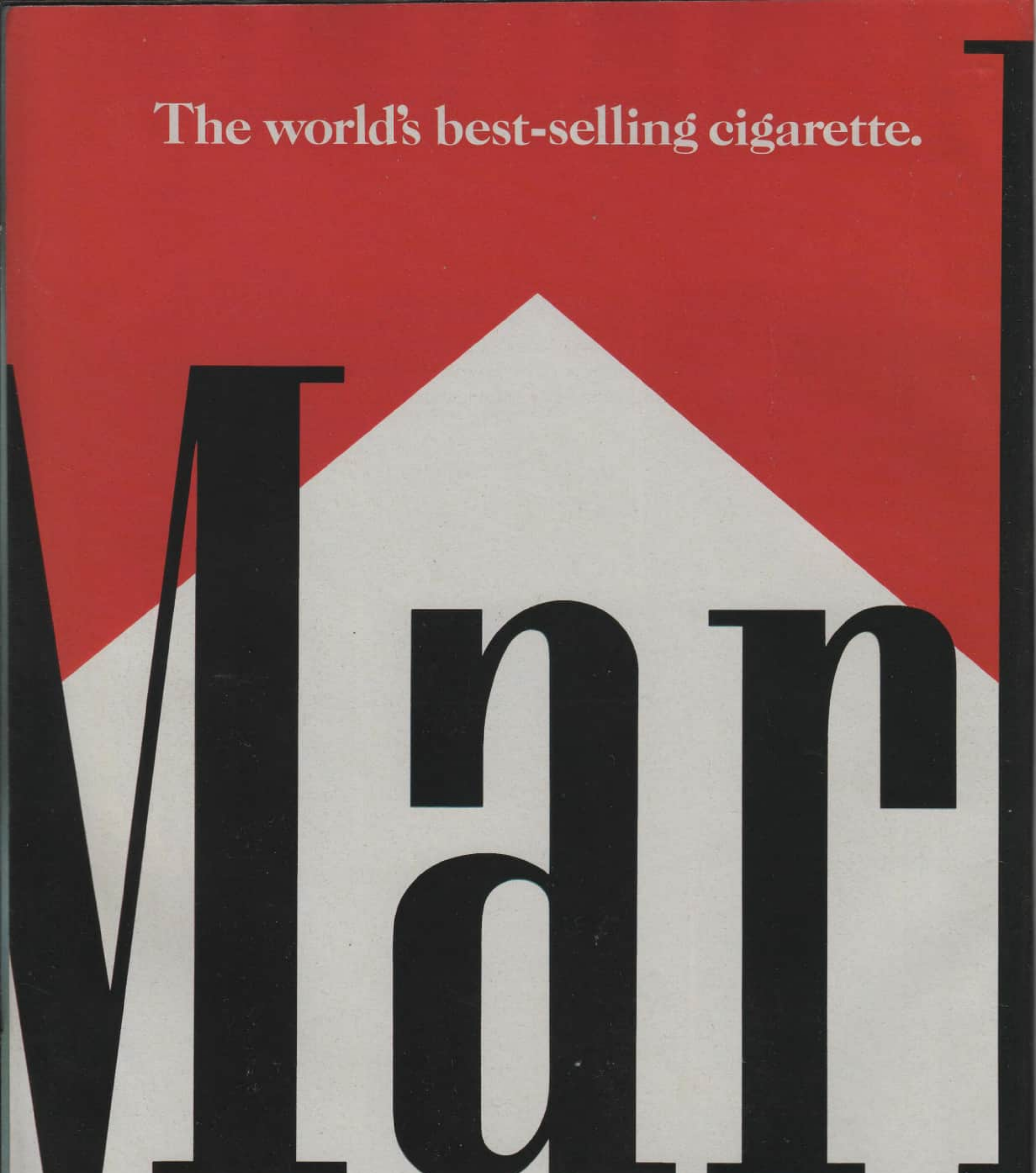
Most usefully, its sleeves are unzippable, to leave the body warm and arms ready for action.

Similar care for comfort is found in the stretch fabric of our well cut cord trousers, in colours that co-ordinate with stylish pullovers and jackets.

The motto of this new Van Heusen leisure collection is simple: "Wherever he takes his relaxation, a gentleman should not leave his tailor behind…"

Van Heusen

The British Van Heusen Co. Ltd, 28 Savile Row, London W1X 2DD. Telephone: 01-734 4030.


The world's best-selling cigarette.
Marl

LOW TO MIDDLE TAR As defined by H. M. Government
DANGER: Government Health WARNING:
CIGARETTES CAN SERIOUSLY DAMAGE YOUR HEALTH

MAYFAIR

King

Telephone number: 01-242 1593

95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ

Vol. 19 No. 12

Jolly Joanne, page 89.

War Birds, page 72.

SPECIAL FEATURES

			page
Sink the Tirpitz:	The daring mission to destroy Germany's top battleship	*Peter Chantree*	36
War Birds:	WW2 aircraft restored	*Mike Jerram*	72
Whoopee Cushions to Bear Grease:	Nostalgic look at mail-order bargains	*R Hudson-Smith*	86
Green Gauge Summer:	The intricate locomotive drawings of Geoffrey Wheeler		138

GIRLS

Amanda:	Pet from the vet's	*Larry Caye*	11
Maria:	A real stocking-filler is Santa's helper	*Peter Flodquist*	26
Girls of The Year:	Reprise for your favoured 40		41
Antonia:	The bank cashier to raise your interest	*Michael Moore*	80
Joanne Latham:	She's your all-time favourite Mayfair maid	*Donald Milne*	89
Elizabeth:	Black cat from St Kitts	*Ed Alexander*	113
Helena:	Take stock of our department store dolly	*Michael Ancher*	126
Georgina:	Our feminine charmer	*Siwer Ohlsson*	144
Veronica:	Nothing beats a nice cup of D	*Jean Rougeron*	153
Private Treatment:	Daydreams from the dentist's chair	*Mario Marnoto*	178
Pauline:	Going pubic, the stockbroker's pa	*John Allum*	188

HUMOUR

The Party's Over:	Festive season festivities cartooned	*Brian Forbes*	65
Getting Over Older Women:	The age-old infatuation explored	*Tom Holborn*	132
Huckleberry Fanny:	With apologies to Mark Twain	*Ken Warris*	148
Love Bytes:	Taking off computer jargon	*Peter Maddocks*	161

INFORMERS

Motoring:	75 years of Morgans	*William Boddy*	104
Quest:	When obliging outsiders oblige		169

FICTION

A Hateful Place:	Fell the years, and trouble will surely follow	*Roderick Grant*	20

SPECIAL OFFERS

Watches page 39/ **Calendar Offer** page 125/ **Diary Offer** page 125/ **Jigsaws** page 134/ **Satin Lingerie Collection** page 135 **Erotic Playsuit Collection** page 187/ **Best of Mayfair No 4** page 200

READER SERVICES

Letters page 10/ **Book Society** page 164/ **Back Numbers** page 168/ **Film Club** page 175/ **Binders** page 176/ **Subscription Details** page 197

Editor **Kenneth Bound** / Deputy Editor **Peter Wilton** / Art Editor **Kenneth Sims** / Features Editor **Martin Burr** / Chief Sub-Editor **Clive Harris** Motoring **William Boddy** / Eating Out **Brian O'Hanlon** / Discs **Peter Hopkin** / Travel Editor **Ian Marlowe** / Films **Gerald Cole** / Wine **Charles Fforde**/Readers' Service **Pat Asquith**/Advertisement Director **Adrian Walker**/published monthly by Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2. Reg. London No. 875169. Reg. Office 95a Chancery Lane, WC2/Distributed by Seymour Press Ltd., 334 Brixton Road, London SW9/Origination by Moorgate Lithoplates Services Ltd./Printing and binding by The Artisan Press Ltd., Beaumont Leys, Leicester, England/**Fiction:** all characters are fictitious and there is no intended reference to persons either living or dead/**Contributions:** although every care will be taken of all materials submitted for publication Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., their servants or agents, accept no responsibility for loss, damage or destruction, however arising, while in their offices, in transit or elsewhere/Copyright - Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., London, WC2.

Dunhill King Size.
FILTER DE LUXE
DUNHILL
King Size
20
London Paris New York

LOW TO MIDDLE TAR As defined by H.M. Government
DANGER: Government Health WARNING:
CIGARETTES CAN SERIOUSLY DAMAGE YOUR HEALT

SCENE

You should find a great deal to interest you in this issue since a lot of thought and originality has gone into it. Take our gift suggestions for example. Look out for this symbol throughout the magazine. It is the sign that means we recommend the product shown to our readers, and you'll find it on items as diverse as lingerie and locomotive prints. Many magazines include a review of Christmas gifts. It is often an excuse to rewrite press handouts for an inexpensive piece of copy. Or to uncover fantastic presents which none of us are likely to receive. Our recommendations are different. This is our stamp of approval – watch for it.

MAKES
A GREAT
PRESENT

On page 148 we celebrate the 100th anniversary of Mark Twain's *Huckleberry Finn.* Our piece by Ken Warris entitled *Huckleberry Fanny* is a hilarious send-up of the famous novel. Whilst researching details of the anniversary, Ken came across an amazing fact. *Huckleberry Finn* was completed in the summer of 1884, but the first print had to be scrapped after the actions of a mischievous engraver. He had doctored an illustration in the first edition, so that the character Silas Phelps was seen in the act of displaying a spectacular organ to a delighted maiden lady. Sadly all copies seem to have disappeared but we hope you will find our parody equally amusing.

As Christmas celebrations start, many people will be returning home from office parties and other alcoholic occasions. Some of the more foolhardy of us might even be tempted to drive back, and with the usual Christmas clampdown, there's a very good chance the long arm of the law will grab us. The days of 'blowing into the bag' have disappeared, and the dreaded crystals have been replaced by the Intoximeter. This electronic device has been surrounded by controversy since its introduction, some saying that it can be affected by factors other than alcohol. One motor insurance company, St Christopher, has been carrying out a survey of their members who have been stopped on drink/driving charges, and where the Intoximeter has been used as the arbiter of their fitness to drive. Not one of the several hundred members questioned felt that the Intoximeter was in any way inaccurate. Perhaps criticism of the machine has been excessive. We are all tempted to find an excuse when caught driving home after a drink.

'Mention that it is for *Mayfair*, and it's amazing how quickly things get done.' That was the verdict of artist Steve Kingston, the chronicler of Carrie's adventures. Almost every month she finds herself in some scrape that requires reference material. Everything from army uniforms to RAC vans have to be portrayed accurately, or else one of our eagle-eyed readers will spot the error. Bermondsey Library normally prove infallible, but this month even they had to give in. 'I couldn't find a picture of a turkey to refer to anywhere,' said Steve. Then he went to the top. The British Turkey Federation provided a book containing everything about the bird. 'As soon as they heard it was for *Mayfair*, they were only too keen to help,' said Steve. Butchers and other readers can check the details on page 198.

What do you get the man who has everything on this earth? How about something out of the world – quite literally? International Star Registry of 125, Aldersgate Street, London EC1 are offering to name a star after you or a loved one for only £25. Since many of them currently have names like Laceta RA22H 14 md 2°, they are performing a service to both public and astronomer alike. To commemorate the retitling you receive a certificate carrying the International Star Registry's gold seal, plus two constellation charts showing where you can find your namesake in the sky. It struck us we could re-name the twin heavenly bodies of Castor and Pollux, Joanne Latham. And one bright member of staff trying to find a particular memo on the Editor's desk suggested that it would be a good name for a black hole.

Few readers will forget the memorable appearance of Erica Roe on the field at Twickenham, and our subsequent full-colour coverage of the event in Vol 17 No 3. But the players' version of the event appears in a fascinating new book published by Stanley Paul. *The Scrum Half of My Life* is the autobiography of Steve Smith, the England rugby union captain, who was playing that day under the captaincy of Bill Beaumont. Erica made her topless debut during the half-time interval, when, as is customary in rugby, the teams stay on the pitch for a team talk with the captain. Steve described it as follows: 'Bill had gathered us around him with his back to the action, and was giving us a bit of earache about our first-half performance which wasn't auspicious. When Erica ran on with her similarly unclad companion, we started grinning, and Bill, who wasn't prepared to look round couldn't understand how he had completely lost our attention. Then Peter Wheeler, who couldn't contain himself any longer, chipped in with, "Hey, Bill, there's a bloke just come on with your arse on his chest!" Steve adds that the team always poked fun at Bill's prominent backside. It being Steve's practice at squad sessions to ask him how his 'outboard motor' was. Incidentally, Erica proved a tonic for the England team. In the second-half they played much better, and beat the Australian opposition comfortably. *The Scrum Half of My Life* costs £7.95.

OUR HI-TECH TV WINNERS

Two readers who will be enjoying Christmas in front of the television are the winners of our Sony Profeel Television Competition. Tom Lemon of Enfield and Michael Phelan of London W2 each win a Sony component TV worth over £1,000. Out of the many hundreds of entrants they placed the advantages of Sony's Profeel TV over conventional television in the order of importance that most closely matched that chosen by the judges. The winning order was:

B) Separate functions keep it at the forefront of technology.
C) Excellent Trinitron Colour reproduction and picture detail.
F) Multi-standard capability on the TV monitor means that it can be used all over the world.
E) Input flexibility for video, computer or future applications.
D) Two-way loudspeakers give high-quality sound.
A) Superb, sophisticated design.

The 20 runners-up who each receive a Sony blank video cassette are: AS Crossman, Leyton, London E10; JCT Eastwood, Langley, Berkshire; Nigel Gladen, Snodland, Kent; P Guest, Chadderton, Lancashire; Robert Howe, Oulton, Yorkshire; Philip R Jackson, Winchcombe, Gloucestershire; FJ Kirk, Mundesley, Norfolk; W Kossek, Stapleford, Nottinghamshire; B Lambert, Rugby, Warwickshire; FJ Langdon, Coxside, Devon; Kevin Leonard, Ealing, London W13; Ibrahim S Mbagile, London SW1; Robert McCall, Bronfield Woodhouse, Yorkshire; David Pape, London SE1; JP Pestall, Wimbledon, London SW19; Henry Saville, Finchley, London N3; GH Temple, Amersham, Buckinghamshire; RE Trunkfield, Goring-by-Sea, Sussex; A Font Vantell, Hatfield, Hertfordshire; P Wadsworth, Paignton, Devon. Congratulations.

LETTERS

You are invited to add to the controversy and anecdote of Mayfair. *Letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, but if requested this will be reduced to initials and town of origin. All letters will be acknowledged, in a plain envelope, to the address given. Unsigned letters will be discarded.*
Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

While casually looking through a back issue of *Mayfair* (Vol 19 No 3), I noticed a letter from B Wentworth discussing the *Girls You've Asked to See* section. He mentioned that certain models have already graced your pages, including Sian Adey Jones. Miss Adey Jones is my favourite, when can I see her again.
Andrew Conniff, Surrey

Sian Adey Jones appears in our Girls of the Year *review that starts on page 41. Sadly Vol 18 No 9 (the issue featuring Sian) is out of print, so treasure this second look.*

I did not need the letter from 'ex-RAF' in Vol 19 No 10 to reassure me that sexual appreciation continues into one's later years.
In my limited experience, it improves. But it would appear that at 57, I am two whole years younger than the ex-airman, so perhaps I am too young to comment.
Since the break-up of my marriage, eight years ago, I have enjoyed a number of relationships, some very brief, but another lasted over four years. The age of the ladies has ranged between 16 and a very trim 63-year-old, and they have offered a great diversity of experience. Without doubt, the youngest provided the most excitement, but it has been the more mature ladies who have given the greatest variety and satisfaction. However there is one point over which I would disagree with the ex-airman. With my latest friend, a 45-year-old widow with an almost insatiable appetite, there is quantity as well as quality.
When we meet, about every three or four weeks for three nights, we tend to spend about 16 out of 24 hours in bed. And if it is true that sexual intercourse with a climax is equivalent to running five miles, then I have averaged three marathons every time we meet.
Not only do I get frequent satisfaction, but my erection is sustained and regained fast to give my partner all the orgasms that she wants. On one occasion, she was climaxing every 20 seconds or so for a good 15 minutes.
My friend offers great variety too, with total spontaneity. And it is this together with a willingness to please each other that makes the relationship so successful. If either of us has a particular urge, nothing is said, but we simply do what we wish. Equally, if either of us then dislikes what happens, we simply say so.
We frequently talk about our fantasies on the telephone, and usually, some time later the fantasies happen. A vibrator was mentioned, it was bought, and on the next occasion it was introduced into our sex play. Now my friend uses it on herself when we are apart, although she claims that it is no substitute for the real thing.
If there is any secret to sexual appreciation in one's mature years, then it is to find the right partner or partners – ones who have the same sexual appetite as yourself, and the same desires. If these cannot be found in one partner, more than one may be needed.
Perhaps I should write again in 25 years time to let you know if a *really* mature couple appreciate sex. Both my partner and I believe that it is highly likely.
KP, Surrey

It sounds as though a good number of younger readers could learn a lot from mature couples like yourself.

Your article in *Best of Mayfair No 4* on the Walrus reminded me of when I was a coxswain in the RAF Marine Section at MAEE Felixstowe (these being the days before Air Sea Rescue, MAEE standing for Marine Aircraft Experimental Establishment).
One day when the sea was running high, too high for normal operations with seaplanes and flying boats, we had to get a Walrus to Portsmouth to rendezvous with a departing man of war (a battleship or cruiser).
With a few butterflies in our stomachs, and having shipped a boat-load of water we took up our position. The slipway and jetties were crowded with officers and men out to see the take-off, fully aware of the potential drama.
But the Walrus going 'dead slow' waltzed and curtsied across the ten foot waves, turned around in the lee of a jetty, and took off again with the minimum of fuss.
Needless to say, we had a very difficult journey back to our jetty, with no audience at all.
RW Davies, N Humberside

I am a fun-loving reader working in the import/export business, and living on the London/Essex borders. The letter from Miss CM of Portsmouth (Vol 19 No 9) about the pleasures of having attention paid to her feet has stirred me to write. Where are all the ladies who enjoy this? I have yet to meet any. I'm always the one who has to initiate such pleasures. If any other girls enjoy such things please write.
DR, Ilford

'I must be growing up. I've started to go to bed without being told to.'

By the very same post, the following letter arrived.

I am a 23-year-old blonde (five feet three inches, 36-24-36) who has been reading *Mayfair* for about a year. Female readers have recently written to say how much they like men to kiss and caress their feet, and it really turns me on to have this done to me. Also I love the sensation of going barefoot, as I love to be dominated, and this adds to my feelings of helplessness. For the same reason I also prefer older men. They also seem prepared to spend more time turning on a girl.
Earlier this year when I was working as a secretary for an advertising agency in London, I met Carl (name changed) who was working as a rep.
Carl was 48, and gorgeous; tall with a distinguished figure, a manly though not exactly handsome face, and dark hair going grey at the temples. He took an instant fancy to me, and was always chatting me up, and although I suspected that he was married, I had no objection to his attentions.
On the third day that he was in London, I deliberately let it slip that I was having the next two days off. Sure enough, he asked me out, asking me to show him the sights of London. We agreed to meet the following day.
I felt very naughty as I dressed in a short skirt and a flimsy teeshirt with a very low neckline which I wore without a bra. Underneath I had only a brief pair of black panties, and I left my legs bare. I then put on a little make up, and painted my finger and toe nails red, with a generous dab of perfume on my cleavage. Next I put on a strappy pair of high-heeled sandals, and went to meet Carl in Hyde Park.
We walked through the park,

turn to page 17

Amanda

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
LARRY CAYE

'I'm sorry I can't stay long, I've got to go back to the surgery, and check up on a parrot who's lost his voice.' That was the first thing 22-year-old Amanda Lesley said to us when she bustled into our offices to look at the photos of herself, and chat about a story to go with them. A puzzling conversational opener, but not so strange when you learn that Amanda is a veterinarian's assistant in North London where she lives. 'The parrot is running a temperature,' she explained, 'and it can only make little whistling noises so we're keeping it under observation for a few days.' All part of her job, and Amanda takes it in her stride along with the other exotic pets she sometimes meets. 'Oh, we've had monkeys, polecats and even a ten foot python on one occasion. But usually it's dogs and cats,' said Amanda whose 35-24-34 figure would make any wolf whistle. She has always been an animal lover, and in her flat keeps a menagerie of three cats, two budgies, and a large lizard. 'I didn't plan on acquiring them, they were all unwanted pets.'

Amanda's love of animals prompted her to appear in *Mayfair*. 'We were sitting round one night thinking up ways of raising money for an animal charity, and one guy said he'd sponsor me to do a streak through Camden Lock. A few more people joked about it, and then I suggested posing for *Mayfair* if they could raise £300. It was something I'd always had a hankering to do, and here was the perfect opportunity,' Amanda said. So pay up now, gentlemen.

in
ys
id
A
ed
e-
he
n.

When it comes to the best in hi-fi, quite a few names rank alongside ours.

CT-A7
A-60
TX-301L
P-D70
CT-450
F-90

They're the Pioneer 'Centres of Excellence.' Stores where you're virtually guaranteed to find the hi-fi you want (the pieces you can see above are a small part of our range).

Staffed by people whose eyes won't glaze over if you ask about the Dynamic Resonance Absorber and Digital Synthesizer.

For the best in hi-fi plus the best in hi-fi chat, check out the address nearest to you from our list of dealers printed here.

London: Goodwins, 7 The Broadway, Wood Green, N22 · Hi-Way Hi-Fi, 315 Edgware Rd, W2 · Kimberleys Hi-Fi Centres, 376 Edgware Rd, W2/ also 700 Romford Rd, Manor Park, E12 · Spatial Sound & Vision, 29 Tottenham Court Rd, W1 · S.R.S., 245 Regent St, W1.

Bedfordshire: R & V Hi-Fi & Video, 82 High St, Bedford.

Berkshire: Frasers Hi-Fi & Video, 67 Dedworth Rd, Windsor/also 23 Elmshott Lane, Cippenham, Slough.

Buckinghamshire: JCV, Viscount Way, Bletchley, Milton Keynes.

Cambridgeshire: R & V Hi-Fi & Video, 40 The Broadway, St Ives.

Cheshire: Swifts of Wilmslow, 3-9 St Anne's Parade, Wilmslow.

Cornwall: Gerry & Gill Thorpe, 4-6 Fore St, St Austell.

Cumbria: Peter Tyson, 6 Abbey St, Carlisle/also 9 West Tower St, Carlisle.

Derbyshire: Stuart Westmorelands, 67 St Peter St, Derby.

Essex: K.A. Cheeseman, Shewell Rd, Colchester · Craig Hi-Fi, 13 South St, Romford · Hockley Audio, 18/20 Main Rd, Hockley · Waters & Stanton, 12 North St, Hornchurch · D.T. Wicks, 49/51 North Station Rd, Colchester.

Hampshire: Astral Technology, 14 High St, Petersfield · Mr G, 313 Shirley Rd, Shirley, Southampton/also 5 Castle St, Basingstoke.

Isle of Wight: Russells, 40 Upper St James St, Newport.

Kent: Kimberley Hi-Fi Centre, 193 The Broadway, Bexleyheath.

Lancashire: Benfells, 78 Westfield Rd, Blackpool/also 11 Queens Square, Poulton-le-Fylde · Kenneth Gardner, 30 New St, Lancaster.

Leicestershire: Leicester Hi-Fi, 215/219 Melton Rd, Leicester · Stuart Westmorelands, 33 Cattle Market, Loughborough/also 9-10 Cheapside, Melton Mowbray/also 2 High St, Oakham.

Lincolnshire: Stuart Westmorelands, 3 Watergate, Grantham, Lincoln.

Norfolk: Peter Watts, Dereham Rd, Watton/also Lower Goat Lane, Norwich.

Nottinghamshire: Forum Hi-Fi, 600 Mansfield Rd, Sherwood, Nottingham.

Somerset: Yeovil Audio, 3 Princes St, Yeovil.

Staffordshire: Hi-Fi Studio, 19 Hassell St, Newcastle-under-Lyme/also 20 Lonsdale St, Stoke-on-Trent.

Suffolk: Peter Watts, St Johns St, Bury St Edmunds.

Surrey: Cosmic, 244-256 Station Rd, Addlestone.

East/West Sussex: R.N. French, Queens Parade, Hastings · Jeffries Hi-Fi, 4 Albert Parade, Green St, Eastbourne/also 69 London Rd, Brighton · John Rees Hi-Fi, 13 South Rd, Haywards Heath.

West Midlands: Forum Hi-Fi Centre, Tivoli Centre, Coventry Rd, South Yardley, Birmingham/also 78 Lower Precinct, Coventry · JCV, Unit 7/8, Wharf St, Warwick.

Wiltshire: JD Stereo, Station Hill Rd, Chippenham.

Yorkshire: Amrik Electronics, 57/59 North Parade, Bradford/also 287-293 Harehill Lane, Leeds, E9/also 57 Otley Rd, Headingley, Leeds · J. Wood & Son Ltd, 67 New St, Huddersfield.

Scotland: Holborn Hi-Fi, 445 Holborn St, Aberdeen · Alternative Audio, 27 Main St, The Village, East Kilbride.

South Wales: Radiocraft, 251-253 Cowbridge Rd East, Canton, Cardiff/ also 231 High St, Swansea.

Northern Ireland: Nicholl Bros, Wellington St, Ballymena.

PIONEER®
Everything you hear is true.

LETTERS

continued from page 10

and chatted. After a while he slipped an arm around me. Then I stopped, and I decided to slip out of my shoes saying, 'I feel like going barefoot in the park.' Carl smiled, and said, 'You certainly have pretty feet.'

We walked a bit further, the grass tickling my feet delightfully and making me feel very sensuous.

We sat down, and talked. Then I leaned over, and kissed him lightly on the lips. He looked at me for a moment, then pinned me to the ground, his lips pressed to mine for a long, probing kiss. Then gently but firmly he held my wrists, and pushed them above my head, so I was quite helpless. He kissed my chin, and I threw back my head in surrender, as his lips trailed a path of pampering kisses down my neck.

'I'd love to kiss your feet,' he said, as he bit my neck. I said that I'd love him to but not there. So I suggested we go back to my flat after lunch.

'You minx', he said, 'making me wait.'

I tingled all over with excitement during lunch, and couldn't wait to get home. When we finally did, I rushed in and sat on the sofa, tossing my shoes off. He sat on the floor by my feet, then ran his hand along my right knee, down my calf, and on to my ankle. Then he took my foot in both hands, and covered it all over in kisses.

After a long time kissing my legs and feet, he asked me where the bedroom was, and I weakly pointed to the door. Then he lifted me like a baby, and carried me in, and laid me on the bed.

Quickly, we undressed, and the sight of his rampant cock had me all in a swoon, as he started to kiss my neck again. Cupping my boobs, he began to bite my ears and shoulders, then all over. Then he rolled me on my back, and kissed my spine and buttocks. He even kissed my armpits.

By now I was in a sensual daze. 'Take me, please,' I demanded. Firmly he rolled on top of me, and we made love in the good old missionary position. He was so, so masterful, as he thrust away inside me, biting and kissing me all the time. That orgasm was one of the many he was to give me over the next few days, during which time he took me every which way and how!

Afterwards Carl admitted that it was my feet which had first attracted him to me. He even asked if I would mind relieving him with my bare feet, which I was only too pleased to do. Carl told me that his wife objected to this, saying that it was 'kinky'. I can only say she is missing out on a good deal through her lack of adventurousness.

I was sad when he had to leave, but when he comes down south he still spends a lot of time with his 'barefoot harlot' as he calls me.

Sue, Peterborough

British Telecom's TV ad provided a great reason to feature my personal favourite fantasy item, Helle Kjaer again. I shall treasure Vol 19 No 10 for ever.

I shall never forget the first time I spotted Helle in the ad. It was a fantastic surprise, especially since I work for Telecom, and have installed many an Inphone. It was almost as if the girl I love so much was singing my praises personally. At least that is how it seemed to me. Perhaps you can now tell how much I love the girl.

I even went to the trouble of videoing the commercial, and freeze-framing the part where she appears, but it was never as sharp as your pictures, and nowhere near as revealing.

I frequently fantasise about having to install her phone. She wants an extension in the bedroom, and . . . well you can guess the rest.

Let's not wait for her next commercial to feature her again.

JB, Walthamstow

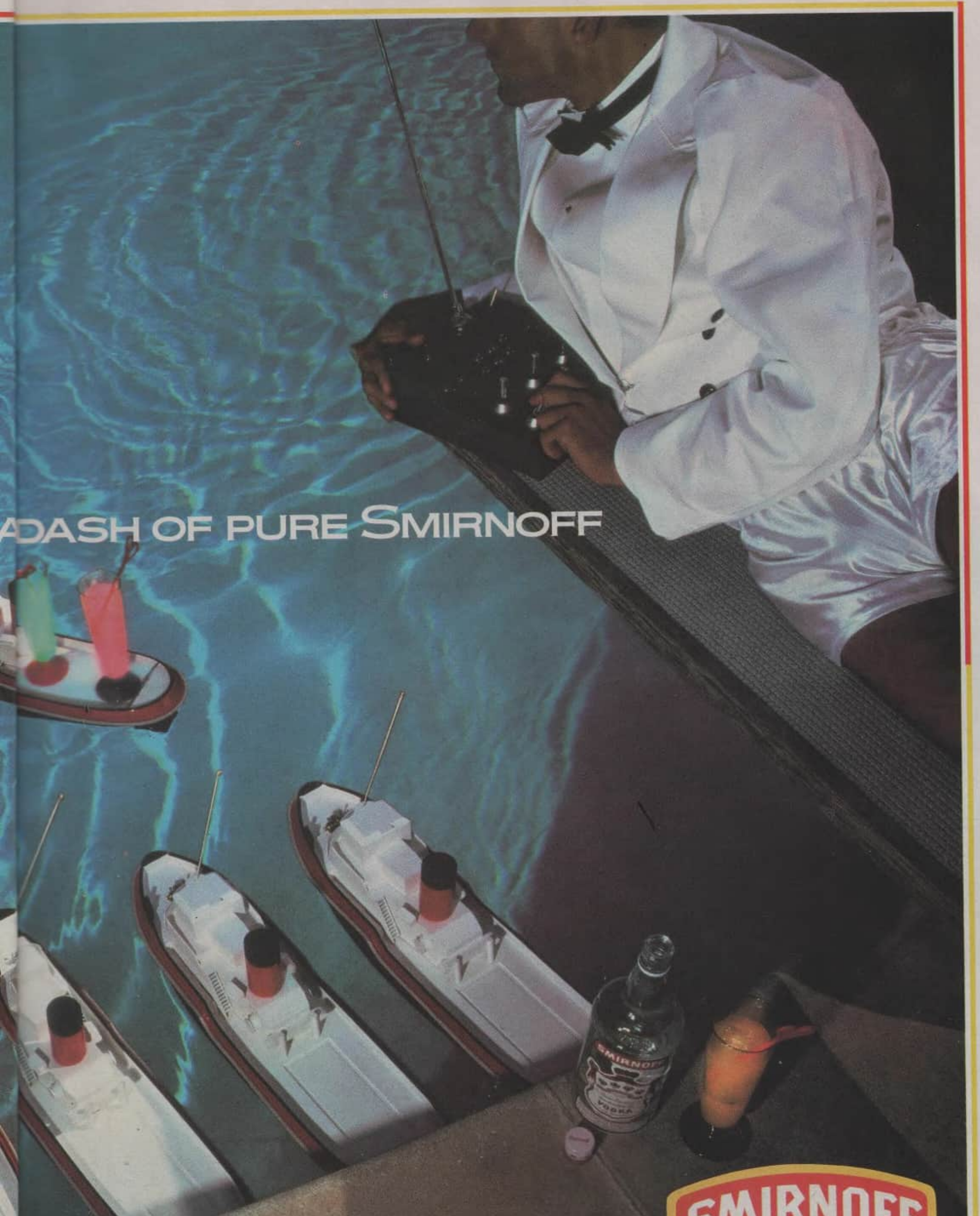
At last, at last, I have had an experience worthy of sharing with your readers.

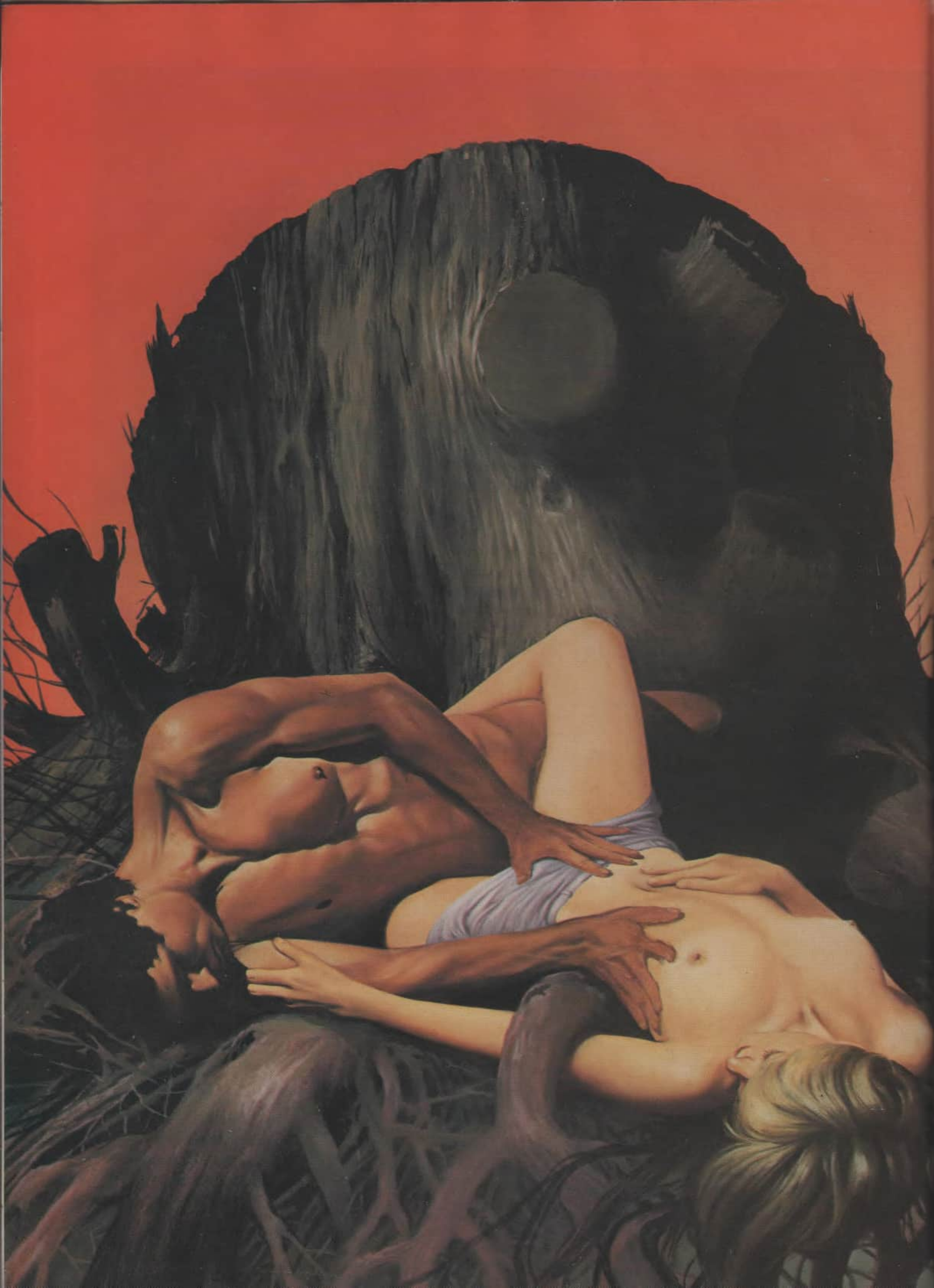
I recently returned from a year working in Saudi Arabia, and fairly promptly flew off again to blow some of my hard-earned money on an exotic holiday touring the Far East. With a year's randiness saved-up plus the excitement of travelling which always adds to it, and the anticipation of visiting Bangkok etc – I was ready for anything.

It is an exceedingly long, tedious flight from Britain to the Far East, and I was very fortunate to be seated next to an extremely attractive lady, about my own age. Having chatted happily together for several hours, getting to know each

turn to page 186

POOL SERVICE - WITH ADAS


DASH OF PURE SMIRNOFF
SMIRNOFF
VODKA
SMIRNOFF
WHATEVER YOU DO WITH IT,
IT'S NEAT.



Janice hated those brooding yew trees which cast such a gloom over the ancient cottage, and was determined to get rid of them. The locals wouldn't help, but she decided to ignore the old man's warning. Besides, the young man who offered was very dishy

Fiction by Roderick Grant

A HATEFUL PLACE

The cottage nestled secretively in a hollow at the foot of a steep, rutted lane. Thatched and black-beamed, it had been there for over four hundred years. Close by the front door grew two enormous yew trees. Their enormity came not so much from their height as their girth. Squat and gnarled, they stood one on each side of the path, so close that their branches were now interlocked to form a gloomy archway beyond which the cottage lurked almost apologetically in the shadows. Janice Carter hated them right from the start.

She said so, quite emphatically, while she and her husband, Brian, were viewing the property. Neither was she greatly taken by the house, or its remote and isolated surroundings, the sparse, rolling hills that spilled over onto the Dorsetshire coast with its high cliffs, and rain and swirling clouds of fine mist fresh in off the sea. Unusually, however,

ILLUSTRATION BY MELVYN GRANT

in their six years of marriage, it was Brian who had triumphed when the arguments came to an end. Janice considered the cottage too lonely for her liking. She didn't like trees, and felt the two ancient yews dominated the atmosphere of the place. She was unimpressed by old houses and their associations with the past.

Brian loved both.

He wanted to live in the cottage from the first moment he saw the place, driving down the lane bumping and heaving over the ruts. He felt drawn to it, compelled by some inexplicable force to reject the bad points. He persuaded Janice to agree by using money as his main bargaining weapon. The cottage was cheap, much cheaper than any other house they'd looked at. The money they saved could be used for luxuries.

'I shall die spending time here by myself when you're away,' she'd said when giving her grudging consent.

'Nonsense,' he'd replied. 'You've got your own car now. You can get back to Southampton whenever you want – see your friends. Go shopping. Have your hair done.'

Brian was area sales manager for a firm of electrical appliance manufacturers. He'd been promoted on his thirty-second birthday. Now, a year later, he was finding the necessity to do so much travelling something of a nuisance. Having bought a country cottage, a dream he had nurtured during years of living in Southampton, he wished to spend time in it. But he was dedicated to his job, and the salary was good.

They had only been in their new house for six or seven weeks when Janice got herself a job – part-time clerical work in a solicitor's office in the nearest town, twenty minutes drive away. From then on Brian didn't worry so much about being away from home two weeks in every four, and even Janice seemed more cheerful now that for three days a week she could get out and about, earn some money for herself, and meet people. People – or the lack of them – was always her main complaint.

'You never see anyone around here,' she constantly remarked. Brian, who felt he saw too many people in his daily life, welcomed the fact that they never saw anyone except the milkman and the postman.

'It's not that bad for you, surely?' he said. 'There's the village shop. You could walk down there on the days you're not in town.'

Janice snorted. Three years younger than Brian, she possessed a highly-developed intolerant streak. It dismayed him that it appeared to be growing stronger as the years passed.

At times like this, with every possibility of a major row looming on the horizon, Brian's patience always evaporated. Rising to his feet he said:

'Well I don't care how much you go on bitching about this house and its surrounds – we're staying. And that's final. It's up to you to make the best of it. Try harder to get to like it here.'

And with that he left the room, and strode off out into the garden.

Janice sat for some time staring into space, then turned her head towards the window, beyond which the two yew trees squatted directly in front of the door. She loathed the trees with an almost pathological hatred. And as she stared at their brooding, shadowy hulk she determined to take Brian's parting words at face value.

'It's up to you to make the best of it,' he'd said.

'Right,' she said aloud. 'That's exactly what I'll do.'

And she'd start without delay by cutting down those bloody trees. Brian was due to be away again – for a week – in a few days time. She'd find someone locally to do the work, and if Brian protested on his return then she'd tell him straight to his face that this was her way – her first action – in making life more bearable in what was becoming for her a hateful place.

Finding a workman was harder, much harder, than Janice had ever imagined. The problem was not that there was any shortage of labour, the difficulty was finding someone willing to do the particular job she had in mind. She asked the taciturn postmistress to recommend someone, and was given four names. She visited the houses one by one, and in two met with a polite refusal, in the third a brusque rejection, and in the fourth a firm rebuff, tinged with a heavy underlay of hostility.

'But why?' she asked the elderly man, a retired farm worker. 'If it's the money that worries you, I *can* pay for the job to be done, you know. What's more, I'll pay you in advance.'

He stood in his neat, flower-filled garden, and glared at her through hooded eyes.

'That won't be necessary, lady. I'm not doing it.'

'What's the matter?' Janice heard her voice becoming shrill. 'I would like to know why you're so adamant in refusing?'

'It's not right,' he said. 'It's not right. That's why.'

A look of incomprehension crossed Janice's features, but before she could speak the old man raised a hand.

'Let me finish,' he said with surprising authority. 'Those trees have stood at your cottage door since the place were built. They're special. Sacred. There are stories told about them.'

Janice laughed nervously.

'What stories? I've never heard any.'

'You wouldn't,' he said. 'You've only been in the district ten minutes. Anyhow, you wouldn't understand.'

'This is ridiculous,' said Janice impatiently. 'There's no – '

'You may think it ridiculous, lady, but folks in these parts have a different view. *They* understand.'

'Understand what, for God's sake.'

The old man started to turn away.

'You leave them trees alone. Do you hear? Not so much for your own sake, I don't care what happens to you. But for the sake of whoever you inveigle into lending you a hand.'

'Now look here,' said Janice angrily. 'I will not be threatened. I will not be told what I can or can't do with my own property.'

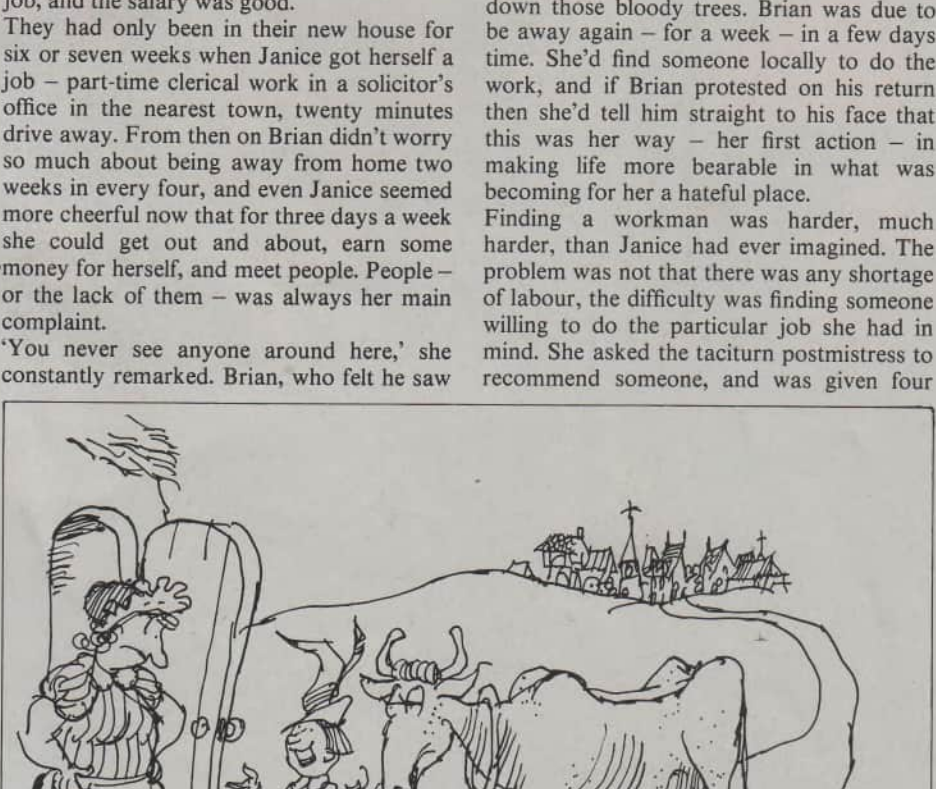
The old man stared at her. His laugh was without mirth.

'Some things should never be private property,' he said. 'And it's not a threat I'm making. I'm giving you some good advice, plain and simple advice. A friendly warning, if you like. Take it any way you please.'

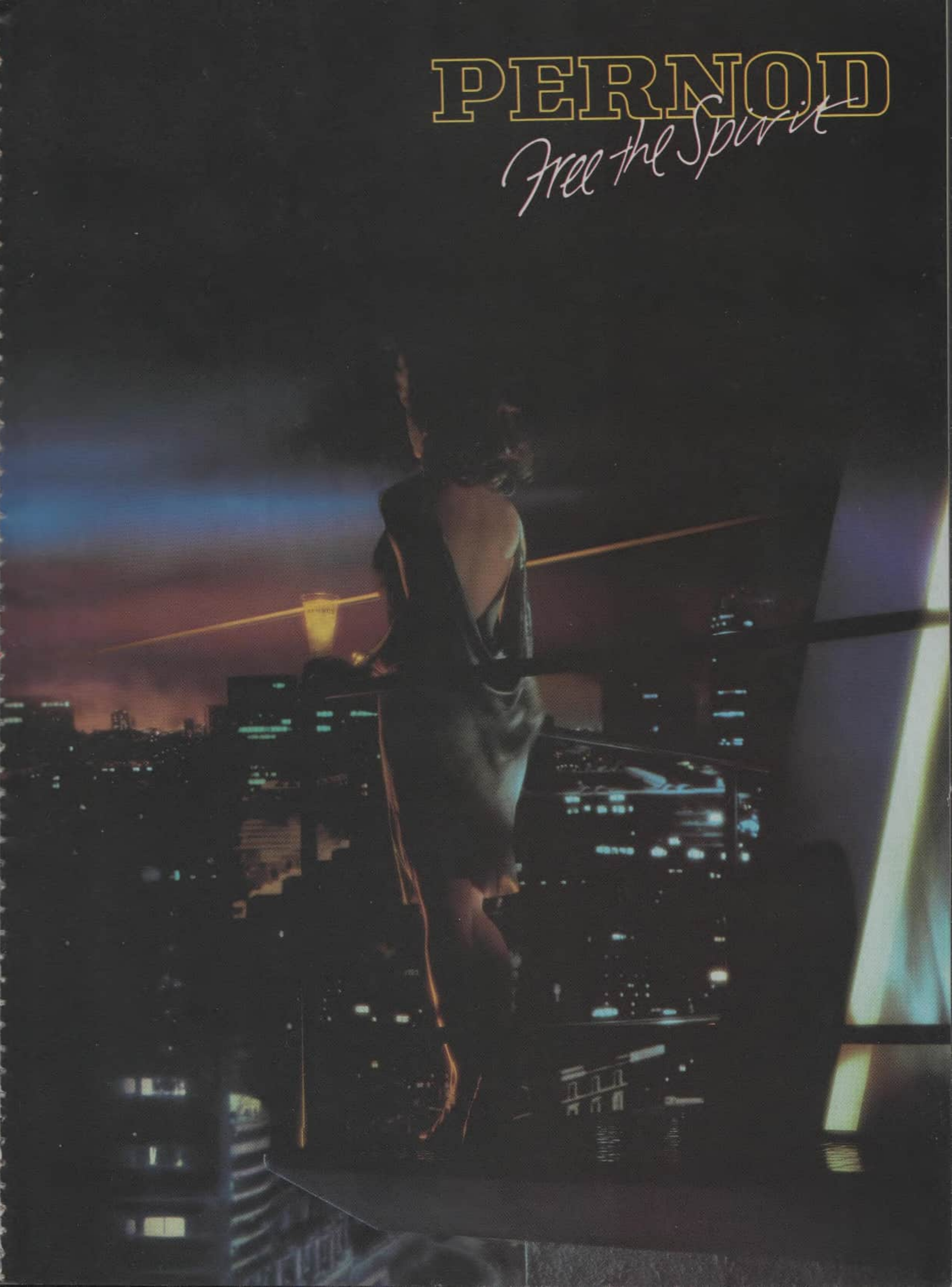
He turned abruptly, and shuffled away up the path towards his house. Janice, full of anger and resentment, stared at his retreating figure for several seconds, then walked swiftly towards her car. If she had the tools she'd bloody well do the job herself. In the car as she drove homewards the same thought occurred to her again. And she remembered a shop in the town where saws, ladders and the like could be hired by the day or the week. She changed her mind about going home, and headed towards the town. She had made her decision. She would not be thwarted. Not now. She would not feel at ease until the job was done.

Not only was Janice able to hire the tools required, but the young man in the shop offered to come the next day, and do the job for her. It was his day off, he explained. This suited Janice perfectly, although at first she

turn to page 124

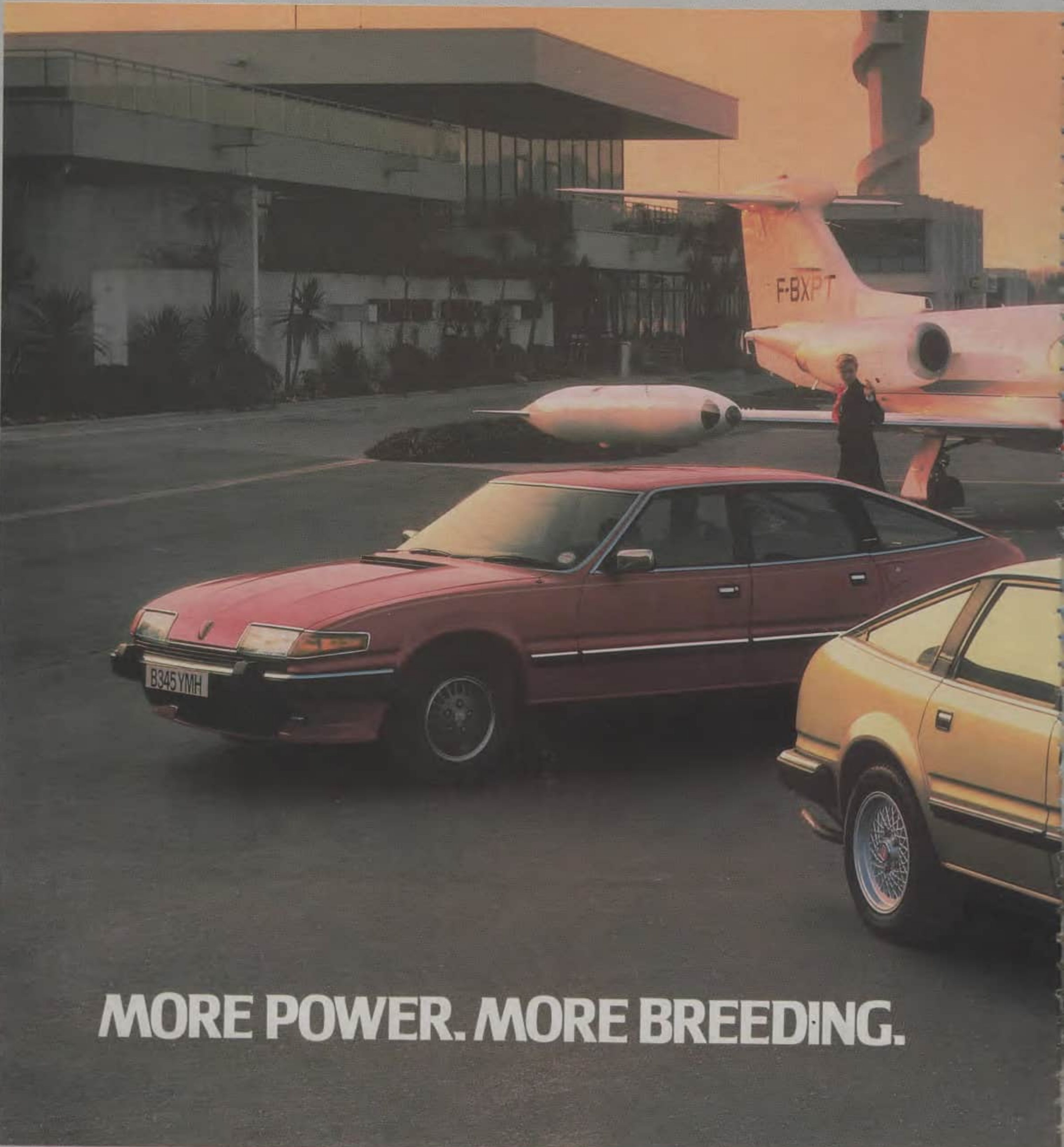


'I met a nice man at the market, mother, and he offered to swap our useless old cow for a bag of wonderful magic beans. So I said certainly not.'



PERNOD
Free the Spirit

AUSTIN ROVER



THE NEW ROVERS FOR 1985.
MORE EQUIPMENT, MORE REFINEMENT.

1984 has been a year of expansion for the prestigious Rover range.

The new Vanden Plas models – the 2600, the 3500 and the fuel injected EFi – in addition to numerous refinements on the other Rovers in the range have already considerably enhanced the breed.

And now, the Rover keynote of attention to detail has led to the installation of further equipment into the 1985 models.

For example, the Rover 2000 now sports a sliding steel sunroof, electronic radio/stereo cassette with 4 balance controlled speakers, and electrically operated and demisted door mirrors.

In common with other Rovers, the 2000

*Except Vitesse, VDP EFi, SD Turbo. DOT Figures Rover 2000: Simulated urban cycle 25.7mpg/11.0L per 100km. Constant 56mph 44.3mpg/6.4L per 100km. Constant 75mph 33.1mpg/8.5L per 100km.

BY APPOINTMENT
TO HM THE QUEEN
MANUFACTURERS OF ROVER CARS
AND AUSTIN CARS
AUSTIN ROVER GROUP LIMITED
COVENTRY

already has such luxuries as electrically operated windows and power assisted steering.

Each and every car in the 9 model range has followed suit, and all models* now benefit from the addition of an electronic fuel control system. This means, for example, that the Rover 2000 can now deliver an improved 44.3mpg at 56mph.*

Not only will the 1985 Rovers be distinguishable by their new specification and equipment, but additionally by their new colours and upholstery fabrics.

The new 1985 Rovers.

ROVER

DRIVING AT ITS BEST.

For enquiries on tax free, diplomatic and personal export sales, telephone 021-475 2101 extension 220.

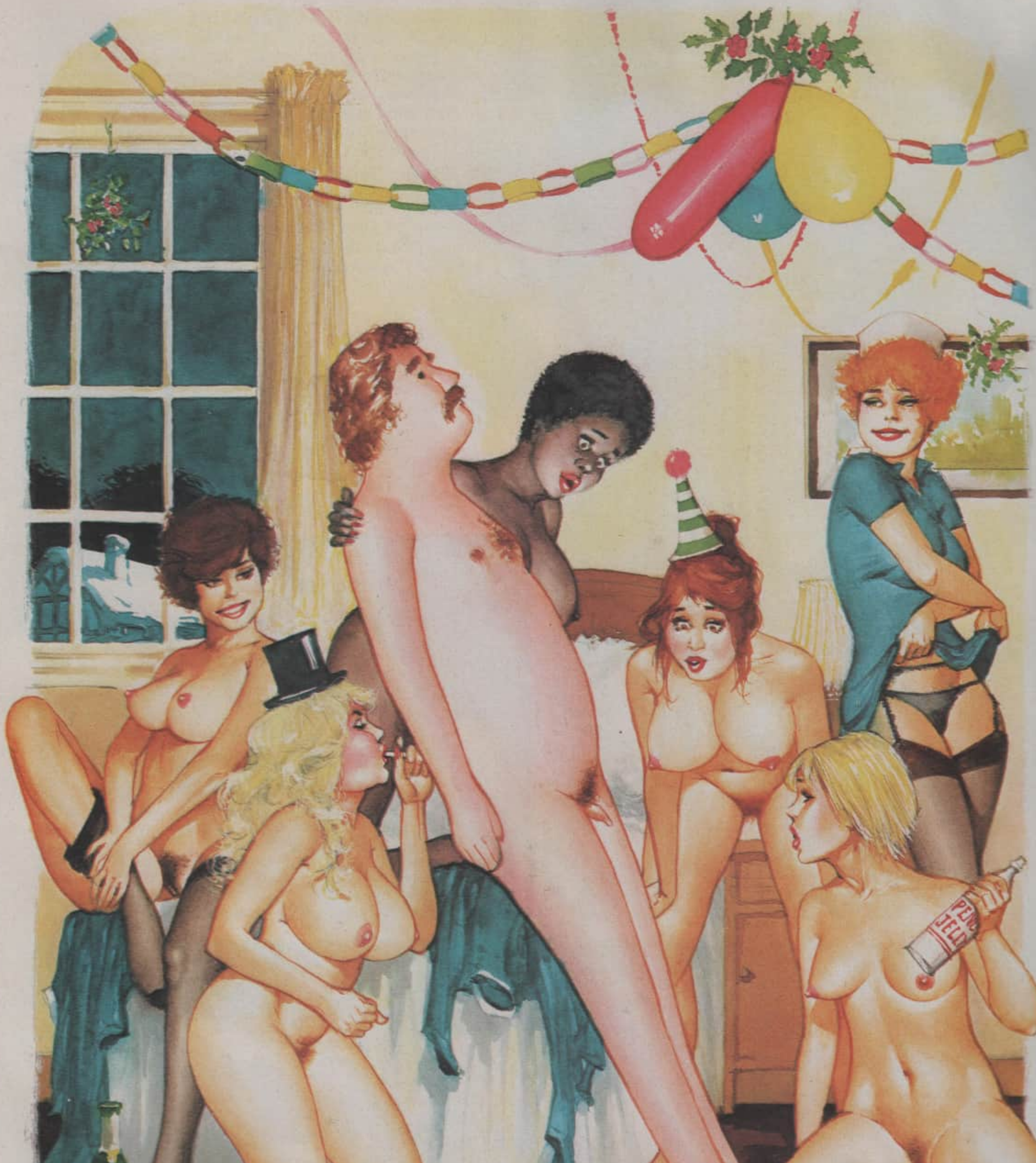
Maria

PHOTOGRAPHED BY PETER FLODQUIST

Ho ho ho. No wonder Santa is always jolly, when he has helpers like Maria Mann. For, hard as it is to imagine when you see the sexy 19-year-old in her saucy underwear, Maria will be playing an innocent, little elf this Christmas. 'I'm Father Christmas's chief assistant in this play we are putting on for the children,' she told us. But don't rush up to Leeds to queue for tickets, expecting an epic production. 'Oh no, it's just for a few friends' Christmas parties,' Maria insisted. 'I know a guy who is a magician, another who's an excellent juggler, and a couple of others who are unemployed actors. We got together in the pub, and decided it would be a fun thing to do.' Rehearsals for the show are getting under way.

But since the show is intended for children between five and eight-years-old, her principal asset will go unnoticed in this production. Maria's 35-23-34 figure has plenty of adult fans though. 'That's why I offered to pose for *Mayfair*,' Maria laughed. 'So I'll be entertaining both the kids and grown-ups.'

But apart from her dramatic appearance, Maria intends to spend her Christmas in a singularly adult way. 'On Christmas Eve I shall be out on the town drinking and dancing somewhere in the city centre,' she said. 'I haven't got a boyfriend at present, so I shall be trying to remedy that as well.' Just what sort of a man is she looking for? 'Short, fat and extremely spotty,' she said with a laugh. 'No, seriously, I really don't mind. Somebody who appreciates a girl who enjoys dressing sexily. I admit I do love naughty undies, and the chance to wear them.' He should also appreciate an attractive bottom. 'I was voted the 'Cuddliest Bum in Leeds' by some friends of mine in a mock contest we held in a local pub,' Maria claimed, and who could doubt it? 'Mind you I wore jeans then. Is this an improvement?'


MACHO MAN
INSTRUCTIONS
FROM INTERNS
FORBES

'I reckon you could sue under the Trades Descriptions Act.'

EXTRA SPECIAL
Johnnie Walker
BLACK LABEL
Old Scotch Whisky
BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
40% vol
12 YEARS OLD
OTHER PRESENTS PALE BESIDE IT

Next to the giants of hi-fi, our 315 may be lacking in stature.

But, make no mistake, it's every inch the complete hi-fi system.

(Being Technics, you'd hardly expect us to put our name to anything less.)

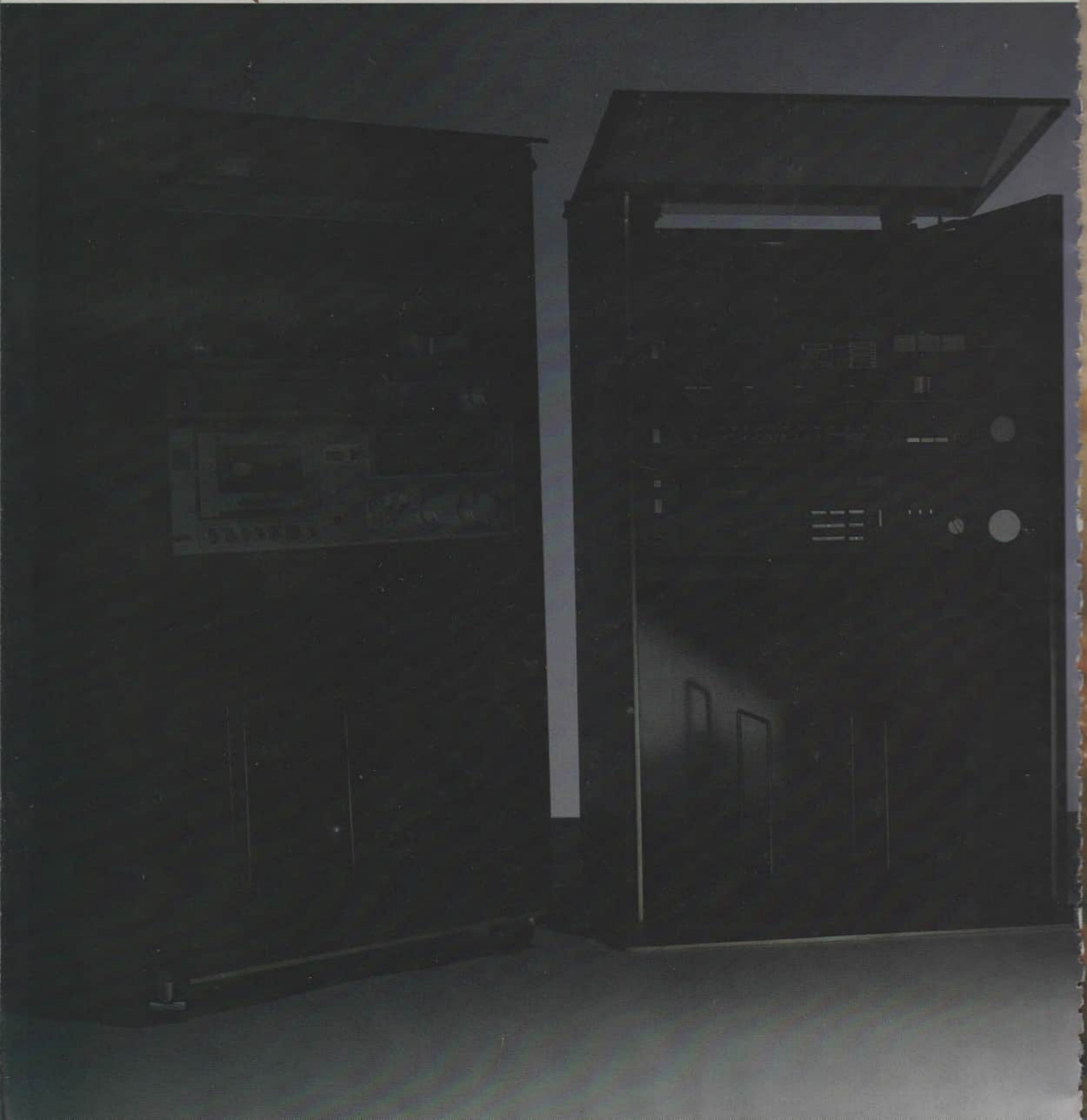
In fact we've found room for all the latest hi-fi advances including an optional graphic equaliser.

Plus one or two features you won't find on your average Goliath.

Instead of the usual spaghetti junction, you have our system of pop-up direct connectors.

Which, on our two top models, also provides you with the luxury of one-touch operation.

Just touch the appropriate key on the



amp and it automatically selects the sound source for you.

Or vice versa, if you prefer.

Not that you have to be a member of the jet set to afford a 315.

We have five versions to fit all sizes of pocket from our Type 55A down to our Type 15.

All, of course, complete with a pair of matching speakers.

And none of them bigger than the space most systems usually reserve for your LPs.

If that isn't a record, we don't know what is.

Technics
315 Series.
300-318 Bath Road, Slough, Berks SL1 6JB. Tel: Slough 34522.

Inside every hi-fi system, there's a 315 trying to get out.

For almost four years the German battleship Tirpitz defied the best efforts of the Royal Navy and RAF to sink her. She had survived aerial bombings, human torpedoes, and strikes by the Fleet Air Arm. How could she be destroyed or crippled?

Mission most dangerous: Sink the Tirpitz

By Peter Chantree

In some ways it is the strangest of all war stories. It concerns a giant battleship, so powerful it could destroy anything it was likely to meet, but which never fought another vessel: a ship which, though rarely leaving its anchorage, had a profound effect on the course of the war, and which exercised the courage, ingenuity and self-sacrifice of the Royal Navy and RAF for the best part of four years.

The *Tirpitz* was laid down in October, 1936, and commissioned in January, 1941. With a displacement, fully laden, of around 50,000 tons, and armed with eight 15-inch guns, she was designed to equal in strength anything the British could send against her. By her mere presence in the hideaway on the North Cape of Norway she effectively immobilised the three capital ships set to guard her, ships which were desperately needed elsewhere.

The mere threat of an attack by the *Tirpitz* on convoy PQ17 in July, 1942, resulted in the scattering of that convoy, and its destruction – of the merchant ships that had sailed, 23 were sunk.

The RAF had already made several attempts

Damaged by midget submarines in Kaafjord, Tirpitz *was subsequently attacked by Fleet Air Arm Barracuda bombers from the carriers* Furious *and* Victorious *in April, 1944. Crippled, she survived.*

to destroy the *Tirpitz* in March and April of 1942 before the destruction of convoy PQ17 brought matters to a head. The decision was finally made by the Admiralty to attempt to get human torpedoes, or 'chariots' as they were called, within striking distance of the *Tirpitz* in Trondheim fjord, and blow her up.

The 'chariot' was a 21-inch torpedo powered by electricity, and manned by a crew of two dressed in diving suits who sat astride it. The warhead of the torpedo, which could be undone and attached to the enemy's hull, was fitted with a delayed action fuse to allow the two operators time to get well clear. The batteries of the 'chariot' could drive the craft at three knots under or above the water for about six hours.

A Norwegian fishing boat called the *Arthur* was fitted out, and placed under the command of a Norwegian resistance fighter, Leif Larson, and on October 26, 1942, set out for Norway with two 'chariots' clamped under the hull. On Saturday, October 31, the *Arthur* reached the German check point in Trondheim fjord. It was a dangerous situation. The water was very clear and smooth, and the two torpedoes could be clearly seen under the hull of the ship. A quarrel was engineered over the use of a heaving line to distract the Germans' attention, and after a quarter of an hour's delay whilst documents were checked, the *Arthur* was allowed on her way.

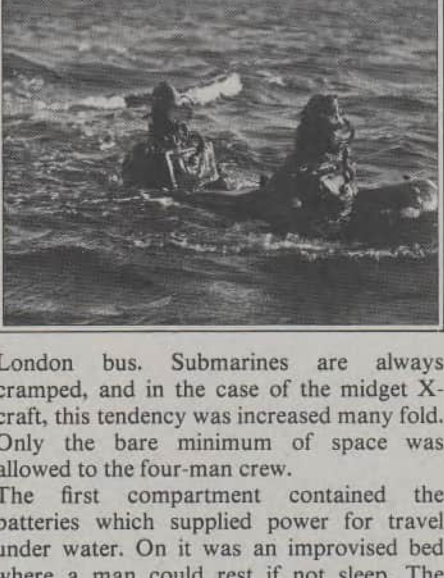
But the *Arthur*'s luck was out. A minor storm blew up. They had got to within 15 miles of the position where the 'chariots' could be released and sent on their way when ominous noises under the hull told them that they were working loose. An inspection showed that the 'chariots' had finally broken away, and had disappeared into the waters of the fjord. The operation was over.

In March, 1943, *Tirpitz* sailed from Trondheim to take up a new position at Altafjord at the most northern tip of Norway, out of range of British bombers, and in an ideal position to attack the Arctic convoys.

The next attack on *Tirpitz* was to be made by X-craft. These, unlike the 'chariots', were submarines in everything except their diminuitive size, and their armaments. They were 48 feet long, weighed only 39 tons fully loaded, and had a maximum diameter of five and a half feet for most of the length.

Because of the haste, most of the equipment used was improvised. For instance, the engine used while on the surface, a Gardener diesel, was the same type as used on a London bus. Submarines are always cramped, and in the case of the midget X-craft, this tendency was increased many fold. Only the bare minimum of space was allowed to the four-man crew.

Above: an X-craft on the surface. X-craft were four-man midget submarines, and made the first partially successful raid on the Tirpitz. *A previous attack by 'chariots' – 21 inch torpedos, powered by electricity, and crewed by two divers – (below), had failed.*



The first compartment contained the batteries which supplied power for travel under water. On it was an improvised bed where a man could rest if not sleep. The second compartment contained the wet and dry chamber. Here the diver in the party could leave the craft to cut away anti-submarine nets, and re-enter afterwards. The control room was the third compartment, and here sat the helmsman. Close by was the attack periscope – operated by the commander, an instrument no thicker than a cigar which, it was hoped, would not be seen by the sharpest eye at twilight. A primitive cooking stove was used to prepare makeshift meals. To one side and at the rear of this compartment sat the second-in-command over the hydro-plane and motor controls. The fourth compartment was the engine room.

The weapons of the X-craft were the two 'side charges', detachable blister-shaped containers each holding two tons of high explosive. The idea was for the X-craft to crawl underneath the *Tirpitz*, drop the side-charges on the sea bed, and then make off as quickly as possible. Timing devices with detonators attached to the charges would do the rest.

Information on the system of readiness aboard the *Tirpitz*, and the defences around her were supplied by the Norwegian 'underground'. The resistance had agents amongst the women who came on board the battleship each day to do cleaning jobs. The notice boards giving duty rosters and other information were always on view, and in addition, work on decks was monitored by binoculars from the shore. The Norwegian radio transmitters were always busy.

It was decided to mount the attack on the *Tirpitz* between September 20 and 25, 1943. The midgets were to be towed to their attacking position by full-sized submarines. At Loch Cairnbawn the six towing submarines were made ready for their charges. The arrangement was that each midget would have a 'passage' crew who would run the ship on the long journey up to Northern Norway, and would then hand the craft over to the men who would undertake the run in. Thus it was hoped that the attacking crew would be reasonably fresh.

They started on Saturday, September 11. At first the towing went reasonably well, although the conditions inside the tiny craft were hardly pleasant. Seasickness was rife. Then, on the fifth day, the towing line of *X-8* broke, but she battled on under her own power. Then *X-7*'s cable broke, and a desperate battle was enacted till the line was made good. *X-8* finally made contact with its parent submarine, and made the tow secure again.

On Thursday, the tow to *X-9* broke, and the midget and its crew were not seen again. The first casualties had occurred.

On Friday, September 17, *X-8* was in further trouble with water leaking into the side charges. These were dropped, and the vessel abandoned. On Sunday, September 19, the transfer of the crews took place, but the troubles were not over. A floating mine, torn loose from its moorings, got caught on the bars of *X-7*. Godfrey Place, the commander, kicked it free.

The crew of *X-6* slipped her towing line on the evening of Monday, September 20. They were to run on the surface whilst darkness held, using their diesel engine to charge the batteries for the work ahead. They would have to cross a minefield, but were hoping that their shallow draft would stop them being blown up. The Germans were very consistent in setting the depth of their mines, but it was still a horrible risk, just one of many they were taking. Whilst on the surface, the commander stood clinging to the induction pipe which drew fresh air into the submarine for the diesel engine, shouting orders down the pipe to the helmsman. The midget approached the entrance to

turn to page 70

NO PRESENT LIKE THE TIME!

MAKES A GREAT GIFT

NEW – MAYFAIR'S FABULOUS WATCH OFFER

With Christmas in view, this month *Mayfair* launches its superb range of precise quartz watches. Whether you are a sportsman, a stargazer or looking for a gift for your lady and yourself, we offer the ideal timepiece at an attractive price. Order now. There's no time like the present.

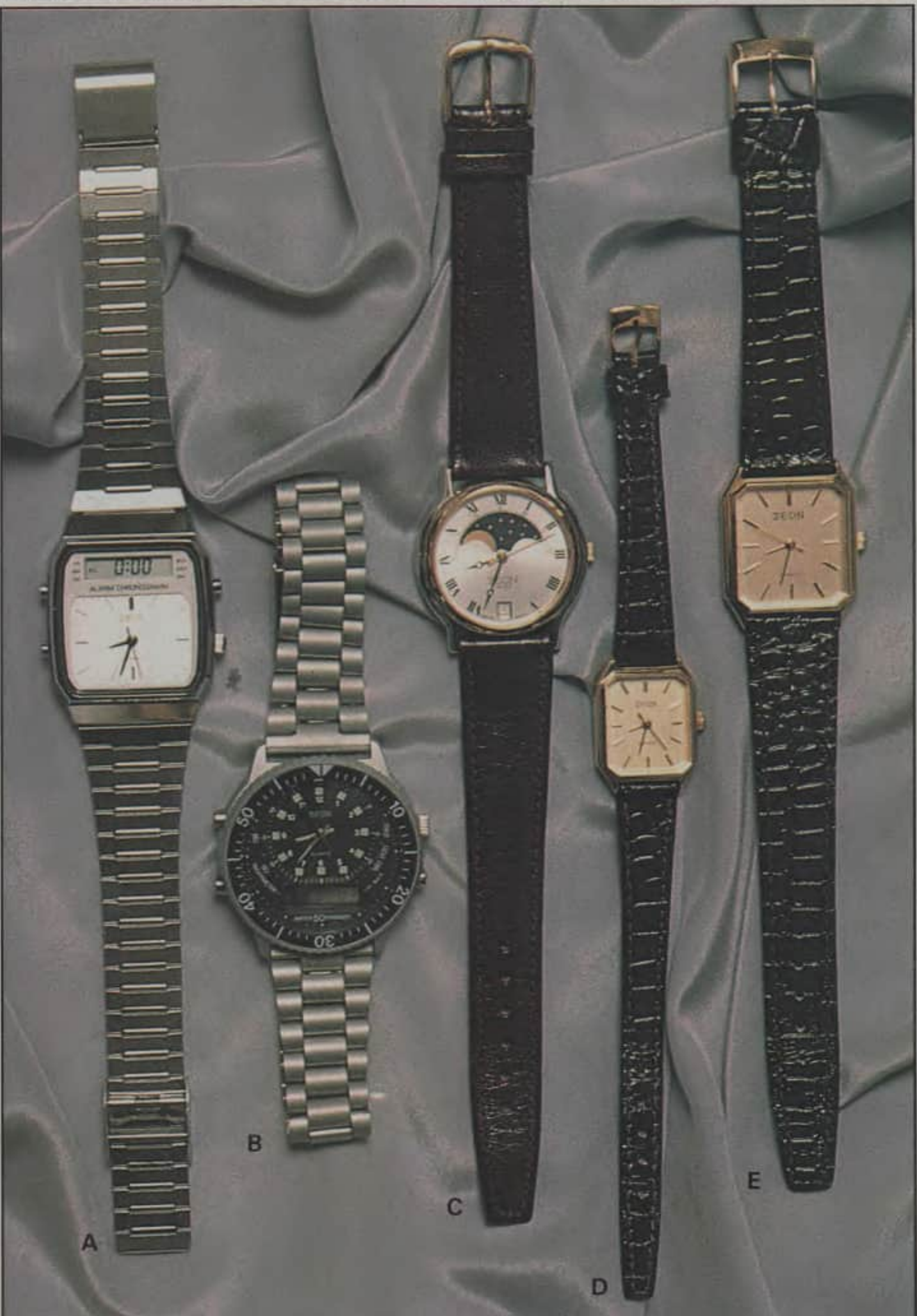
A) Chrome Digital/Analogue Alarm Chronograph. Accurate quartz timekeeping with both digital display and traditional face. Water resistant to 100 feet * Digital read-out for alarm, month and day * Mineral glass * Stainless steel bracelet. Price £39.95

B) Diver's Digital/Analogue Quartz Watch. The ideal timepiece for the adventurous man. Waterproof to 50 metres * Digital and analogue time display * Anodised aluminium case and strap * Alarm * Stop watch * Calendar * Rotating bezel * Mineral glass. Price £39.95

C) Unisex Lunar Timepiece. Monitor the moon's phases with this fascinating quartz watch. Swiss-made * Analogue display with Roman numerals * Date read-out * Water-resistant to 100 feet * Gold-plated bezel * Mineral glass * Leather strap. Price £49.95

D and E) His and Hers Analogue Quartz Watches. A matching pair of elegant timepieces for the man and lady. Gold-plated cases * Mineral glass on both * Leather straps. Price £29.95 each.

All prices include postage and packing.



PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

To: WATCH OFFER, Mayfair magazine,
95a Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ

Please send me
.... (Qty) Digital/Analogue Alarm (Item A) Price £39.95
.... (Qty) Diver's Digital/Analogue (Item B) Price £39.95
.... (Qty) Lunar Timepiece (Item C) Price £49.95
.... (Qty) Her Analogue Quartz (Item D) Price £29.95
.... (Qty) His Analogue Quartz (Item E) Price £29.95

I enclose cheque/postal order for £......... made payable to Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd. Or debit my Access/American Express account.

MY CARD NO. IS ....

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

.... SIGNATURE ....

Please allow 21 days for delivery. If you are not completely satisfied, simply return goods unmarked within 28 days of receipt for immediate refund. All prices include postage, packing, VAT and insurance. Customers outside Europe add £3.50 to total to ensure air mail delivery. All payments from abroad should be in Sterling (I.M.O.) M1912

Overseas orders received after December 12 and inland orders received after December 20 may not be despatched in time for Christmas

IF YOU DO NOT WISH TO CUT YOUR MAGAZINE, PHOTOCOPY THIS COUPON OR SEND YOUR ORDER ON PLAIN PAPER STATING ALL RELEVANT INFORMATION

WCRS
HOVERSPEED
The Princess Anne
B148 CPK

THE NEW BMW 318i. THE BEST TAX BREAK THIS SIDE OF THE SWISS BORDER.

Fortune, or at least the tax man, smiles on those who drive company cars of less than 1800cc.

Her Majesty's Government reward those with a more modest appetite for engine power with a tax break of up to £540 in allowances.

But, strings invariably being attached to such benefits, what do you lose when you take advantage of this legal tax avoidance?

With the BMW 318i, precious little.

Its engine, coming in just under the limit at 1766cc, is a four cylinder, fuel injected, overhead cam, developing 105 bhp.

(And if you think you've seen it before, you have. Twice.

Once, as a carburettor version in the BMW 316 and again, somewhat modified, in the 1983 Formula One World Champion's Brabham BMW).

As with all the BMW 3 Series, it's available in both a four door and two door version. Either way, 0-60 takes 10.9 seconds and 118 mph comes up a little later.

That's hardly the performance of a modestly engined car.

But then again, neither is the philosophy behind its design and construction in the style of a modestly priced car. For £8,350, you get features born out of intelligence rather than gimmickry. Like, for example, a service indicator that monitors your driving continuously and tells you when you next need a service.

Drive carefully and it could be anything up to 17,000 miles after your last one.

You get a finish which is the result of a 45 stage paint process, as elaborate as that on a £25,000 BMW.

And you get a car on which almost one third of the not inconsiderable time spent building it has been spent checking it.

'Fast Lane' magazine summed it up perfectly. "This feeling of something beautifully made…is a long lasting impression with the 318i as with any BMW."

Even Autocar, never normally lost for words, had to say, "Impressive is hardly the word; progress, even at speed, is fuss free, quiet and relaxing."

But perhaps more importantly, along with your minor tax windfall, you get a company car with one further advantage.

The last thing it looks like is a Company Car.

THE ULTIMATE DRIVING MACHINE

THE 318i COSTS £8,350. FOUR DOOR OPTION £415. MODEL SHOWN ABOVE WITH OPTIONAL ALLOY WHEELS. PERFORMANCE FIGURE SOURCE: 'AUTOCAR.' PRICES CORRECT AT TIME OF GOING TO PRESS, INCLUDE CAR TAX AND VAT BUT NOT DELIVERY OR NUMBER PLATES. INCLUSIVE DELIVERY CHARGE INCORPORATING BMW EMERGENCY SERVICE AND INITIAL SERVICES £198 + VAT.

FOR A BMW 3 SERIES INFORMATION FILE, PLEASE WRITE TO: BMW INFORMATION SERVICE, PO BOX 46, HOUNSLOW, MIDDLESEX OR TELEPHONE 01-897 6665 (LITERATURE REQUESTS ONLY). FOR TAX FREE SALES: 56 PARK LANE, LONDON W1. TELEPHONE 01-629 9277.

The fabulous forty: Our greatest Girls of the Year

Start your Christmas celebrations with our popular annual review of our forty favourite girls of the year. No-one can provide a warmer welcome to our 21-page salute than Monica Smyth (previous page). She revealed her 38-inch assets in Vol 18 No 12, and made last Xmas a good deal merrier. Jean Alexander (top left) made her cheeky debut in the same issue. The toast of a South London off-licence, she gave 'bottoms up' a whole new meaning. Below her is Elizabeth Bradley, a beautiful English rose from Vol 18 No 3. Jo Peace's 36-24-35 figure (near left) had more men moving to her Black Country home than during the industrial revolution. They should have stayed where they were, and waited for this. Also making Vol 18 No 12 a winner was 18-year-old Frankie Green, (below) who worked in the Duty Free Shop at Heathrow airport. But there's no need to leave the country for a second glimpse – she's here right now.

Diana's risqué ride to the Ritz, baring all in the back of a Bentley, made back-seat voyeurs of us all in Vol 18 No 6. Another look through the electric window is provided top left. In similar style, Linzi Drew also had some help undressing when she played the female lead in *The Lady and the Butler* (Vol 18 No 8). *Upstairs, Downstairs* was never like the scene bottom left – more's the pity. Below, Jacky Wright is a girl to look up to. She was a successful sales promoter back in Vol 18 No 12, and it's easy to see her selling points.

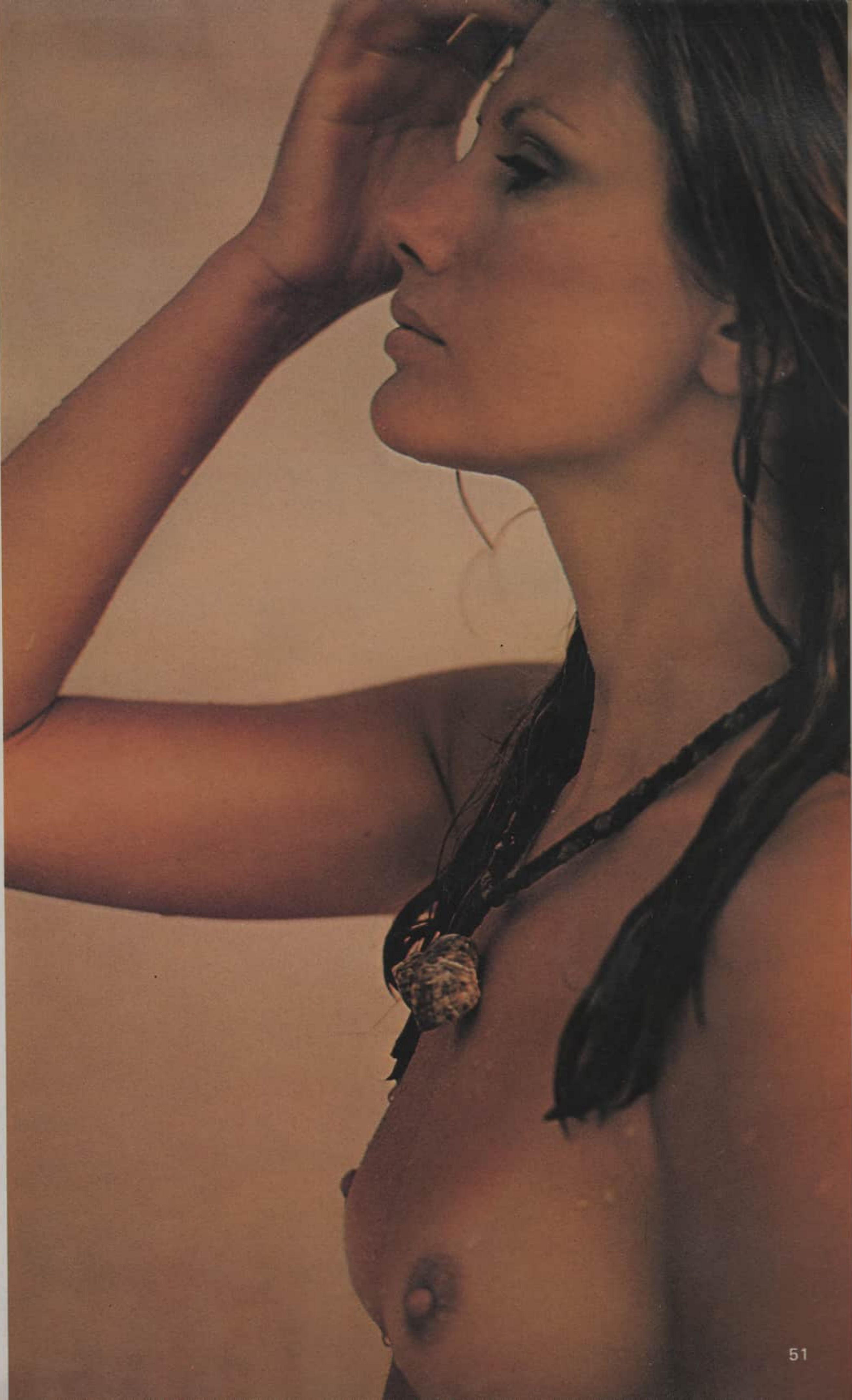
Vol 18 No 7 was our special James Bond issue when we bared the birds from *Octopussy*. Joni Flynn (left) danced in silhouette in the title sequence of the film, but we were able to see a lot more of her when she appeared inside and on the cover of the issue. Joni also featured in the *Dormeuil* ad, and made appearances in *Felicity*, *The Greek Tycoon* and even *Monty Python and the Holy Grail*.

Now for someone completely different. Camella also appeared in the Bond epic, and was the most popular black girl of the year, after her Vol 18 No 7 set. Readers came up with amazing phrases to describe her figure. LS of Hainault claimed she had 'nipples like cup cakes', and dearly wanted to invite her round for tea. Sadly, like all of us, he will have to make do with the sweetie's return visit in the photograph above.

This was also the year that *Mayfair* launched its *Girls You've Asked to See* section, and the girl you had repeatedly demanded us to reveal was top model Sian Adey Jones (seen again near and far right). She made Vol 18 No 9 a sell-out, so treasure this reprise. Also popular especially amongst fans of older women, was Verona Sampson, TV's Glamorous Grandmother competition winner (bottom picture). She stripped off in Vol 18 No 1, and proved that life was just beginning at 57. While optician's receptionist Ellen Richards (below) provided this sight in Vol 18 No 7.

Cas Carrington (bottom left) was once seen on the brief Central TV series *OTT* being covered in custard. We were happy to wipe her down for her appearance in Vol 18 No 1. On her right is a perm favourite, hairdresser Georgie King, whose 38 inch breasts are enough to make anyone's hair curl. She showed them off in Vol 18 No 10, the same issue in which Lee Ann (far right) revealed her important little places on the centre pages, and had you begging for more. So here she is.

Four ladies with famous names – Barbara Castle (on the left, appropriately) is not the nationally-known politician, but a daredevil model who in Vol 18 No 9 thought nothing of stripping off next to a lion even more frightening than a lost deposit. Below her is the real Beth Blackshaw, wife of the controversial ex-headmaster of Dartington Hall School. Readers saw a comprehensive view of her in Vol 18 No 11. Vol 18 No 8 introduced us to Jackie Jones, pictured below. A *Page Three* girl and *Starbird*, she has recently turned up in several TV commercials including *Quick Dry* deodorant and *Jojoba* shampoo. Whilst right is *Octopussy* herself, Maud Adams, who took the title role in the James Bond escapade, and the country by storm with her sensational *Mayfair* set in Vol 18 No 7. We were both stirred and shaken, Mr Bond.



Top left, is another chance to raise your glasses to Harriet Fowler, the full-bodied beauty from a London wine bar. Her appearance in Vol 18 No 1 prompted lots of readers to say, 'Same again,' so here she is. Another Bond beauty, this time in Vol 18 No 8, is *Page Three* favourite Janine Andrews. She played one of *Octopussy's* private army in the 007 film, a part for which she is well suited. She is six feet tall, but we've managed to fit her in, bottom left. Top right is Vol 18 No 4's Corrinne Lewis. This view of her in her see-through pants set so many of you sighing that we felt the breeze from here. Another perfect figure is that belonging to Danish 17-year-old Carina Jensen (bottom). This picture taken from Vol 18 No 5 was part of her very first nude set, and guaranteed her much more modelling work in the future.

Continuing our parade of top popsies, Jill Peters was a great success when she appeared in Vol 18 No 9, so we are happy to feature her again, near right. From the same issue, Gina Keer (bottom left) provided a popular pair though not with Bournemouth town council. They had crowned her as the local beauty queen, and didn't like her revealing all her charms. It is not accidental that Lisa Humphries appears bottom right, even though she claimed to be a disaster area in Vol 18 No 4. Let's hope her unlucky streak is over.

Below, bookseller Lucinda Smyth from Vol 18 No 1 slips out of her jacket for a sequel to her best-selling set. Hi-fi fans will immediately recognise her tweeters.

selector
tape copy
microphones
tone mode
left gain

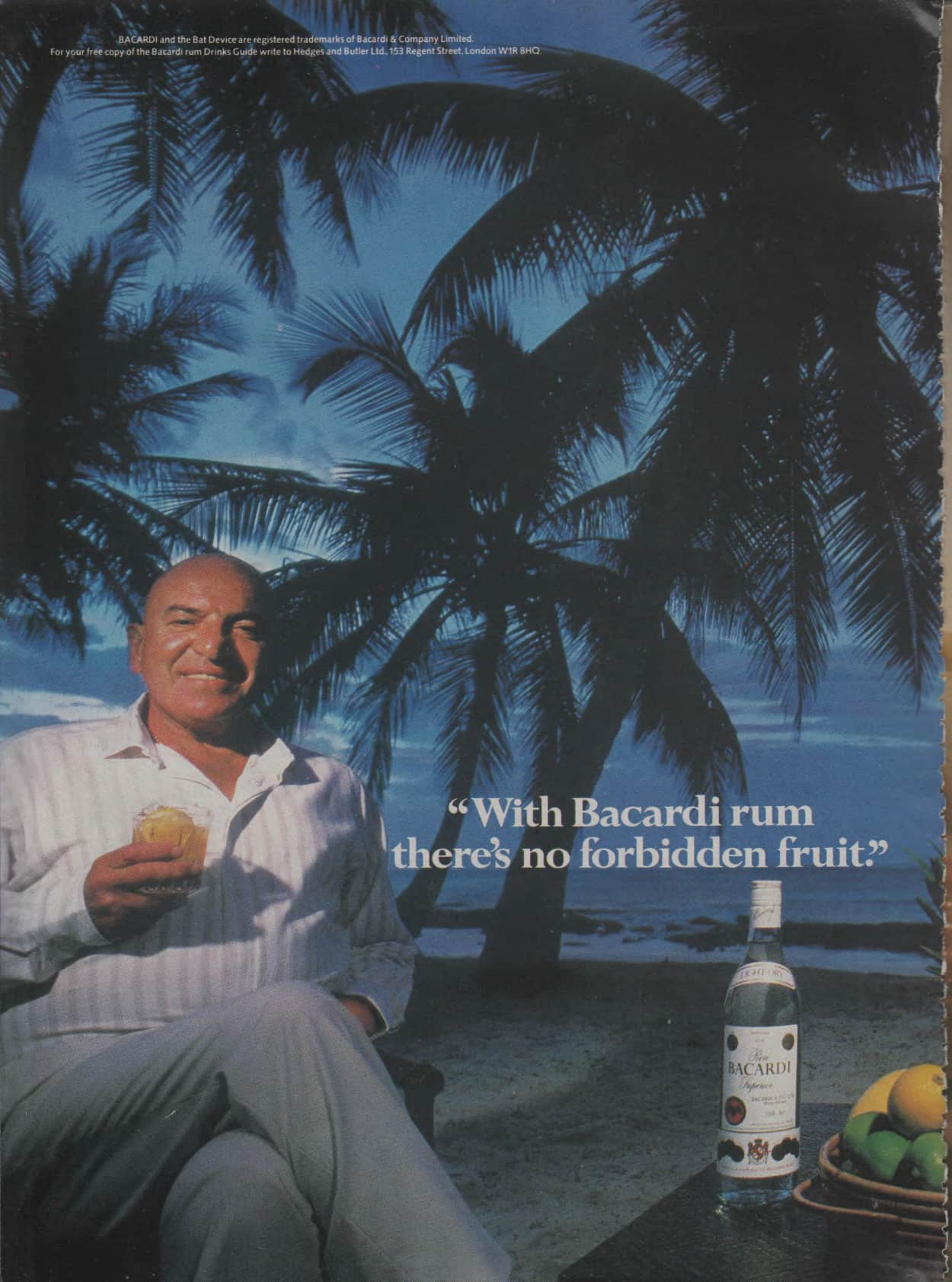
For your eyes only is Kim Mills (above), one of the stars of the film of the same name. The Bond bombshell appeared in Vol 18 No 10. Four issues earlier, Amanda Chaler was the centre girl. She's an ex-Roedean girl, now she can be found in clubs like *Stringfellows* or *Xenon*, and left on this page. We were also happy to snap up Connie Westwood (below) when she flashed all in the camera shop in Vol 18 No 11, and provide a second exposure here. But when it comes to being well developed, nobody beats Marina (right). A *Girls of the Year* review hardly seems complete without her, and we're always happy to welcome her to our pages. This glimpse of her comes from our Vol 18 No 11.

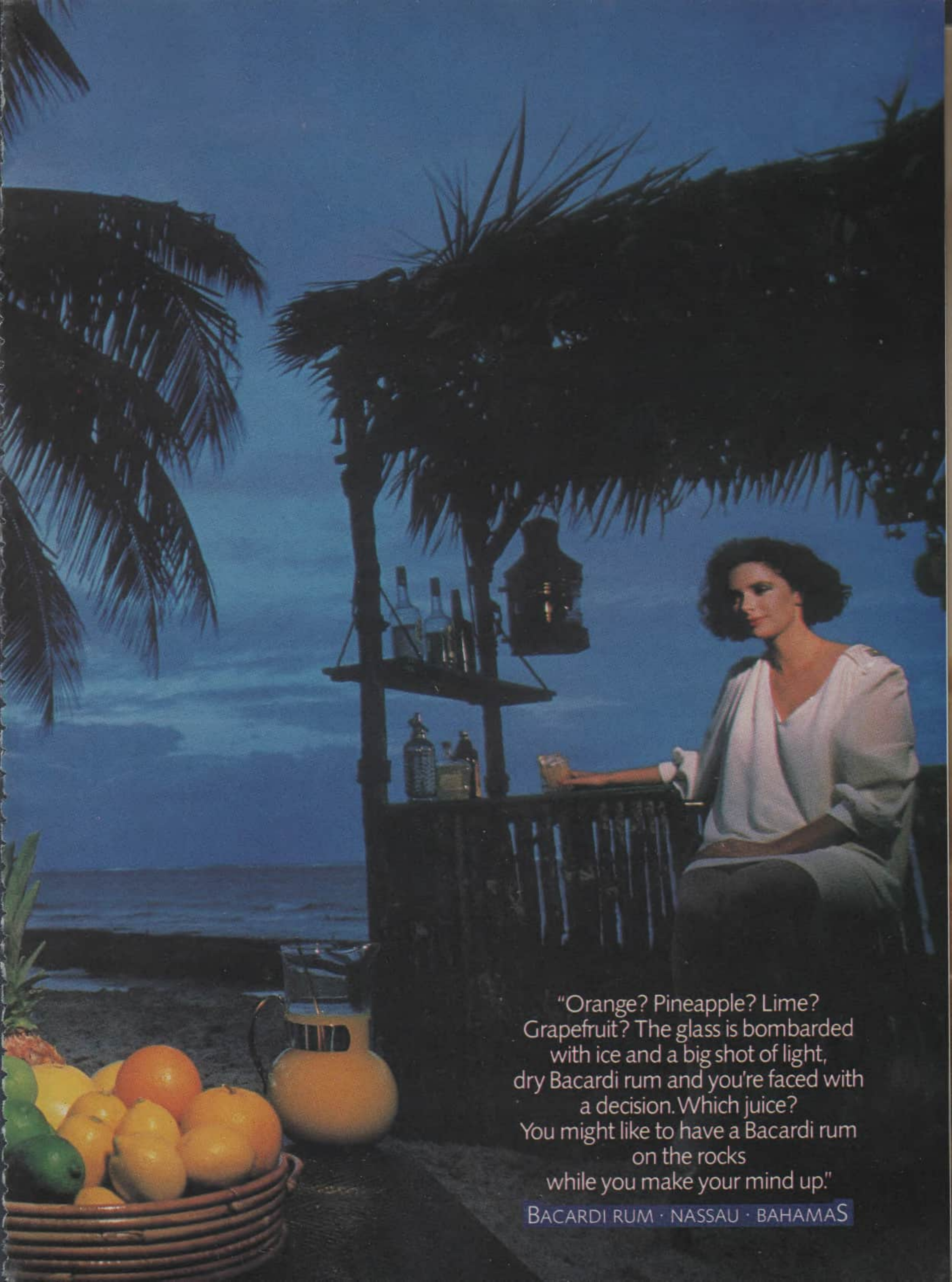
When secretary Susie Mainwaring was asked to take something down, she took the instruction literally as we can see left. Office workers rushed out to buy Vol 18 No 5 to try to get their girls to follow her example. Bottom left is Ellen James, who claims to be an expert mimic, and took off everything in Vol 18 No 2. Every appearance of Stephanie Wiggins (bottom right) is greeted with a flood of letters of approval, so we know that this shot from Vol 18 No 8 is bound to please. And so will Marie Morris (right) from Vol 18 No 3. 'What wonderful whammers!' was the exclamation of PK from Los Angeles, who gave us a new word to describe those memorable mammaries. Vital statisticians might settle for calling them 38 inch, double D cup.

des Tuileries
françaises

Sorry, gentlemen, but this is our final spread for this year. Below, Helena Blake the sky-diver from Vol 18 No 6 drops in again, to provide a second chance for you to fall for her. While, near right, Pollyanna Patterson from Somerset reveals what rosy cheeks their cider gives you in this picture from Vol 18 No 3. Vol 18 No 8's Linda Bedford (bottom) took time off from the motorway and her job as a coach stewardess to avail us of her services. And finally (right) Girl 40, ex-trainee nurse Louise Cohen from Vol 18 No 7. We reckon that it's always wise to save the breast until last . . .

BACARDI and the Bat Device are registered trademarks of Bacardi & Company Limited.
For your free copy of the Bacardi rum Drinks Guide write to Hedges and Butler Ltd., 153 Regent Street, London W1R 8HQ.


"With Bacardi rum there's no forbidden fruit."
Ron
BACARDI
Superior



"Orange? Pineapple? Lime?
Grapefruit? The glass is bombarded
with ice and a big shot of light,
dry Bacardi rum and you're faced with
a decision. Which juice?
You might like to have a Bacardi rum
on the rocks
while you make your mind up."

BACARDI RUM · NASSAU · BAHAMAS

SOUNDS BIGGER THAN YOUR CAR.
QUARTZ LSI
Dynamic Stereo Separation
PLL DIGITAL
DOLBY SYSTEM
PYE audio
Auto Reverse
Search Machine
SYNTHESISED TUNING
IAC HiPOWER
Dynamic Frequency Response
Programme
EJECT
SEARCH
23:18
PLL
Quartz Chronometer
Store
60 WATTS PEAK POWER
Push Bass
Treble
METAL
Stereo
SST
1
2
3
4
5
6
FM
M
L

THE PYE SEARCH MACHINE CAR RADIO/CASSETTE PLAYER WITH DOLBY.

You can hear a Pye Search Machine coming.

Not surprising, with a capacity of 60 watts total peak music power.

And it needs no separate power booster either.

However, power's one thing, sound quality's another.

Which is why Pye have built in Dolby to help you cut out tape hiss.

For the radio, there's a unique feature called strong station tuning (SST).

Push the button while search tuning and the Search Machine avoids weaker, noisier stations, locking on to stronger stations only.

The new Pye Search Machine's features go on for ever.

Auto-Reverse allows for continuous play of both sides of a cassette.

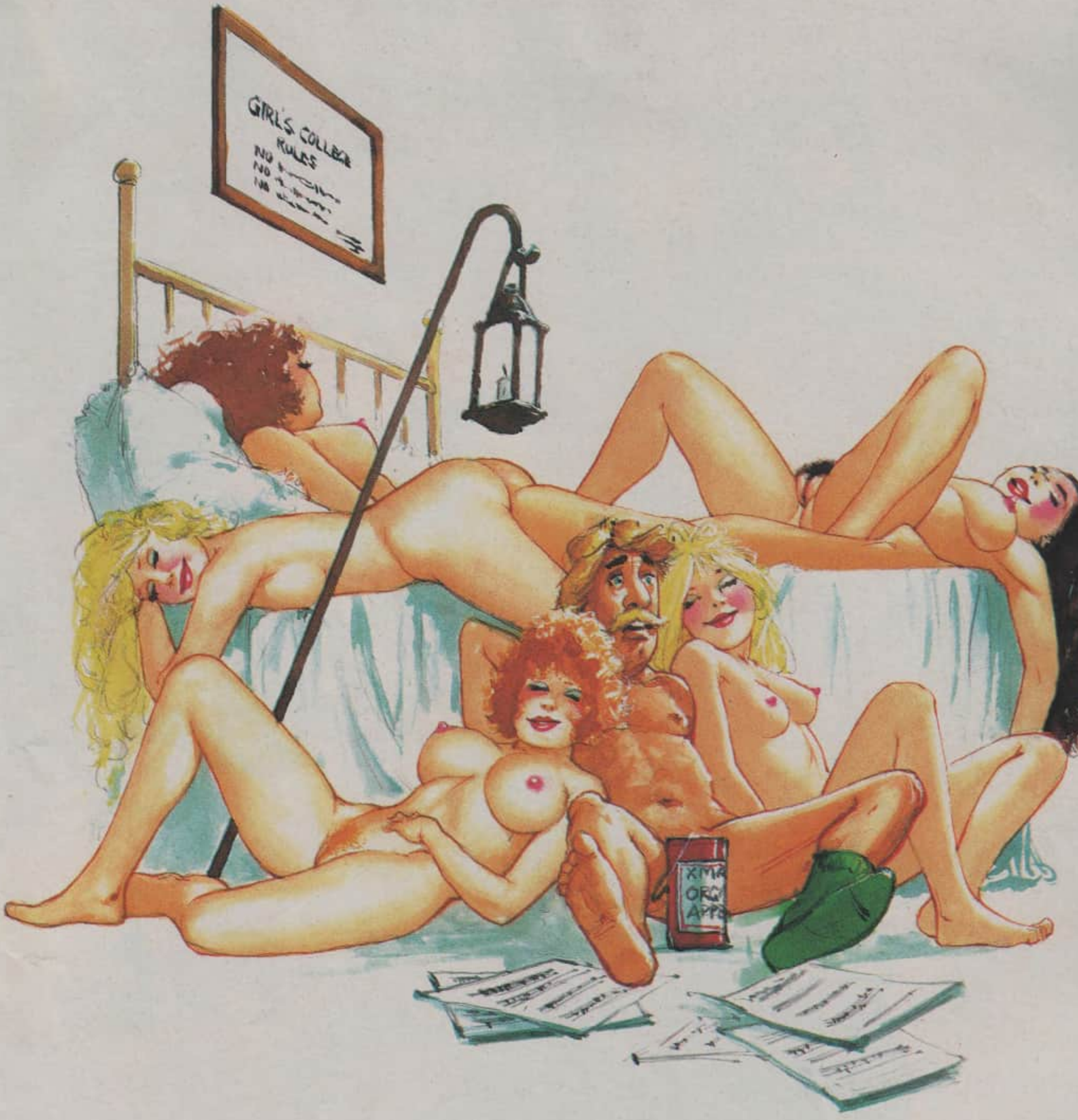
12 pre-selects and a 15 station memory allows you to change channels – fast.

In fact, there are more features and more sound in the Pye Search Machine than there are in many a home hi-fi.

So the question really is whether your car can handle them. If it can you'll find the Search Machine at most branches of Halfords and other leading Pye dealers.

WAKE UP TO WHAT PYE IS DOING

Pye Limited, St. Andrews Road, Cambridge CB4 1DH. Tel: Cambridge (0223) 354262.


GIRL'S COLLEGE RULES
NO
NO
NO
XMA
ORG
APPS

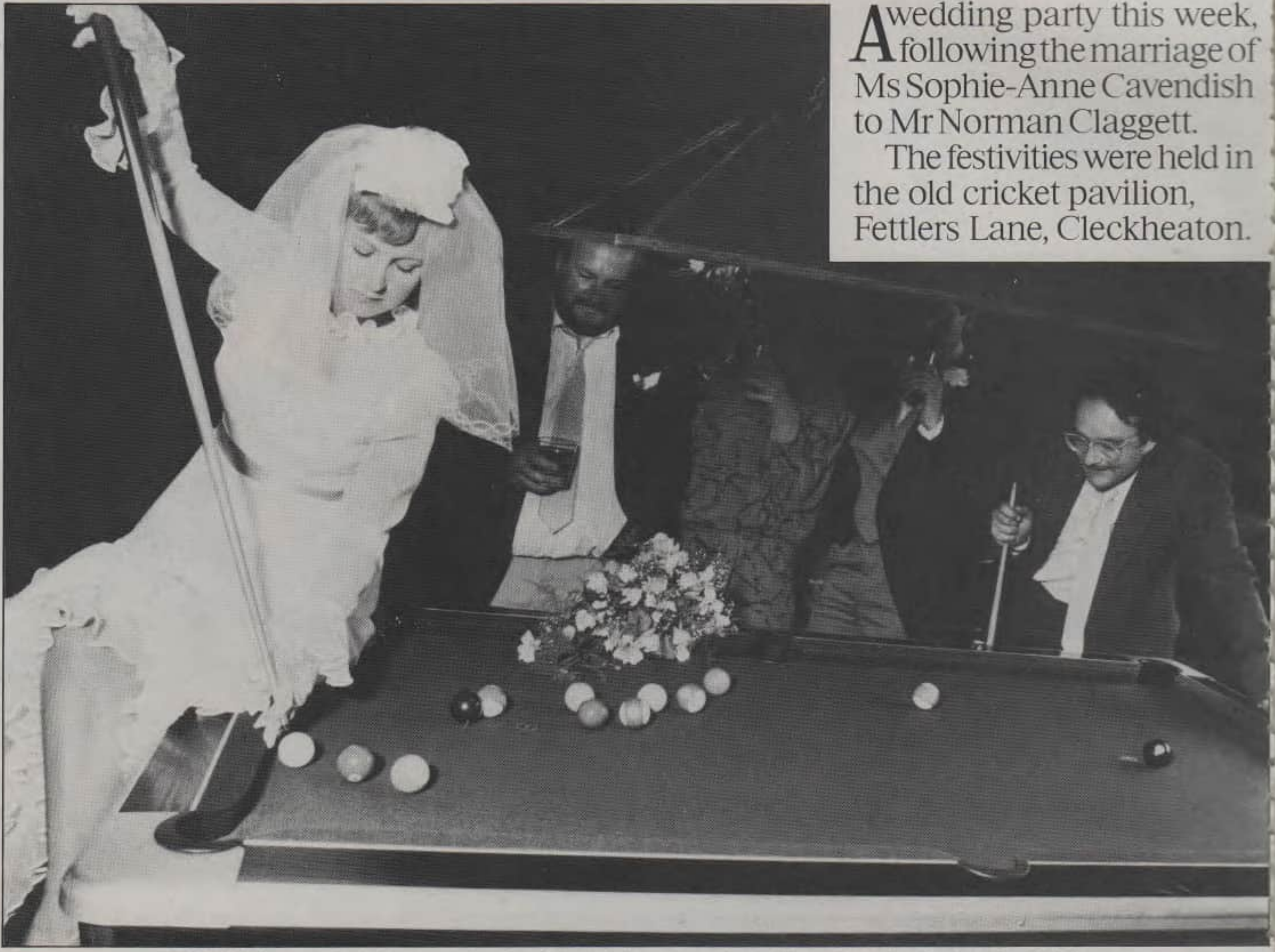
THE PARTY IS OVER...

The Christmas festivities have been fun, but
the aftermath, muses cartoonist Brian Forbes, can sometimes bring
scenes that need no embellishment in words

JOHNNIE WALKER'S DIARY

A wedding party this week, following the marriage of Ms Sophie-Anne Cavendish to Mr Norman Claggett.

The festivities were held in the old cricket pavilion, Fettlers Lane, Cleckheaton.



"The bride demonstrates the massé shot that has made her name a legend throughout the Northern Counties."

"The Rev Father McIntyre hears an unscheduled confession from Ms Tracy Claggett, sister of the groom."

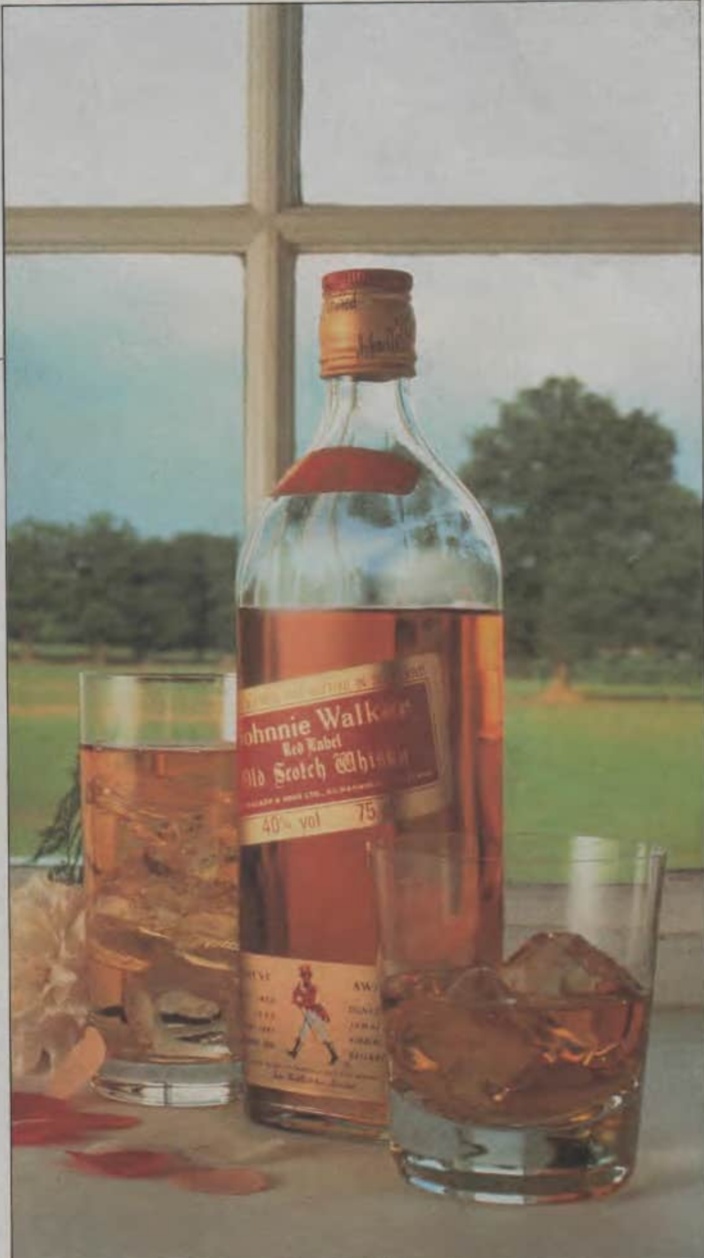
"Mr Denis Claggett, the uncle of the groom, engages the bride's mother in informal conversation."

"Ms Shelagh Stride and friend."

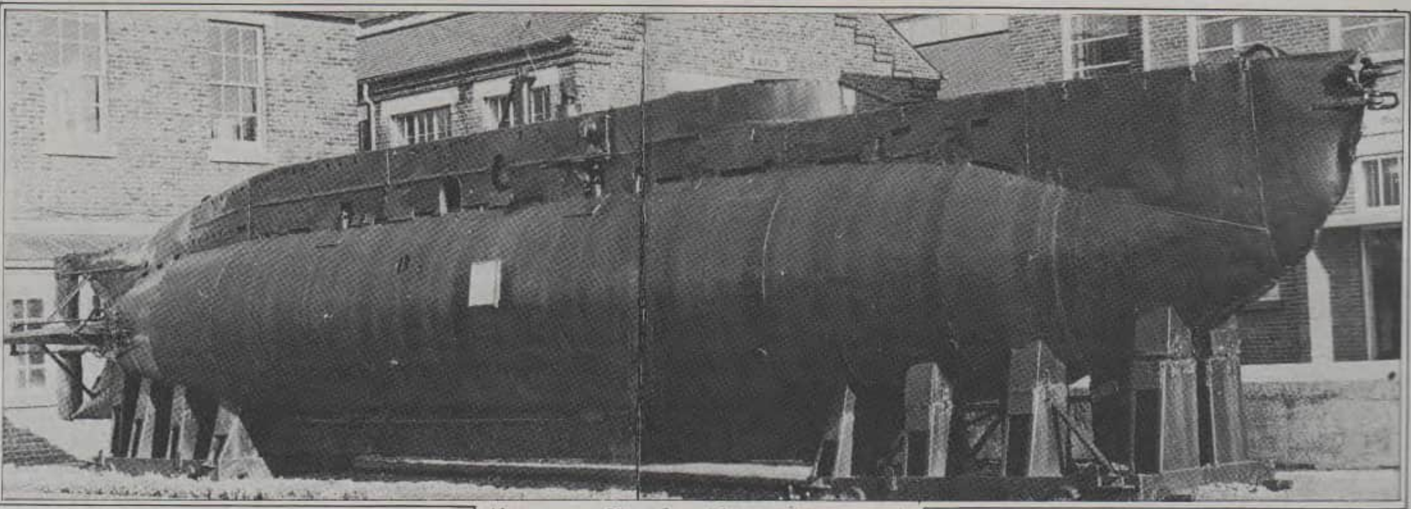
"The groom, the best man, and Mr Kevin Trigg put on an impromptu display of Greek dancing."

"The father of the bride seeks legal advice from divorce lawyer Sir Hubert Fortescue QC."

"Mr Ronald 'Mad Weasel' Claggett, the groom's brother, proposes an unorthodox method of cutting the cake."


Johnnie Walker
Red Label
Old Scotch Whisky
40% vol

"Johnnie Walker Red Label. The perfect Scotch at all events."



Above: an X-craft midget submarine, the only one still in existence, pictured at HMS Dolphin, the Navy's submarine base in Portsmouth. Below: the incredibly cramped conditions inside an X-craft are evident in this photograph of the steering controls.

Sink the Tirpitz

continued from page 38

Stjernsund, diving as they got close to the guard posts at the entrance.

X-6 was in difficulties; its persicope had sprung a leak, and had to be constantly taken to pieces, dried and reassembled. A crack had developed in a ballast tank, and one of its side charges had flooded, so the little boat was at a constant ten degree list.

X-10, which had marked down the battle-cruiser *Scharnhorst* as her target, had also developed defects so serious that she had to abandon her mission. Now there were three – *X-5*, *X-6* and *X-7*.

At midday, Cameron, the commander of *X-6*, changed course, and headed for Altafjord. Unknown and unseen by him, the other two midgets were doing the same thing. They moved on under the power of their batteries, occasionally coming up to periscope depth. It was dangerous now to take sightings even with the slender attack periscope, so for the better part of the time they relied on their gyro compasses.

As evening fell, and visibility decreased, they were able to surface, and moved in to their overnight stop under the shadow of Tommelholm. All X-craft were now resting for the day ahead, all within a few hundred yards of each other, and all unaware of the others' existence.

X-6 left the refuge of Tommelholm at 0145 hours on Wednesday the 22nd, and crept by gyro compass up the channel towards Kaafjord. Kendall, the diver, was already preparing his net cutting equipment. His role was to flood the wet-and-dry chamber, wait until the pressure inside and outside was the same, and then make his exit. Moving to the front of the sub to the nets barring the way, he would then cut a way through with a special cutting gun.

As it turned out, there was no need for the diver. As the X-craft approached the net, they heard the sound of screws over-head. A quick look through the periscope, and all was plain.

A trawler was approaching the net, and the gate was being opened to let her through. Without hesitation, Cameron gave the order to surface and crawl in behind the trawler on his diesel. It was a terrible risk to take since the trawler need only to look behind her to see the hull of the submarine, and give the alarm. But it paid off, and within a minute the *X-6* was within the net, and had dived again. The *Tirpitz* was now only three miles away.

An hour of travel on the midget's batteries brought her closer to the battleship. It was then that a further shock was waiting for them. They had expected anti-torpedo nets around the *Tirpitz*, and were prepared to dive under them but, when they finally arrived close to them, Cameron found, to his horror, that the nets reached right down to the bottom in three rows. It looked again as if the diver would have to be used. But luck favoured them again. A picket boat was about to enter, and *X-6* trundled in in her wake.

Cameron decided to drop his charges under the stem of *Tirpitz*, but in doing so, they rammed a submerged rock, and shot to the surface like a cork. Had they been seen? Back again at depth, the crew of the *X-6* waited, but nothing happened. No depth charges. But things were not well with the little craft. The ramming of the rock had damaged the gyro compass, and the midget could no longer be steered by dead reckoning. The periscope was flooded again, and the list on the ship was now severe. But they had reached the *Tirpitz*.

On board the battleship, the Germans had at last wakened to the danger, and sounded the alarm. The midget, now almost out of control, got caught in some of the hawsers trailing in the water. When they did finally break loose, they rose to the surface with a rush where the *Tirpitz* lay a mere hundred feet away.

On the decks, the frantic Germans could do little but take ineffective pot shots with rifles, the bullets bouncing off the steel sides of the little sub. She was too close to the battleship for bigger guns to be used. The X-craft dived again, and glided under the battleship's keel. Cameron gave the order to release the side charges.

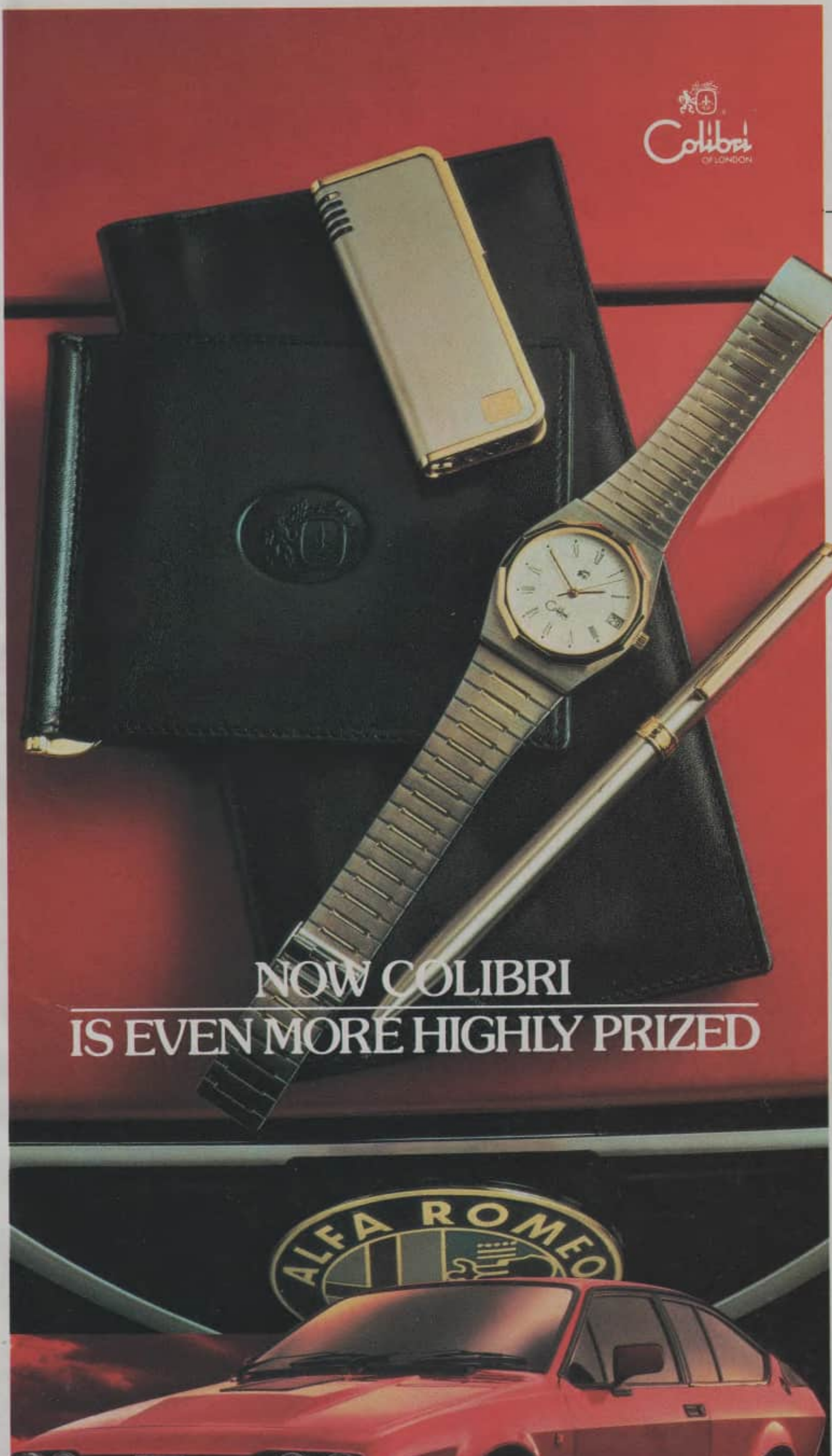
But her sister ship, *X-7*, had preceded her. She, too, had crawled up the fjord, luckily less plagued with defective equipment than *X-6*. She had laid her first charge a mere ten minutes earlier than *X-6*, and was even then moving towards the bow to lay her second charge.

On *X-6* the order was given to burn all secret documents, and then abandon ship. The *X-6* came up again to the surface, and the bullets rattled like hail on the steel sides. Cameron opened the hatch with a clang, thrust an arm out, and waved his white submarine sweater as a token of surrender. As the firing ceased, the crew crawled painfully out into a waiting picket boat. The crew had opened the sea cocks of the midget before they left, and as they stood in the German boat, they saw the submarine slowly sink for the last time.

On board the *Tirpitz*, Captain Meyer, now thoroughly aware of the danger of the situation, was in a quandary. He knew that the X-craft must have either dropped mines on to the floor of the fjord underneath the battleship, or else attached magnetic mines to the hull. He ordered two divers to go down to inspect the keel for attached mines, but he believed, correctly, that in fact mines were lying underneath his ship.

If only the *Tirpitz* could be moved out of

turn to page 118



Choose a Colibri and win an Alfa Romeo GTV6.

If you know Colibri only as the name on some of the world's most elegant and advanced lighters, look again.

The Colibri collection includes sumptuous leather wallets and note cases, superb watches and writing instruments and other personal accessories. All highly prized possessions most people would love to own.

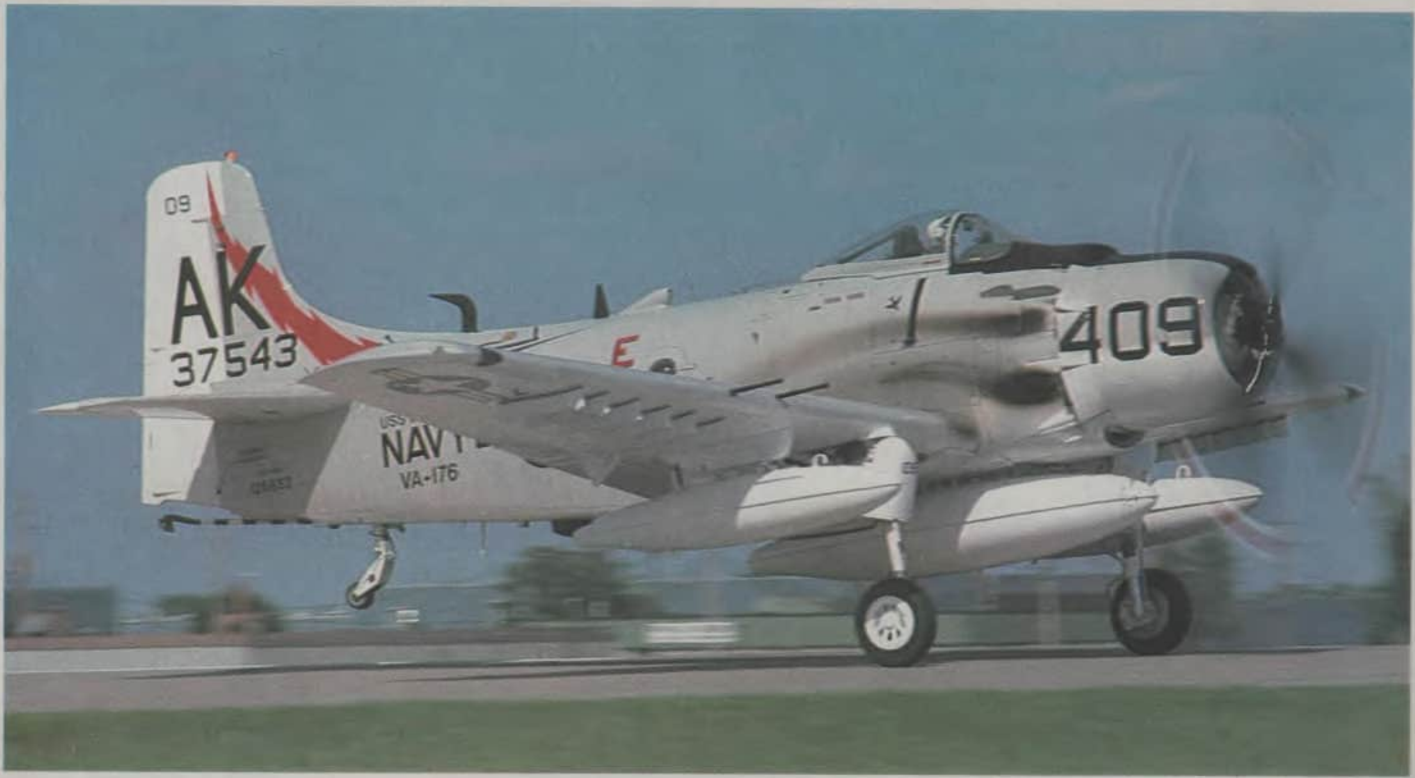
And that's why Colibri would like to give you the chance to own an Alfa Romeo GTV6, the car that matches the collection in style and panache. It's the first prize in the great Colibri Christmas competition, with over 50 runner-up prizes chosen from the Colibri range.

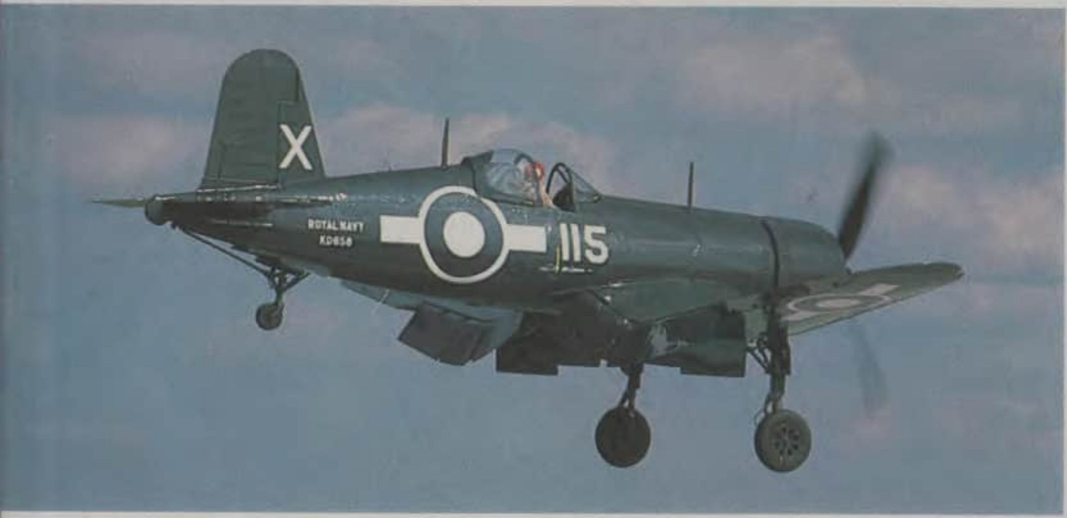
The collection is available from most specialist shops, good jewellers and department stores. Choose any item from the collection between now and Christmas and you could win our Alfa Romeo worth over £12,000.

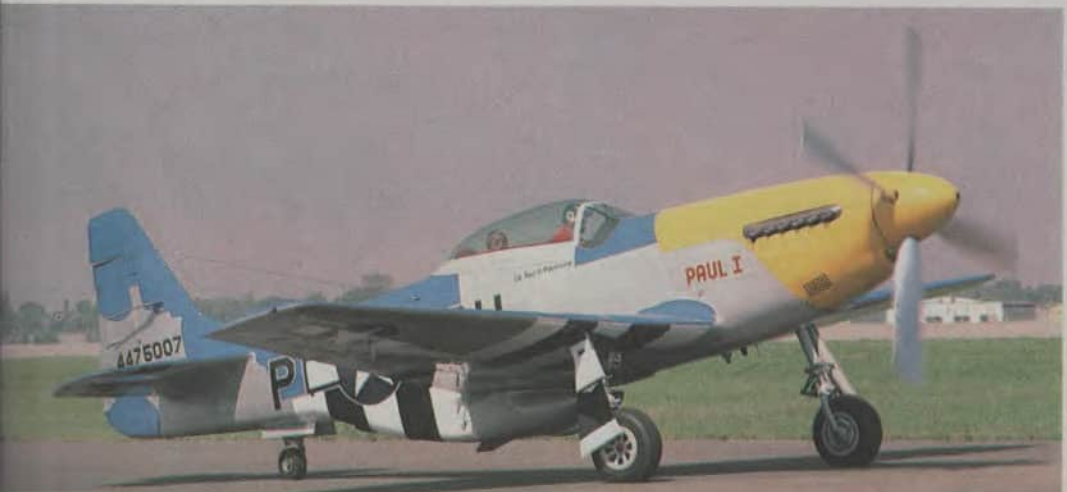
Look out at your local stockist for the leaflets with full instructions on how to enter.

Colibri®
OF LONDON

Raises the standard of giving.


09
AK
37543
NAVY
VA-176
E
409


X
ROYAL NAVY
KD658
115


PAUL I
4475007
P

Large picture right: A USAAC Curtiss P40 pictured during a dramatic reconstruction of the attack on Pearl Harbour. Above: Experimental Aircraft Association President Paul Poberezny flying a Cavalier conversion of a P-51D. Above that is chance Vought's FG-1D Corsair naval fighter, nicknamed 'the bent-winged bird'. Top left: This beautifully restored Skyraider is actually a former US Navy AD-4N ECM plane, but is masquerading as an A-1H.

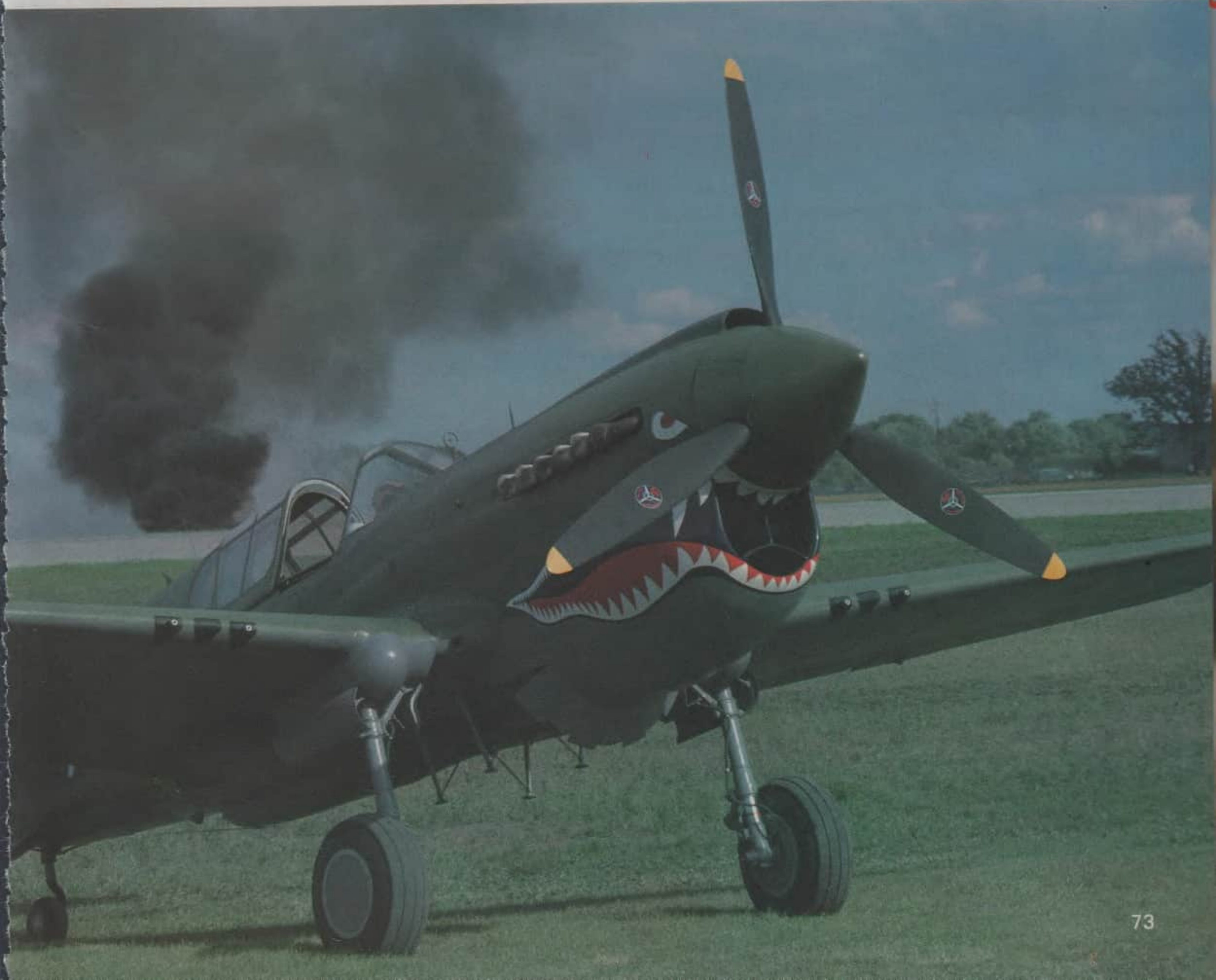
Airworthy aircraft from the Second World War are today highly prized possessions with a new peace-time role entertaining at air shows. Now a spectacular new book captures in pin-sharp detail the glory of these timeless warriors of the skies

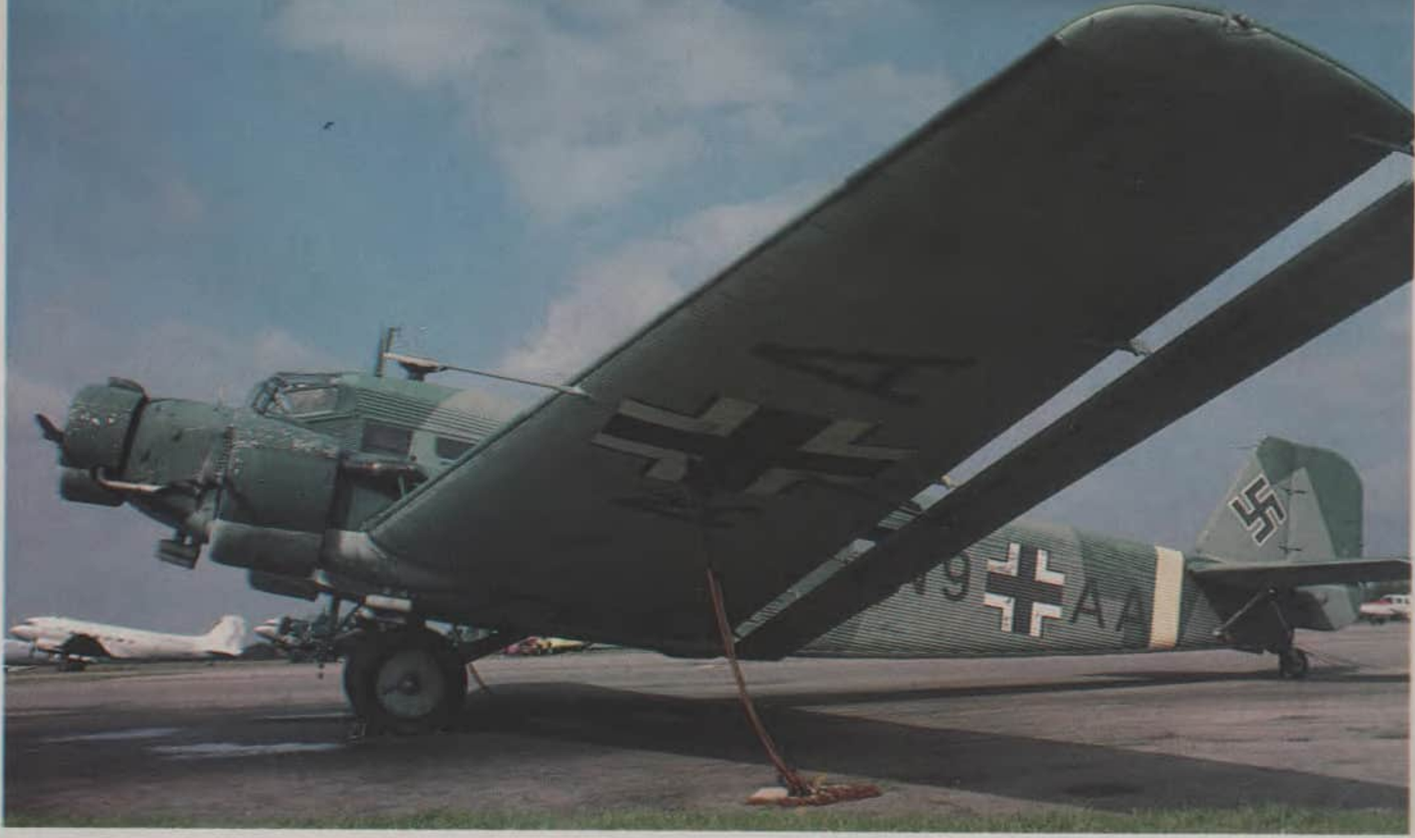
War Birds

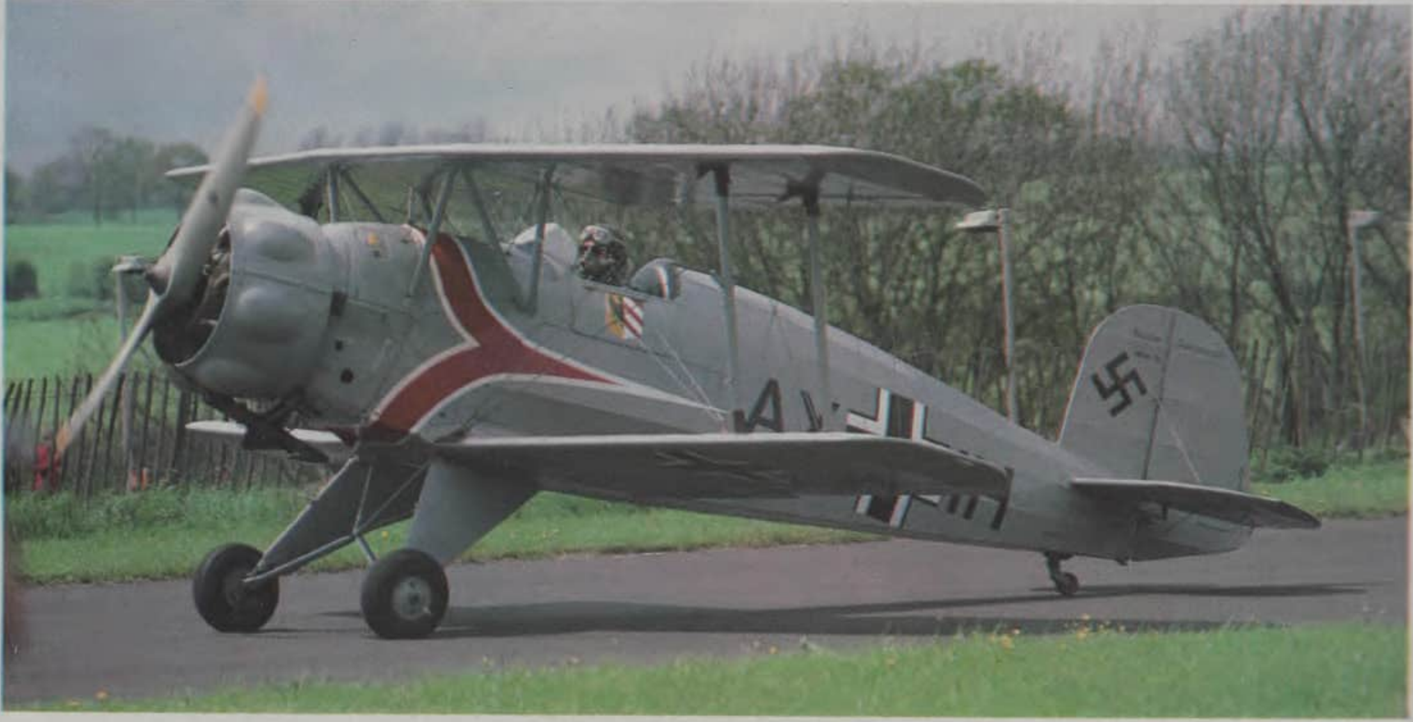
Photographed by Mike Jerram

When the film *The Battle of Britain* went into production, the makers were amazed to discover how few World War Two planes were still around and airworthy. Some Spitfires were able to get off the ground, one Hurricane, and no Luftwaffe aircraft at all. Happily restoration of these grand old planes seems to be increasing, and last month a book of superb colour photographs of the WW2 survivors was published. *War Birds* by Mike Jerram, published by Osprey, priced £6.95, contains such pin-sharp, colourful pictures that we arranged to reproduce them for our many aviation fans.

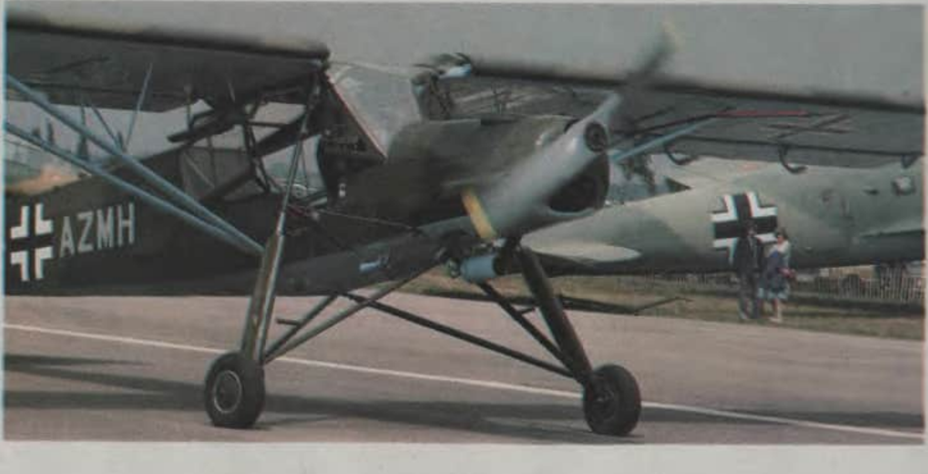
To obtain the material for the book, Mike toured such collectors as the Battle of Britain Memorial Flight, RNAS, at Yeovilton, Warbirds of America and the







Large picture, far right: The greenhouse-style cockpit of the Heinkel HeIII bomber. Near right: The Fieseler Storch, a light-weight aircraft capable of landing almost anywhere. Above: Carl Bucker's aerobatic Jungmeister biplane, once used by the Luftwaffe for pilot training. Top left: A Junkers JU-52. It's 'double-wing' formation enabled remarkably short take-off and landing. Top right: A Spanish-built Hispano HA-1112 with Rolls Royce Merlin engine.



Confederate Air Force in Texas. Many of the photos were shot in the US, where the weather provides ideal lighting conditions.

Maintaining a Spitfire or a P-51 is not an easy or a cheap task. Price tags are well into six figures – when they come up for sale, that is, which is a rarity in itself. However, a small plane like a 1941 Piper Cub costs less than a saloon car, and will draw a great deal more admiring glances.

Many of these aircraft have started new lives as the stars of air shows. Their distinctive paintwork, often embellished with sharks mouths and mascots, turn many a head. But perhaps the key to their appeal is that they hark back to the days before military sophistication. In these war birds, you really did get to see the whites of the enemy's eyes,

COMBUSTIBLE
100-130 OCTANOS
LUBRICANTE
ESSO-100
REFRIGERANTE

hopefully before he saw yours. And to see these warriors still flying, is perhaps the finest tribute that can be paid to the aircraft and the brave men who flew them.

MAKES A GREAT PRESENT

Mike Jerram's beautifully illustrated, 128 page paperback *War Birds* is available now from all good bookshops at £6.95. If you want to make sure of your copy for Christmas fill in the coupon below, adding £1 for postage & packing, (allow 14 days for delivery).

To: Marketing Department, Osprey Publishing, FREEPOST WC4217, 12-14 Long Acre, London WC2E 9BR

☐ Please send me copy/copies of "War Birds" at £7.95 (inc. p&p)

☐ I enclose my remittance for £ .... (please make cheques payable to George Philip Services)

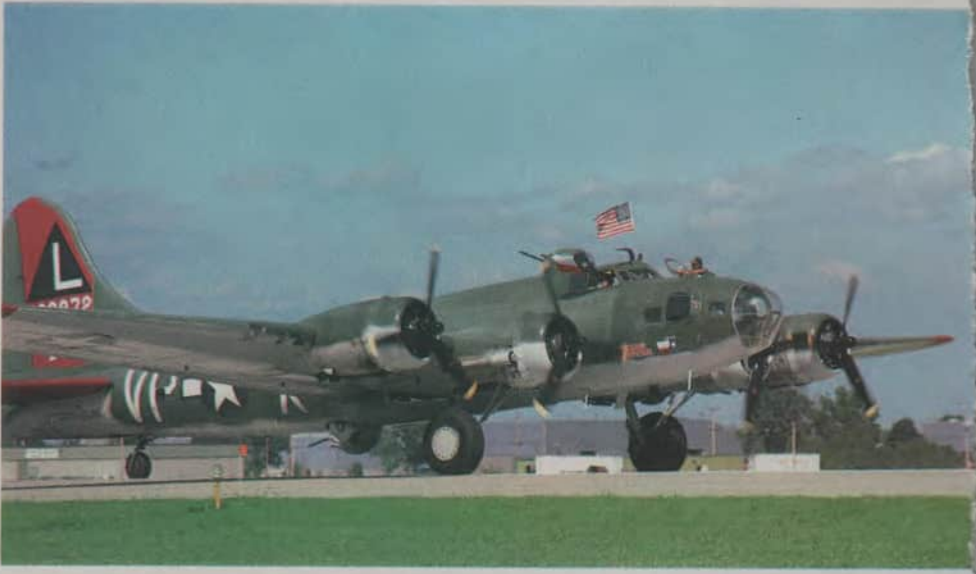
☐ Please charge my Access/Barclaycard No. ______

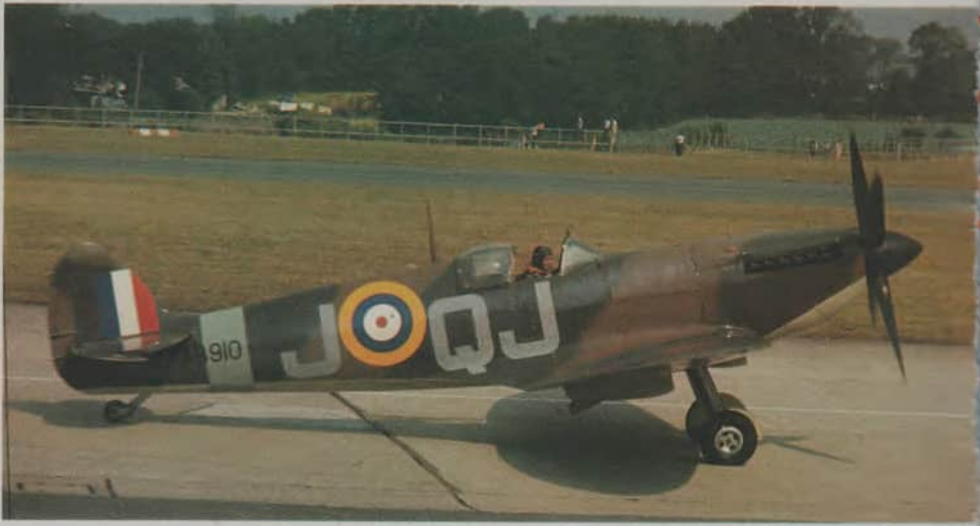
NAME ______

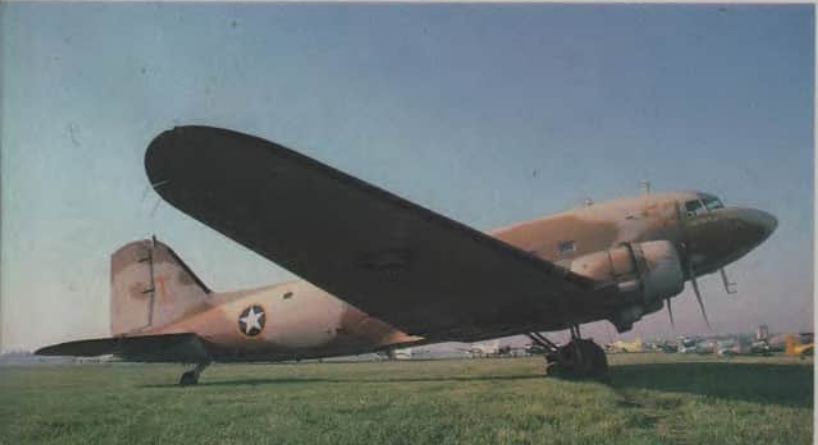
ADDRESS ______

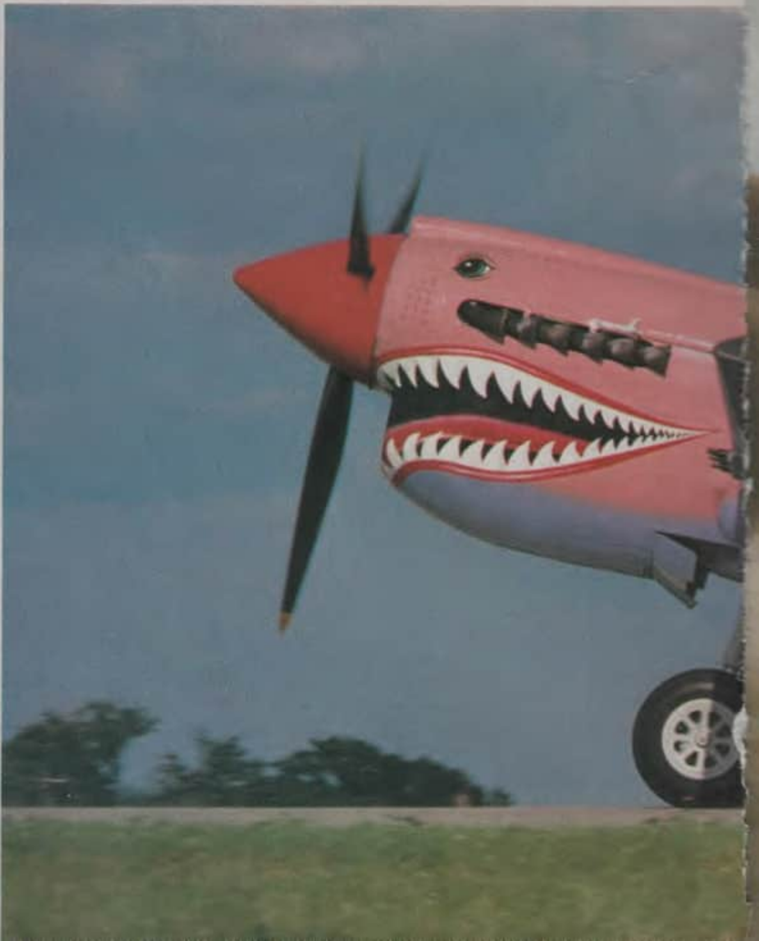
______

☐ Please send me further details of Osprey Colour Series.









Right: The pugnacious profile of Suzanne Parish's Curtiss P-40N. The flamboyant pink represents the colour planes went when left in the bleaching African sun. Above: Tom Thomas Jnr's Douglas Dakota C-53 transport plane. Above it, the unmistakeable profile of the Spitfire Vb, owned by the RAF Battle of Britain Memorial Flight. Some 20,000 were made. Top left: The Confederate Air Force's B-17F, Texas Raiders, *taxies out with 'Old Glory' and the Texan flag flying. Top right: The Fairey Swordfish torpedo bomber or 'Stringbag' as it was often called, owned by RNAS, Yeovilton, Somerset.*

LS326

47619

At 137mph perhaps the Starion's computer should be checking your pulse.

The Starion Turbo is enough to make the most world weary driver's pulse race.

At 137 mph it's the fastest 2 litre car on the road.

And at 0 to 60 in a mere 7.2 seconds it's also one of the most exhilarating.

For all this excitement behind the wheel, though, you'll find there's little stress under the bonnet.

Because the turbo unit that helps produce all this power isn't just being controlled by your right foot.

It's also being constantly monitored by a microcomputer.

This miracle of high technology is little bigger than a matchbox.

Yet it manages to take accurate measurements on air temperature, coolant temperature, throttle position, throttle opening speed, the battery and air flow.

And then come up with split second decisions on the delicate fuel and air mixture needed to make the Starion perform better than any of its competitors.

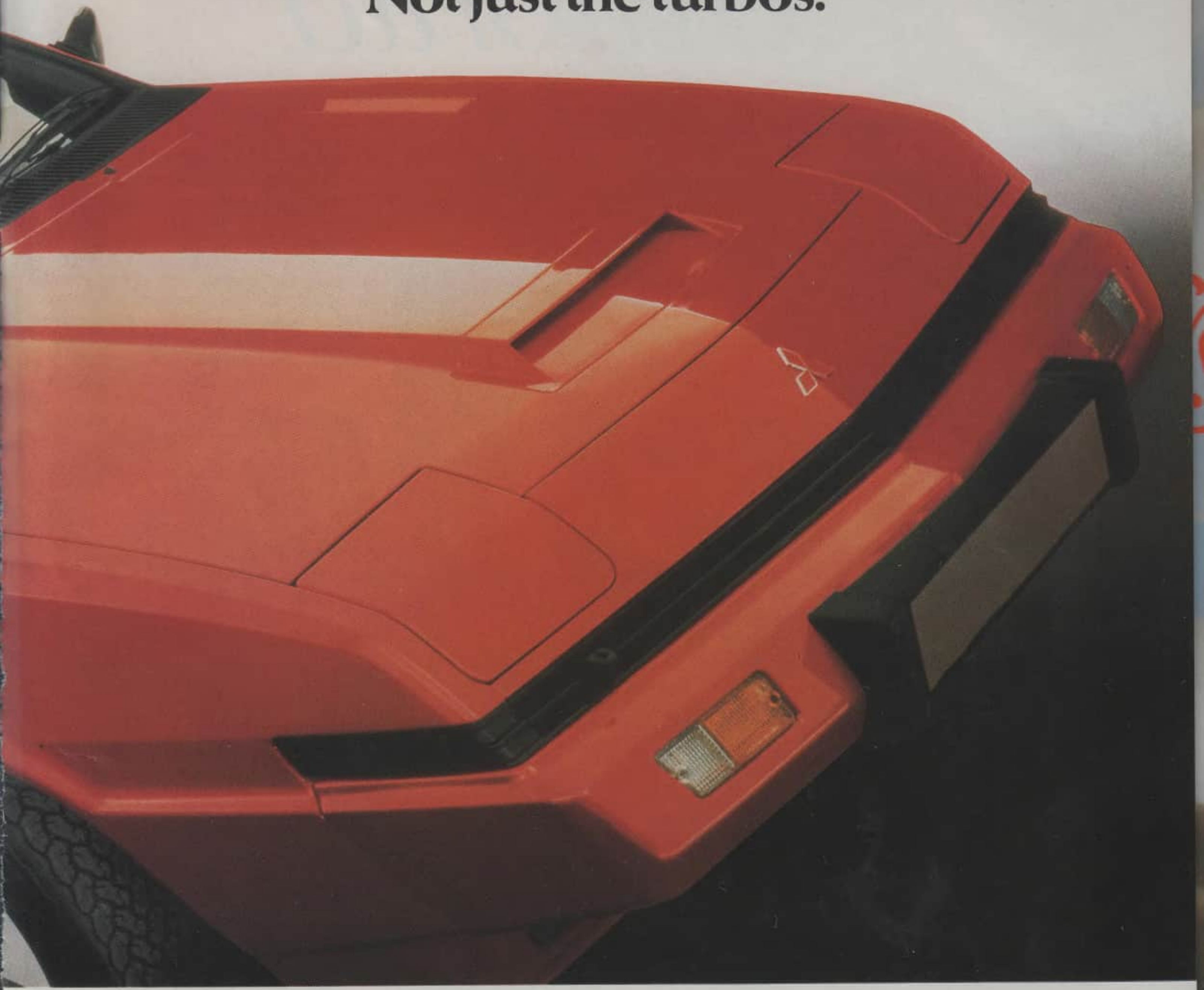
By perform, we don't just mean 'go faster.'

The Starion also manages a remarkable 38.7 mpg at a steady 56 mph, thanks to this advanced box of tricks.

Inside the Starion, however, you won't find the merest hint of economy.

Starion Turbo official fuel consumption: Urban cycle 23.7mpg (11.9L/100 km). Constant 56 mph 38.7 mpg (7.3L/100 km). Constant 75 mph 29.4 mpg (9.6L/100 km).
For details of your nearest dealer, check Yellow Pages, Thomson Local Directories or send the coupon. NATO

Not just the turbo's.



The orthopaedically contoured seats, for example, incorporate lumbar supports and no less than six separate adjustment points.

All of which doesn't just mean you'll be surrounded in opulent comfort.

It also means you'll be sitting in the perfect position to handle the Starion's aircraft like controls.

Something you're likely to appreciate in a car that can do 137 mph.

Since we've even equipped the Starion with our unique free 3 year unlimited mileage warranty, why not test drive one now.

If, of course you, think your pulse can take it.

The Starion.

Please send me full details together with the address of my nearest dealer.

Name:

Address:

Tel. No:

Present Car:

To: The Colt Car Company Limited, Watermoor,
Cirencester, Glos. GL7 1LF. Tel: (0285) 5777.

MITSUBISHI
COLT

Leading the way in car technology.

Free three year unlimited mileage warranty available on all Colt models except Shogun 4 wd Mitsubishi Commercial vehicles or export sales.
Diplomatic and Export sales: The Colt Car Co. Ltd., Watermoor, Cirencester, Glos. GL7 1LF. Tel: (0285) 5777.

Antonia

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MICHAEL MOORE

It was pouring with rain, and a force eight gale was blowing in from the sea at the south coast town of Worthing. A bedraggled Antonia Bell hauled her shopping through the front door, then had to leave it whilst she rushed to answer the phone. Still in her sodden raincoat, her hair plastered to her face, the 21-year-old heard a voice say, 'Hello, Antonia, how do you fancy a week in Barbados?' It was photographer Michael Moore, and precisely one week later Antonia was sunning her 36-23-35 frame on an exotic beach prior to this set. 'That's what I like about modelling,' said Antonia back at home, and looking out of place with a deep tan in the wintry resort. 'It's so spontaneous. Anything can happen, and I do like the unexpected.' That is precisely why Antonia gave up a very safe, but she claimed 'deadly dull' job at the bank to appear in front of the camera. 'And I like a laugh,' she said.

14

'Honestly, I think I had to resign from the bank before they sacked me,' Antonia told us. 'Not everybody shared my sense of humour.' Apparently, the branch manager didn't take too kindly to her prank last Christmas. 'I was just trying to prove that stuck behind a desk all day, it didn't matter what you wore from the waist down,' she said. So, she served customers wearing a demure jumper up top, with black knickers, stockings and suspenders below – and nothing else. 'How was I to know the cash dispenser would run out?' she smiled with mock innocence. 'Somebody had to go out and fill it. I was volunteered . . .' No wonder her modelling potential was spotted, and she claims to be prepared for anything.

In fact, when Antonia arrived in Barbados, Michael had a little surprise for her. Some of her best friends in her new career had come along too, so it turned out to be a riotous week. One of them will be recognised by sharp-eyed *Mayfair* readers. It's Kim Clark, the 36-24-35 beauty from Vol 19 No 8, on the left of the group holding Antonia in the bottom picture. 'They said "You're the star this time,"' Antonia laughed, 'and started larking about. If people tell you models are catty, they're lying.' That night the town rocked to the girls' antics. 'No man was safe,' joked Antonia, 'even Michael. After this shot we ganged up, and threw him in the sea – clothes and all. But he's a good sport.'

WHITE SLAV
BEFORE
AFTER
Bear Grease
MAIL COUPON NOW
New IMPROVED FORMULA
Pile Cream
Whoopee Cushion
He! He!
oh dear
ho ho
BETTER IMAGINED THAN DESCRIBED
Surprise Soap
HYPNO
Edible
New
STINK BOMB
Silent Defender
$5.00
EVERY OLD LADY SHOULD HAVE ONE
MAY
DETECTIVE STORYS
TRUE GORE EXCLUSIVE
FLY

etable Wonder
Giant B
Seebackroscope
Wonder of the 20th Century
10/-
+P&P
SEND Today
Be 2" Taller
SPICY HORROR
ASTOUNDING STORYS
FACT
TRUE LIFE DRAMA
Joe

Postal bargains offered in pulp horror magazines were so tempting, no boy could turn them down. As R Hudson-Smith nostalgically recalls . . .

From whoopee cushions to bear grease. I couldn't resist those mail order mysteries

Periodically, as though suffering from some recurrent tropical fever, I am stricken with a bout of 'clearing out'. These attacks are usually short-lived and generally ineffectual as I have an innate aversion to throwing anything away. Last week, it was the cupboard under the stairs that I chose for therapy. Rooting among discarded lampshades, chipped crockery, battered suitcases, and other bric-à-brac, I came across a pile of old magazines with such titles as *Weird Detective Stories, Spicy Horror Stories, Flying Aces* and *Astounding Stories*.

Blowing the dust off these relics of my boyhood, and leafing through their yellowing pages stopped my 'clearing out' activities there and then as corners of my memory were unlocked. The paper on which these literary gems were printed was off-white, and so rough that it appeared to have been chewed by wasps – hence, I suppose, the name 'pulps'. The covers were garish and startling, and inevitably included a skimpily attired girl with a bosom on which one could easily balance a couple of dry martinis. These curvaceous damsels were usually portrayed cowering from the embrace of some ghastly monster or sub-human villain. I recall vividly a cover of *Spicy Horror Stories* which boggled my youthful mind. It showed the half-naked heroine imprisoned in a cage with a gigantic male orang-outang in the mating season – the stories in the pulps always had overtones of sex to them.

In the heyday of the pulps – the thirties and the forties – I confess to being a voracious reader of all I could lay hands on. Most grown-ups, of course, considered them as so much rubbish, calculated to poison a boy's mind, warp his character, and destroy his taste for good literature. If they did, I remain unregenerate, and given the chance would do it all over again.

But, in my youth, the most fascinating

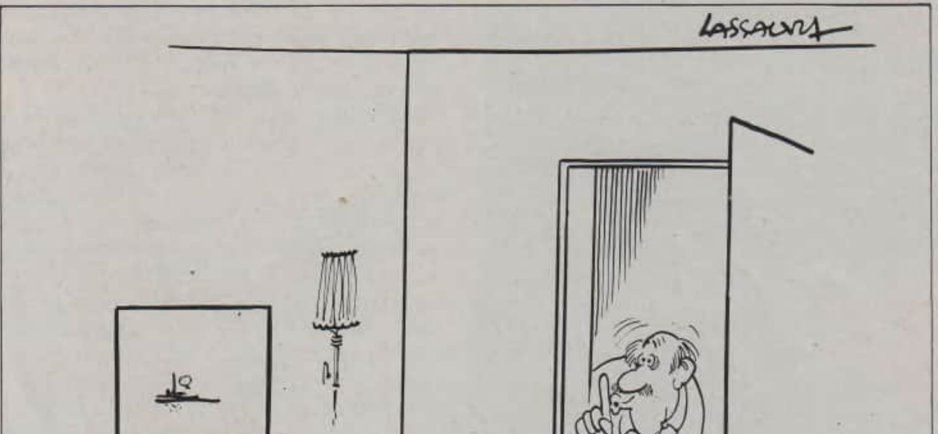
feature in the pulps was the advertisements for intriguing and way-out postal bargains. Firms with high-sounding names like Johnson Smith, Von Scramm Manufacturing Co Inc and Worldwide Productions Corp offered The Newest Novelties, Magic Tricks, Curiosities, Unusual Plants, Private Investigator Badges, Stink-bombs, Itching Powders, Silent Defenders (more popularly known as brass knuckles – 'no lady should be without a pair'), books containing information of Rare Value, and catapults of incredible power. No matter how bizarre the item, these enterprising firms seemed able to supply it – and it was all a schoolboy's dream of heaven.

The first novelty to seize my young imagination was the Seebackroscope. Described as 'The Wonder of the Twentieth Century', this device gave you vision 'like having eyes in the back of your head'. The picture showed an Edwardian-style couple cuddling on a park bench while a furtive-looking character, seated with his back to them on a nearby bench, played Peeping Tom on the torrid twosome with the invaluable aid of his Seebackroscope. According to the exuberant text, this amazing invention was made of rubber, and 'placed over the eye in the same way as the magnifying glasses used by jewellers and watch-repairers. Persons are often anxious to see who is following them without attracting attention by turning round, and this instrument does the work for you.' This was sound in theory, but I soon discovered that wandering around with the Wonder of the Twentieth Century screwed in my eye certainly *did* attract attention. Indeed, on one occasion I was stopped in the street by a solicitous old lady who asked me if my eye defect was the result of an accident. To my mumbled reply she patted me on the head, and gave me sixpence.

The line-drawings illustrating many of the items, especially those in the Johnson Smith advertisements, were old-fashioned, and the print, too, resembled that of Victorian playbills. The men were portrayed with high collars, spiked moustaches and spit curls, and the women were bustled belles. With childish cynicism I attributed these anachronisms to meanness on the part of Mr Johnson Smith, but now, with the dewy innocence of adulthood, I suspect it was a deliberate attempt to give a mystic flavour to his advertisements. If so, he succeeded.

After investing in the Seebackroscope, I started saving pocket-money to send off for the Gigantic New Guinea Butter Beans. It was claimed that this 'New Edible Vegetable Wonder' grew to a mammoth size with amazing speed, the beans measuring up to six feet in length, and weighing anything from 10 to 16 pounds. One bean, avowed Mr Johnson Smith, would provide several meals for a whole family. Full instructions for cooking the beans were included free. I decided that rearing these monsters would be the most exciting experience in my life.

After carefully measuring my small bedroom, I calculated it would hold a dozen fully-grown beans, including a six-footer under my bed. However, this estimate had to be reduced to eleven when I realised that it would be impossible to open the door. One thing had me worried though. The Vegetable Wonder's foliage was said to proliferate at a fantastic speed in the dark, and here I saw a distinct danger of being throttled to death in my sleep by rampant creepers. But this was a hazard that had to be faced by any mail order addict worth his salt. Unfortunately, my plan to turn my bedroom into a luxuriant, tropical greenhouse came to the ears of my parents – I still suspect my sister – who promptly nipped my project – almost literally – in the bud. Years later, when I read that eerie novel *The Day of The Triffids* I was reminded of the Gigantic New Guinea Butter Beans, and rather relieved that I hadn't sent for them.



When it came to discomforting the human race mail order firms in the pulps were never found lacking. Take, for example, the Inflatable Whoopee Cushion – 'When the victim unsuspectingly sits upon the cushion, it gives forth noises that can be better imagined than described.' (This latter phrase, by the way, was a great favourite with pulp advertisers). If this wheeze failed to arouse merriment, the unhappy victim was persuaded to wash with Surprise Soap, which contained a strong dye on coming into contact with water. 'The result,' chortled Mr Johnson Smith again, 'can be better imagined than described.' It was laughs galore all the way, and all you had to do was mail the coupon.

In more serious vein, he offered a selection of books 'to suit all tastes'. *The Tragedies of the White Slaves*, for instance, was a collection of true stories, 'each one dealing with a different method by which white-slavers have lured their victims to destruction!' To allay any suspicions that it was an instruction manual for budding white-slavers, Johnson Smith hastened to add, 'If one mother or father may be warned in time, if one single life may be saved from the traps men set and the lures they bait for the enslavement of the flower and innocence of the nation, this book will not have been in vain.' From this it was evident that this upright man, while facing the shadier side of life without flinching, was of a crusading nature. *From Dance Hall to White Slavery* was in the same juicy vein, and it also contained some useful hints for readers who were contemplating a career in the white-slave traffic.

At my tender age, however, these masterworks held out little appeal as I had no aspirations in that direction. Instead, I sent off for an intriguing book which portrayed on its cover a moustachioed gent in evening dress gesturing dramatically with his right hand at a lady resembling Lily Langtry, who was wilting, glassy-eyed, on to a sofa. He looked up to no good, but the text explained that he was practising Electrical Psychology on her, 'a fascinating hobby that enables anyone to hypnotise any person and make him or her, whilst under the influence, do anything you may wish!' As a pastime this seemed to have infinite possibilities, and, while waiting for the book to arrive, I made out a list of those I would put under my spell. Sad to relate, doubtless due to some flaw in my make-up, I never did become adept at Electrical Psychology though I spent hours practising mesmeric passes in a mirror, carefully heeding the solemn warning in the book about students inadvertently putting themselves into a trance.

Shortly after my hypnotic period, I was brought close to the brink of disaster by a

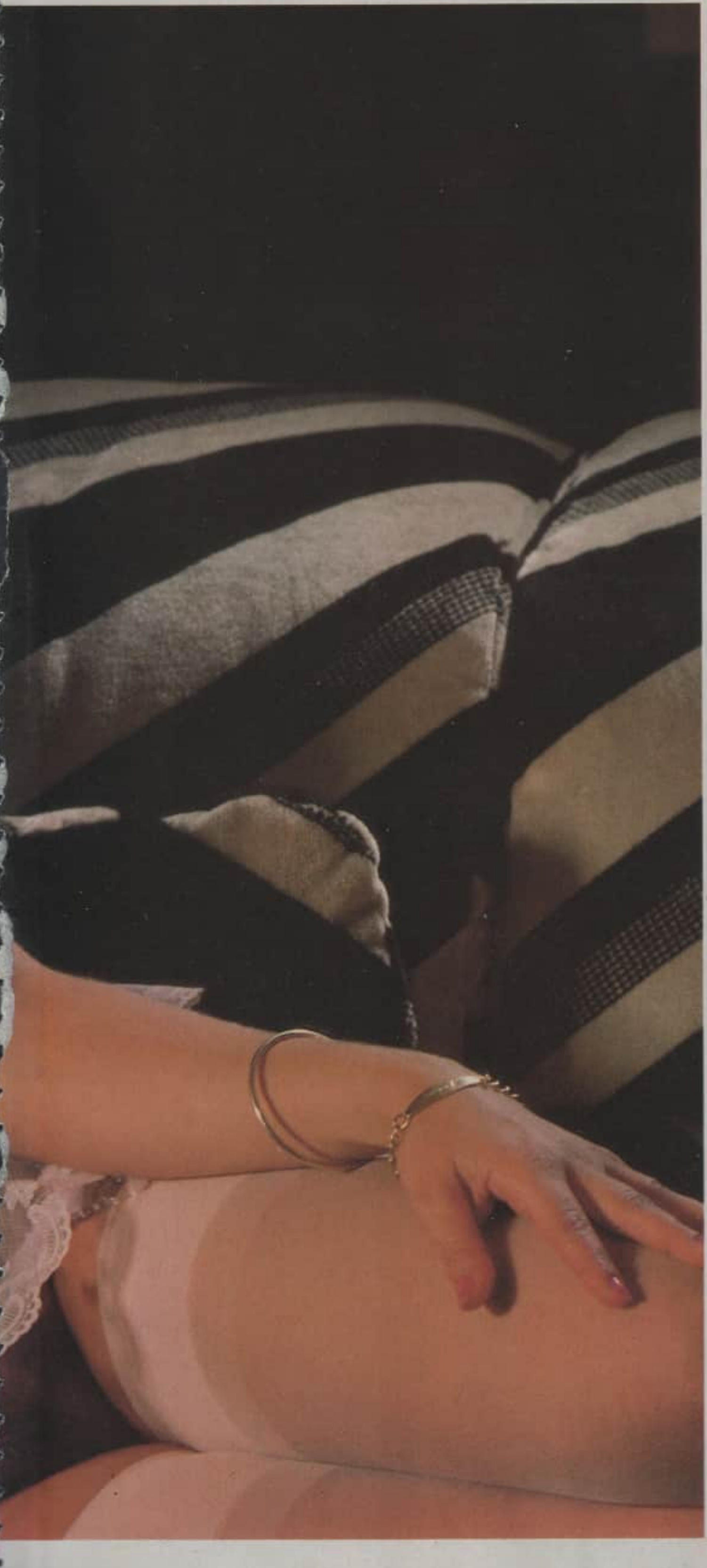
turn to page 112

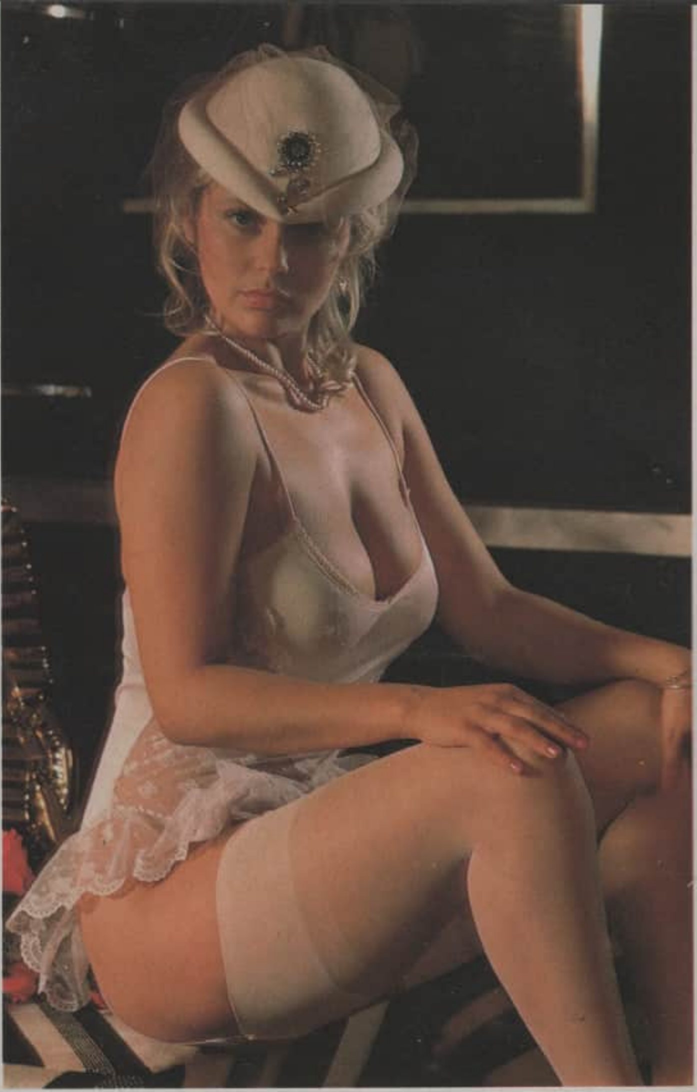
The girls you've asked to see

Joanne Latham – your dream girl for Christmas

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DONALD MILNE

Some models have stunning figures, others have beautiful faces, but Joanne Latham has the face of an angel and a heavenly body which we think is out of this world. And judging from your letters, many readers share our opinion. J M of Hendon seemed to sum up your views when he wrote, 'Who could resist those baby blue eyes, and that innocent beauty? And it is hard to believe that such an amazing figure could be packed onto a five feet four inch frame.' Joanne's looks and full-breasted 40-25-35 have secured her a place as one of the top models of all time with frequent appearances in the national newspapers. Now it is third time lucky for *Mayfair* readers in this latest photo session.





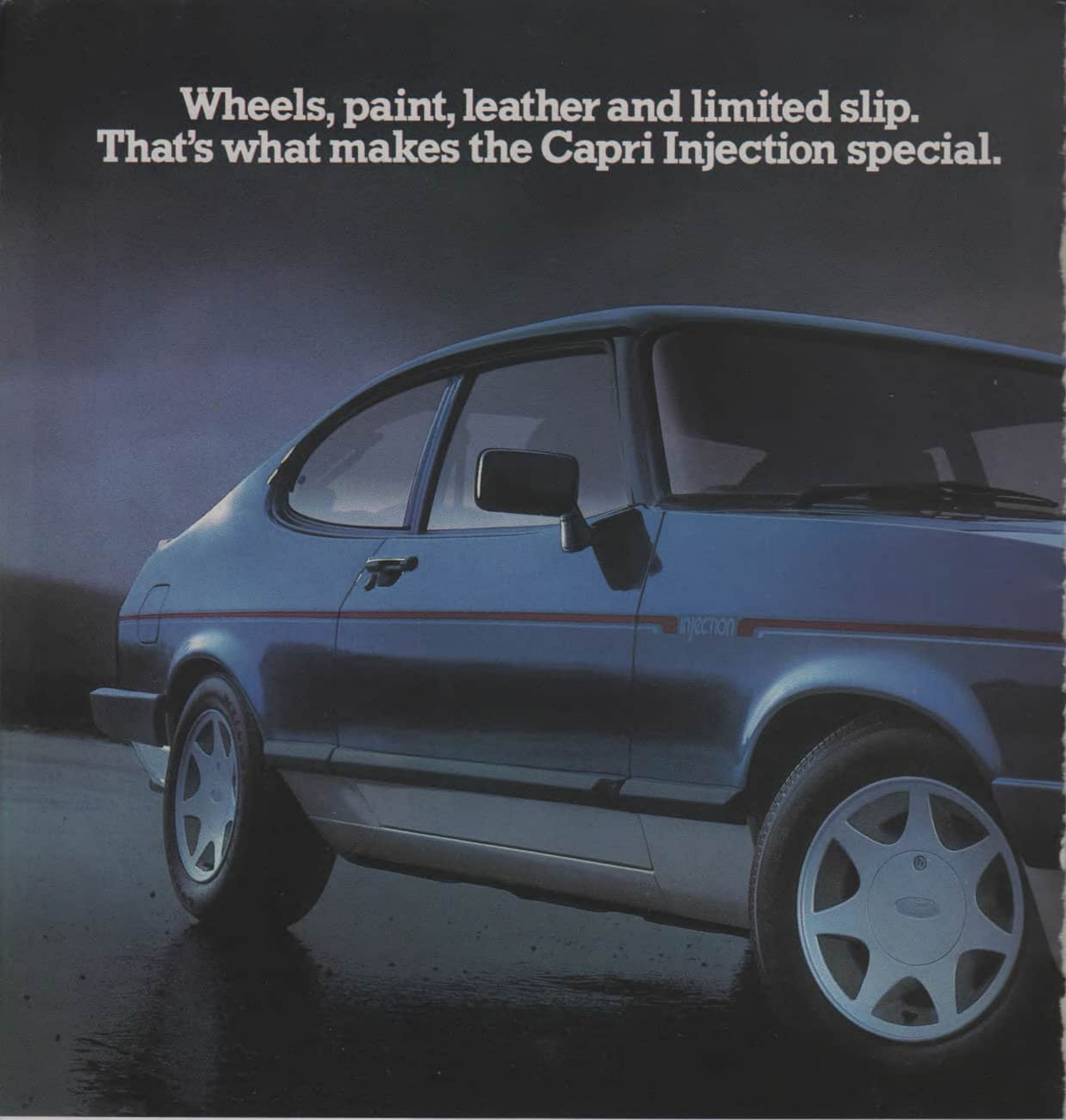
Twenty-three-year-old Joanne made her *Mayfair* debut in Vol 14 No 7, but we had to wait until Vol 17 No 10 before she showed us all her charms. In that amazing photo call Joanne revealed more than she ever had for any British-owned magazine, and now in this latest *Mayfair* photo session it is easy to see why she is sought after by photographers all over the world. And not just photographers, according to a story in the *Daily Express*. They suggested that Joanne has the Royal seal of approval, and linked her name romantically with Prince Andrew. But Joanne is keeping mum about the subject of royal romance. When quizzed by our editor as to the truth of the story, she just said, 'No!'

Joanne is a Midlander, originally hailing from Wolverhampton. Her modelling career began shortly after she left school with assignments in nearby Birmingham. She soon became one of Britain's most popular models, with appearances in *The Sun*, *Star* and *Reveille*, and her lifestyle now is a far cry from her Black Country upbringing. Many of her friends are household names and famous stars, including actor Ryan O'Neal. And Joanne recently confessed a penchant for drinking champagne in the bath. In fact she once jokingly told Donald Milne that her likes were white wine, young horny men, and old rich men, horny or not. But they must be early risers for Joanne loves mornings.

If you are ever lucky enough to go out for an evening with Joanne, don't expect a quiet time. In fact you'd better be prepared for anything. She does have a wild sense of humour, and an exhibitionist streak. Donald Milne discovered this one evening at London's renowned *Tramp* disco. Joanne was wearing a pink ball gown in a strapless fifties style. She was dancing with Donald, and her energetic movements soon resulted in her right boob popping out, quickly followed by its twin. Taking it all in her stride, Joanne tucked them back in, but after a few more minutes the same thing happened again. As you can imagine, this aroused a great deal of interest, and heads were turning. But Joanne decided to let nature take its course. So with those beautiful orbs completely bare, she danced on regardless without batting an eyelid, flashing her angelic smile at celebrities like Mel Brooks and John McEnroe who were there.

Where can Joanne be found now? Oh, there's the rub, so to speak. Joanne's such a jet-setter that you never know. Her last phone call was from Marbella where she was sunning herself at the beach club, resort of the rich and famous. Then she passed through London on the way to the USA. Who knows where the next call will come from? But one thing's certain, a welcome hug from Joanne is rather like being greeted by a warren full of rabbits in a sack. Take our word for it.

Wheels, paint, leather and limited slip. That's what makes the Capri Injection special.



The Capri Injection: what visions of far horizons it conjures up.

Developed by Ford Special Vehicle engineers, winner of countless races, it's one of the last of that rare breed, the traditional long distance Grand Tourer.

What could be more special than that?

The new Capri Injection Special.

You have a choice of single or two-tone colour schemes.

And, as is the fashion these days, the grille and door mirrors are painted to match the body.

The Recaro front seat surrounds and head restraints are trimmed with leather.

So is the steering wheel, and even the gear knob. It's a five-speed of course.

You'll also find a sunroof and tinted glass. And there's a four-speaker stereo system which is almost as powerful as the engine!

But, more than anything else, it's those beautiful wide alloy wheels with their low profile tyres that betray this special Capri's true purpose.

High performance.

With its fuel injected 2.8 litre V6 it's capable of around 130 mph and can sweep from 0-60 mph in less than 8 seconds.*

That performance is enhanced by something rather exclusive – a limited slip differential. Its principal advantage is that it reduces wheel spin, especially on wet roads.

It can also give you extra grip in corners.

That's well worth having when you've got 160 bhp under your right foot.

Even without all this, What Car? voted the 2.8 Injection the best sporting coupe of 1984. "For the driver with any fondness for sport" they said, "there's nothing to beat it at the price."

We wonder what they will say about the 2.8 Injection Special.

For with all its extra equipment it's even better value.

With single-tone paintwork prices start at £9,500. The car shown is a two-tone model at £9,708, both are maximum prices excluding delivery and number plates.

*Ford computed figures.

The new Capri Injection Special. Ford

Limited slip differential is standard. It gives extra grip.

Morgan began 75 years ago with a range of three-wheelers. Large picture and above: Two views of a Morgan F2 Sports from 1939. Above it is a 1932 Morgan Aero with a three-speed gearbox. The two pictures above that are of a rare Morgan built in Paris under licence by Darmont in 1925. Top row, left: A 1934 Works Special built for trials. To its right, a Super Sport made in 1936, once owned by Francis Beart, and, to the right of that, a JAP-engined 1932 Super Aero. Top right: A 1939 F Super, and, bottom right, a 1929 Family.

In 1909, Harry Morgan introduced an economic, open-top, three-wheeler which was instantly adopted by sporting drivers for races and trials. Now, 75 years later, both three and four-wheeled Morgans are still ideal cars for the true enthusiast

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, MORGAN OLD SPORT

Motoring with William Boddy/Photographed by Andrew Morland

The Morgan from Malvern Link, 75-years-old this year, is unique. Mainly because in every form it has been a car for sporting drivers. For, although the Morgan began, way back in those dark ages of 1909, as a utility object, its very nature and specification bequeathed it with the qualities such drivers admire, and very soon it blossomed out into a pure sporting machine. For example, very few Morgans have been endowed with closed bodywork – and surely one important aspect of the sports-car is that it shall blow air, fresh or otherwise, over its occupants. If it doesn't, you are simply exchanging one drawing-room for another, albeit a mobile one . . .

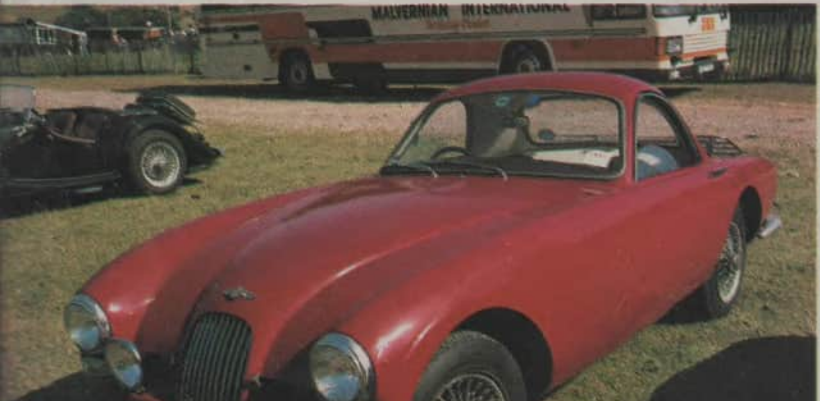
The Morgan, up to 1936, was a three-wheeler. Why? To enhance its great reputation as a utility, economy vehicle. Three-wheelers below a reasonable weight-limit were (and still are, as all Reliant Robin and Rialto owners are aware) eligible for a

reduced taxation rate, being regarded in the eyes of the Treasury as motorcycles. Moreover, there were fewer tyres and tubes to replace, fewer brakes to re-line, insurance was in line with the lower tax, and the tricar was easier to store in a garden shed, being triangular instead of square. All of which was in accord with a motor vehicle so light that no reverse-gear was deemed necessary. When you wanted to turn about, you climbed out, and lifted the tail round.

It was in this era of the true economy car – the 'cyclecar' – that Harry Morgan, the impetuous son of a well-established clergyman, introduced his car. It seemed quite natural then, and well into the 1920's, that it should have a vee-twin-cylinder motorcycle engine (water cooled in the more costly versions) slung out in front, chain-drive giving two forward speeds, with no conventional gearbox, and a chassis made of steel tubing brazed up like the frame of a bicycle. But it also boasted an ingenious system of independent front springing that was the parent of the present-day, coil-spring and strut method. That was the Morgan three-wheeler, that was. It remained so for many, many years.

Nobody minded that the engine was exposed to rain and muck, or enclosed simply on the Family model, by a sort of crude coal-scuttle cover. Nobody cared that all HFS Morgan did to compete with proper little four-seater cars was contrive two minute seats over that single rear wheel, on which a kid and his (very) small sister could be bounced along

Morgan began production of their first four-wheeled cars in 1936 with the 4/4, pictured bottom left. It had a four-cylinder, 1,122cc Coventry-Climax engine which gave it a top speed of 75mph. The car shown was made in 1939. Above it is a Swedish registered Morgan Plus-4 from 1952. The 2-litre Plus-4 was introduced in 1950, and remained as part of the Morgan range until 1969. Top right: A flat nose Plus-4-Plus, a model made in the early fifties, though discontinued soon after. Two pictures above: A more recent version of the Morgan Plus-4 drop-head coupé.


MALVERNIAN INTERNATIONAL
KBF 267D

Large picture, right: One of the current Morgans, a Plus-8 with a 3½ litre engine. It has a top speed of 125mph, and prices start at £11,600. Above: A rarer Plus-4-Plus coupé from the fifties. Above that, the rear view of a Plus-8 (left) and a Plus-4 (right). Top left: Peter Morgan's own Plus-8, and, to its right, a 1973 Plus-8. Top right: The second Plus-8 prototype raced by Peter's son Charles.

behind Mum and Dad. Despite the crudities the fact is that the Morgan, manufactured in a shed-like factory down at Malvern Link in Worcestershire, sold very well indeed.

This may well have been because Harry Morgan (who had been born in the Old Rectory at Stoke Lacy in 1884) with his wife, took part in all the contemporary sporting events in Morgan tricars, enthusiastically supported by his father, by then, a highly respected member of the clergy. Or it may have been because, in those pre-1914 times, you could buy a new Morgan for as little as 85 guineas (£89.25) and if you had cut your motoring teeth on a motorcycle you could maintain it at home, the simple mechanical parts being all too familiar. Morgan customers had to be sporting too, because the little machines had very direct steering, and speed was controlled, not by a foot-accelerator, but by a lever on the steering-wheel connected to the throttle by Bowden cable.

HFS Morgan used many kinds of engines for his different models, and even in 1926, when

post-war inflation had upped car prices, he was able to advertise the Standard model for £95, and the Family two or four-seater for £116. The annual tax was only £4, and petrol consumption was claimed to be 50 mpg. That was the period when painting numbers on a Morgan at the factory cost a mere 25p, and the customers could have a four-speed conversion for £10, or a Lucas electric lighting-set for the same price. Up to that time the Morgan had been braked by bands working round a drum on that lone rear wheel, but by 1923 Harry Morgan provided hand-applied front-wheel brakes for an extra £6. It was rumoured that they gave more reassurance when looked at than when applied, but no matter, roads were less crowded then.

As I have said, many makes of engines were fitted – JAP, British Anzani, MAG – and the faster Morgans were exciting with 60 mph and more being obtainable from the road-going examples, and 100 mph achieved round Brooklands Track. They built up a very fine reputation by vanquishing bigger four-wheeled cars in anything from mud-trials to proper racing events. Many other three-wheelers appeared, mostly only to fade into oblivion while the Morgan soldiered on. The formula of two wheels to steer with, one back wheel to drive through, was never varied, but towards the end of Morgan's three-wheeler production things were refined a bit, using water-cooled four-cylinder Ford Eight and Ten power units, and proper gear-boxes, but still turning that single rear wheel with a chain and sprockets. Just occasionally HFS had thought about a four-wheeled Morgan, and had made an experimental model or two. By 1935, the idea became more concrete as the three-wheeler market had declined under the onslaught of the new breed of baby-cars, led by the Austin Seven of 1923, and small four-wheeled sports-cars, notably the MG Midget, Singer Le Mans and Fiat Balilla.

So in 1936 there appeared the very acceptable Morgan 4/4 (four cylinders/four wheels). Not departing too far from traditional Morgan methods dating back to 1909, it was a low-hung, attractive little motor-car, with two-seater slab-tank body in the trials-car format. The chassis was slung low, using the Morgan strut-type independant front suspension, and a back axle under-slung on half-elliptic leaf springs. There was a wooden floor, and two spare wheels were mounted behind the petrol tank to increase weight over the back wheels, and grip. The engine was a 1,122 cc Coventry-Climax with its inlet valves above its exhaust valves, developing 34 bhp at 4,500 rpm, and as on the trikes, the gearbox was placed seperately, amidships. The new Morgan 4/4 was quite a sensation when displayed at the 1936 Motor Show, priced at £185. It had already won premier awards, driven by HFS, in the classic London-Exeter and London-Land's End Trials. The two-seater 4/4 was followed by a four-seater, priced at £235 with, rather more space in the sternsheets than in the Family-model three-wheeler. Then came a very neat, low-built, drop-head coupé version, for £236 in 1938. A Miss Fawcett had run a 4/4 at Le Mans in 1938, and although she was beaten in the 24-hour French race, by a Singer, it prompted the factory to offer a 'Le Mans' 4/4 with tuned engine and appropriate equipment. This 80 mph job cost £250.

The three-wheeler Morgans continued up to the war, with both two-cylinder and four-cylinder Super Sports models in the catalogue, the former using an air-cooled ohv Matchless engine. When it proved impossible to get the Coventry-Climax engines for the 4/4 Mogan went over to an all-overhead-valve Standard Ten power unit. This gave rather more poke, nearly 39 bhp at 4,800 rpm, was mounted on rubber, and used a downdraught Solex carburetter. It is from there that the present-day range of Morgans really stems. It was a comparatively easy step to a somewhat larger Morgan with the rugged 2-litre Standard Vanguard engine. This became the fast and accelerative Plus-4.

A small-output specialist manufacturer cannot make engines, so Peter Morgan, son of HFS, who now controls the destiny of this unique company, has had to use whatever proprietary power pack of suitable dimensions has been available. Thus today the 4/4s are Ford-powered, and for some time the fine Rover light-alloy V8 power units have gone into the bigger Morgans, keeping them at the forefront of high-performance sports-cars. The name became, appropriately, the Morgan Plus-8. For a long time the separate gearbox was retained, a throw-back to early vintage-car layout. With the adoption of the ex-Buick/Oldsmobile Rover engine the gears are now in unit. The rest of the car, however, is pure Morgan, which to so many of us means a vintage-like job with hand-built bodywork, made in small numbers in a model factory close to where it all commenced 75 years ago. Certain little modifications have been made to help keep Morgan chassis on the deck at the very high speed the Plus-8 is now capable of, (over 120 mph). But outwardly nothing much has been altered, nothing spoiled, for Morgan fanatics. The Plus-8 is a very capable performer, able to accelerate from rest to 60 mph in 6½ seconds. And as if that isn't enough, Peter has now put the Rover Vitesse engine into the Plus-8. If you order a new one now, which will set you back more than £11,600, you may have to wait around five years before it is delivered. But when it is, you will have a unique sports-car, very British, very exhilarating to drive, and owing nothing to the 'replica' or 'imitation' theme. Four/fours come out about £3,000 less, and are equally genuine and good fun. Afterall, the Morgan goes back to 1909, and for almost all that time the name of the game has been sports-cars with a highly individual image.

Anyone interested in knowing more about Morgan sports-cars should contact Barry Iles of the Morgan Sports Car Club, 22, Montpelier Spa Road, Cheltenham, Glos.

'Bruce, do you realise that you haven't spoken to me since last Saturday afternoon?'

TOM COLLINS
LARGE GLUG OF GORDON'S
THROW IN ICE
SPRINKLE CASTOR SUGAR
SPLASH OF LEMON JUICE
LARGE SHOOSH OF SODA
ADLER
TOM COLLINS
IT'S GOT TO BE GORDON'S

Mail Order Mysteries

continued from page 88

particularly beguiling advertisement in *Spicy Horror Stories*. It featured Professor Popov's Bear Grease Hair Pomade. In the text, the Prof gave dire warning that baldness was hereditary, and could occur at even a very early age, unless immediate action was taken to prevent it. Fortunately for sufferers from this ancestral scourge, he had discovered, after a lifetime of laboratory experiments, the perfect antidote – a secret formula containing fat obtained from she-bears slain on the Russian Steppes. Regular application of this miraculous ungent, promised the Prof, would ensure thick glossy hair for life. 'Mail the coupon NOW!' he implored, 'before it is too late.' As a clincher, he added the significant information that among the Tartar tribes – bear grease users all – baldness was unknown. The ad was illustrated with two drawings labelled 'Before' and 'After'. The first showed a melancholy, balding man who resembled Dr Crippen, and the other showed the same character with an asinine grin and sprouting an Afro-style mop of hair.

The Prof's grim warning disturbed me for I was irresistibly reminded of my Uncle Alfred, whose shiny pate would have given Kojak a run for his money. As Uncle Alf was a blood relation, this seemed pretty ominous, and though my own thick crop showed no signs of decay as yet, I acquired a secret dread of my hair falling out before I had even left school. In order to avoid this family affliction, and not become a balding, teen-age freak ostracised by girls, Professor Popov's Pomade seemed to be my only hope. So I filled in the coupon, and sent it off with a postal order for half-a-crown.

After a nerve-racking wait, during which I examined my scalp anxiously every day for incipient bald patches, the pomade arrived. The small pot contained a thick, oily paste, dirty-grey in colour, and it was immediately all too obvious that the Prof had omitted to mention that his master product exuded a pungent effluvia of vintage guano, open drains, and – presumably – bear grease in a highly gamey condition.

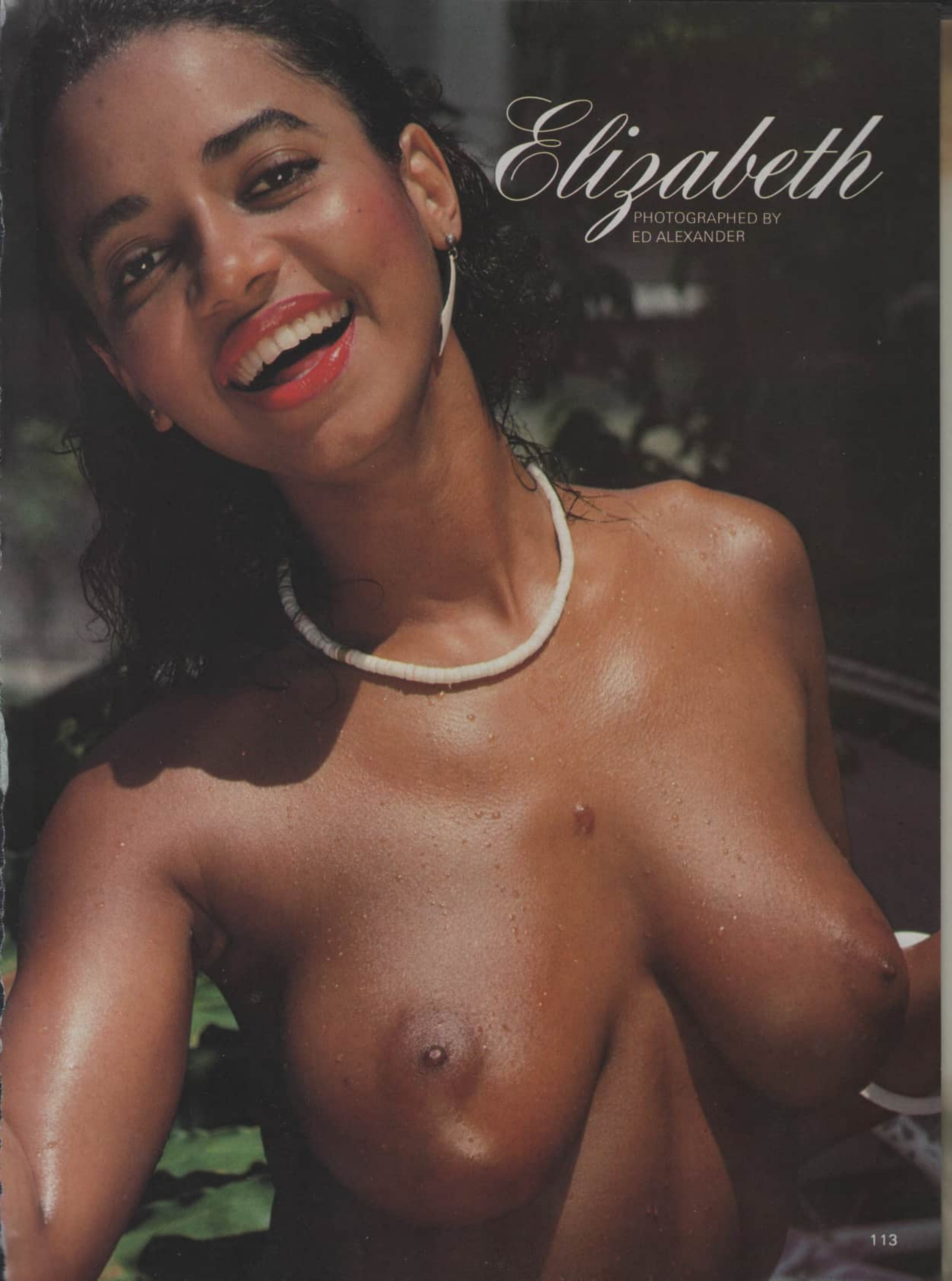
Nothing daunted, however, I rubbed some of the goo thoroughly into the roots of my hair, and dashed off to see a Western at the local flea-pit. In less than five minutes trouble started. I was miserably aware that the aroma of the pomade was slowly but inexorably spreading through the stalls like the rank miasma of some noxious swamp. Even for the hardened mob in the ninepennies it was too much. They started sniffing the polluted air, and muttering, but to my great relief they seemed unable to trace the source of the malignant blight. Finally, a disapproving attendent came down the aisle, and sprayed us all with a cheap disinfectant. But I had had enough, and slunk out of the cinema, feeling I should be tolling a leper's bell.

After that, I considered it more prudent to take solitary walks for the treatment. Today, I am lucky to possess abundant and healthy hair. But is it simply luck? Could it be, I sometimes wonder, that I really owe my luxuriant locks to the timely application of Professor Popov's wondrous bear-grease pomade? Ah, if only poor Uncle Alfred had known about it . . .

Alas, the pulps disappeared into limbo long ago, and with them the magic carpet to a dazzling world of fantastic claims and undreamed-of novelties with results that could be better imagined than described. What happened, one muses, to the firm which claimed to have the largest stock in the world of artificial eyes – 'Over 100,000 eyes always on hand', and could 'blow any eyes to order'? Gone the way of the dodo and the dinosaur, I fear.

But with the passing of the pulps my addiction to sending off for things has not really waned, though the gadgets that lure me now are ingenious but more prosaic. No-Crack egg-prickers, patent comb-cleaners, bottle-cutting kits, electric-razor sharpeners, and pedometers, to name a few. At the moment I am tempted by a sensational apparatus which will enable me to make tea, coffee or even soup in my car by simply plugging it into the dashboard. Admittedly, it has never been my custom to drink beverages, let alone soup, behind the steering-wheel. But there has to be a first time for everything, and now I am torn between a mushroom *velouté* and a tasty cream of asparagus. On the other hand, there is the rival attraction of a firm offering stethoscopic sphygmomanometers; not that I suffer from blood-pressure, but just imagine being able to check it once, twice, or even a dozen times a day. Now that would be really something . . .

TABAC ORIGINAL.
SUDDENLY
GIVING BECOMES
SO EASY.
AFTER SHAVE LOTION
TABAC ORIGINAL

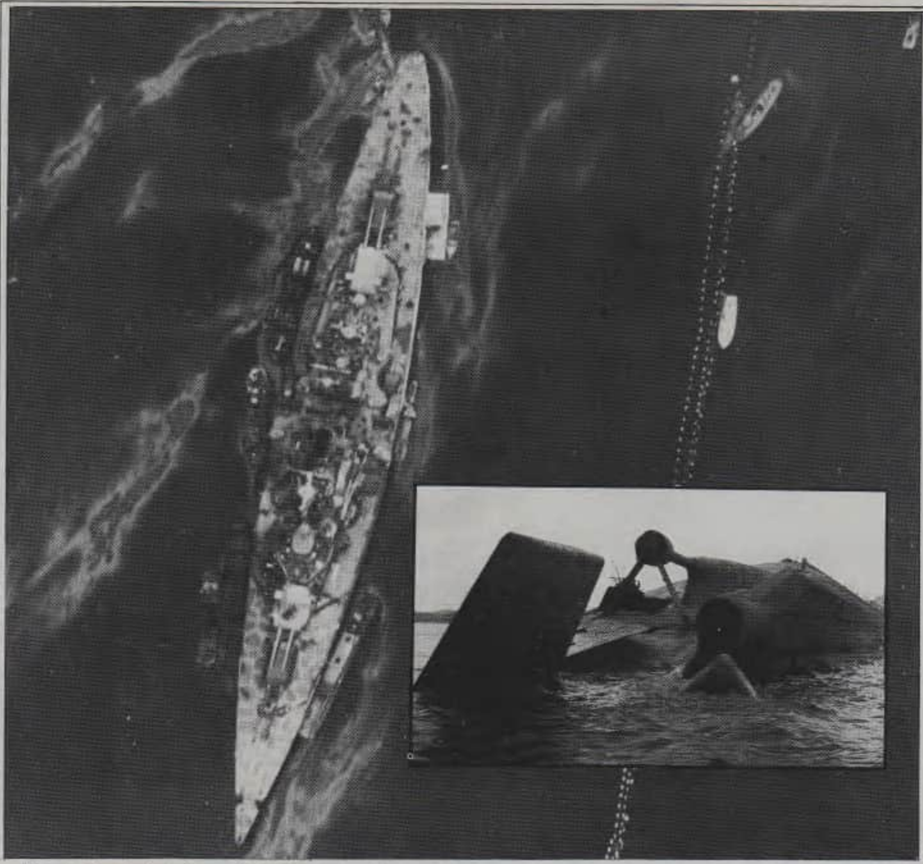


Elizabeth

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
ED ALEXANDER

If you're waiting impatiently for the warm weather to return so that you can lounge around the swimming pool, then you are not alone. Eighteen-year-old Elizabeth Lloyd is no fan of the deep mid-winter either. 'I practically hibernate between November and March,' Elizabeth told us from the warmth of her flat in Coventry. Not surprisingly then, these pictures were taken in August before her self-imposed winter curfew, when the weather and Elizabeth's mood were sunnier. 'I suppose that it is coming from a warm country,' smiled the 34-23-33 beauty from the West Indian island of St Kitts. 'Fortunately, I know a lot of people to stay in with. I have parties for days at a time, and anyone is welcome.'

Elizabeth is fortunate in not having to face the cold when she goes to work either. She sells advertising space by telephone, from her home – her desk conveniently placed next to the radiator. However at the merest mention of the possibility of hot weather to come, Elizabeth's eyes light up. 'I'm already booking my holidays,' she said. 'I want to just lie on a beach with the sea lapping over me, and a man to fetch me long, cool drinks.' Is that all he would do? 'Now and again, he would rub oil all over me, around my breasts, along my thighs. I can't wait.' We'll forward all applications.



Above: An aerial view of the Tirpitz *at her berth in Kaafjord. The battle-cruiser* Scharnhorst *was moored further up the channel in Altafjord. Inset: the* Tirpitz *after being sunk by Lancasters.*

Sink the Tirpitz

continued from page 70

danger. If only he had steam up to get clear before the four side charges from the *X-6* and *X-7* exploded. Unfortunately for the Germans, the *Tirpitz* could not get steam up within time, and there were no tugs available. He gave orders that the ship was to be turned by tightening up the starboard, and slackening off the port anchor chains at the bow, slowly turning the battleship in her berth. It was all he could do, and the movement was minimal. What was more to the point, the manoeuvre would take time, and with the clocks ticking away on the four charges lying under his keel, this was something the German had little of.

At 0740, a great commotion occurred along the side of the *Tirpitz*, when yet another X-craft broke to the surface. This was *X-7*. She wallowed for a moment, then gathered speed, and rammed the net defences, mounted them, and plunged over the other side into free water. She dived desperately, only to run into another net ten fathoms down.

The attention of the Germans was soon distracted by the timeclocks on the four charges under the battleship running out. At 0812, there was a terrible explosion, and the *Tirpitz* lifted in the air as if hit by a gigantic hammer. Three of the side charges dropped close together went off simultaneously, followed a second or two later by the fourth charge under the stern blowing a huge hole in it. The aft 15-inch gun turret was lifted by the explosion, and thrown completely out of line. Decks below the water-line were flooded, and the turbines and the turbine gearing were damaged. All but one of the diesel generators which supplied power to the gun batteries when the boilers were shut down were smashed, putting the main gun batteries out of action. Only a trickle of power was available to man the pumps.

The British would remember afterwards the panic into which the German crew were thrown. Men ran everywhere. Orders, many of them contradictory, were given by the officers to no avail.

The explosion which had done so much damage to the *Tirpitz* came to the assistance of the *X-7*, still entangled in the anti-torpedo nets surrounding the battleship. The little craft was blown free, and surfaced. The commander, Sub-Lieutenant Place, gave the order to dive again, but soon at depth it was plain that the X-craft was severely damaged by the explosion. They decided to surface again, and abandon ship.

The midget came to the surface, and again the X-craft was swept with rifle and machine gun fire from the decks of the *Tirpitz*. Place opened the hatch, and clambered out. His three crew members were unable to follow him, and the little craft sank again. As he was being brought to the decks of the *Tirpitz*, to join the men of the *X-6*, the third X-craft, *X-5*, surfaced beyond the nets over a quarter of a mile from the battleship. At this distance the 4.1 inch guns of the *Tirpitz* could range easily. The *X-5* was blown to pieces, and sank with all her crew.

There remained the crew of the *X-7*. Place, her commander, had escaped, but there were three more men in her, and she was at the bottom of the fjord. The men went through the drill laid down for such a situation, but they were short of oxygen. In this attempt in the icy cold water, only the diver, Aitken, survived.

The *Tirpitz*, however, was destroyed as an effective fighting ship. Attempts were made to repair her, but without any specialised docking equipment, they could do little. The damaged rudder was patched up, and the hole in the stern was filled with concrete. But the battleship was a pale wreck of what she had once been.

The British, however, did not know how badly the *Tirpitz* had been damaged, and decided to destroy her by bombing. Attacks had been made on April 3, 1944 by Barracuda bombers taking off from the carriers *Furious* and *Victorious*, killing 122 of the crew, wounding 316, and doing considerable damage to the ship. Other attacks followed throughout May, June, July and August. The Fleet Air Arm then handed over the job to Bomber Command.

From the start it was intended that Lancasters, armed with the formidable 12,000lb Tallboy bomb were to be used. This bomb, designed by Barnes Wallis would, it was confidently predicted, go through the thickest armour. Unfortunately, the *Tirpitz* at Kaafjord was outside the range of the Lancasters. On September 15, an attack was made from airfields in Russia, but the damage to the battleship, though substantial, was not decisive.

It was then that the Germans, playing into British hands, decided to move the *Tirpitz* 200 miles south to a new berth at Tromso where, no longer capable of carrying out her duties as a battleship, she would become a floating battery. This 200 miles would bring her within striking distance of Lancasters based in Britain.

On November 12, 1944, 32 Lancasters armed with Tallboy bombs took off from Lossiemouth for their final attack on the *Tirpitz*. German radar picked them up, and the message was radioed to the Luftwaffe airfield at Bardufoss. It was a race against time for with no fighter escort, with armour plate taken out, and the mid-upper turrets removed to save weight, the bombers would have been sitting ducks to enemy attack.

They were met with heavy anti-aircraft fire both from *Tirpitz* itself, and from shore batteries, but dropped their bombs with extreme accuracy. Two direct hits were made, one to the port side of the bridge, and one to one side of one of the main gun turrets. A tremendous explosion blew out the huge turret weighing hundreds of tons, and dropped it in the sea alongside. Gigantic ball bearings, the remains of the roller path on which the turret was turned, were found on the shore two hundred yards away. When the smoke cleared, the *Tirpitz* was already keeled over at an angle of 45 degrees, and still turning. She turned until her upperworks struck the bottom.

Of the 1700 men on board, about 1,000 were drowned, many trapped in the overturned hull. Attempts were made to cut exits through the upturned hull to the men beneath. Through the plating rescuers heard a group of men singing *Deutschland Uber Alles* as the water slowly rose, followed by silence. It was the funeral dirge of the *Tirpitz*. ■

Jameson Irish Whiskey. A love story.

EST'D
1780
SINE METU
IRISH WHISKEY
BOTTLED BY
John Jameson & Son
DUBLIN
40%Vol
PRODUCT OF IRELAND

"A drink, Mrs. Hammond?"

"Yes please. I'll never get used to it."

"The drink?"

"No, stupid, the married bit."

"Happy?"

"Ummm. What's this I'm drinking?"

"Jameson."

"Irish Whiskey?"

"The very same. Made from the finest Irish barley and the softest spring water."

"Lovely."

"And distilled three times to give it that distinctively smooth flavour."

"Great."

"Will you have another?"

"I will."

"That's the second time you've said that today."

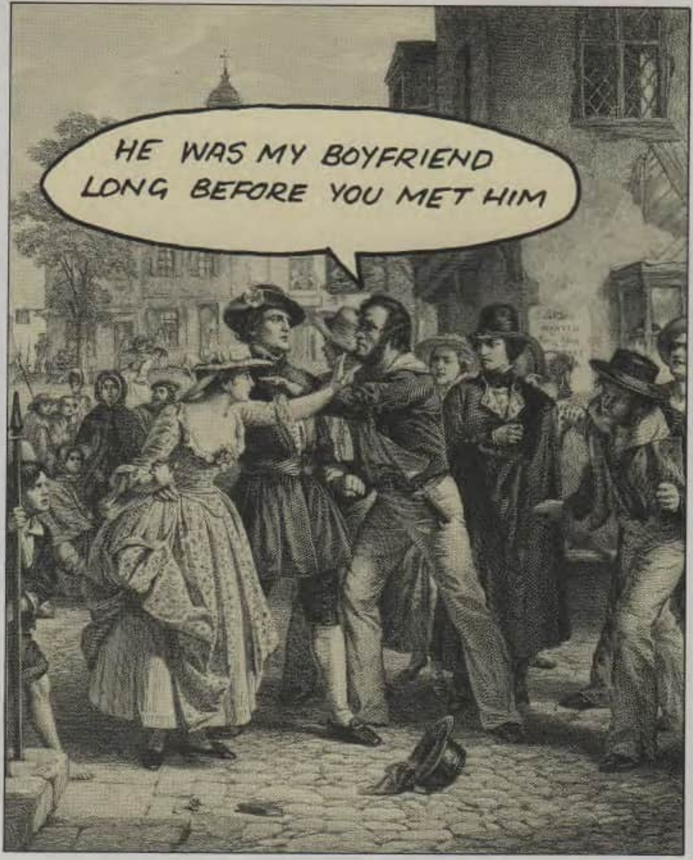
JAMESON
EST'D 1780
SINE METU
IRISH WHISKEY

You'll never know until you've tried it.

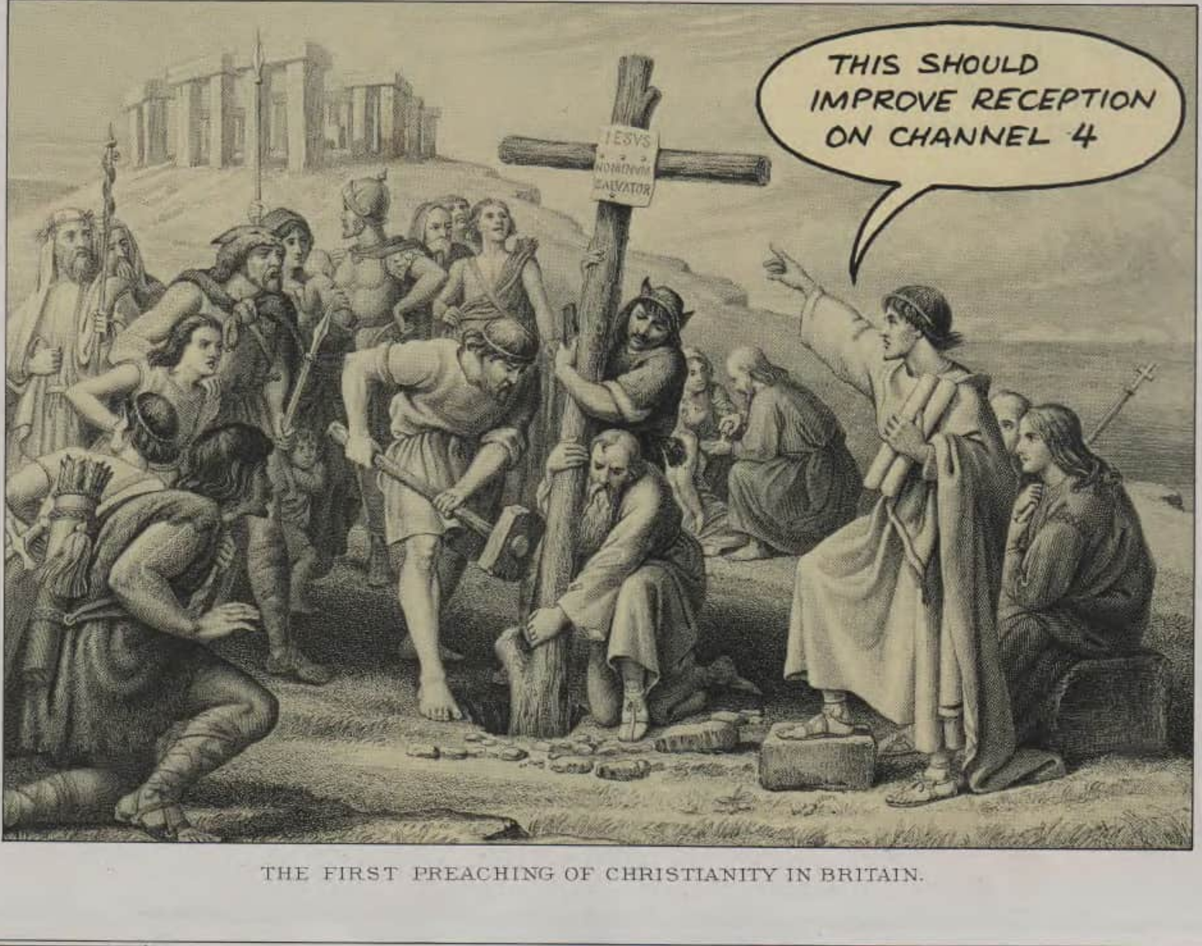
TO THEM HISTORICAL

TO US HYSTERICAL

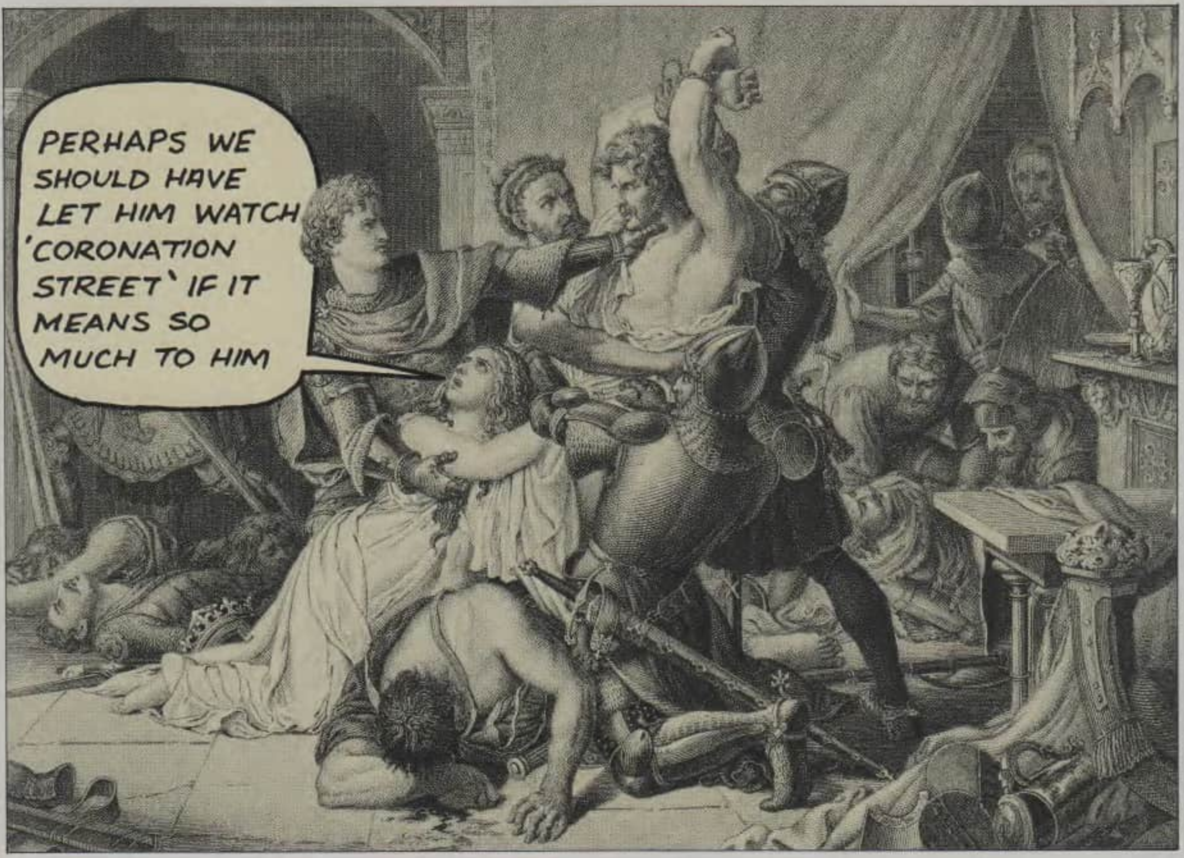
Victorians were prim about the past, so what delight to discover an old history book in an antique shop. The illustrations cried out for a saucier interpretation, and we couldn't resist the challenge


HE WAS MY BOYFRIEND LONG BEFORE YOU MET HIM

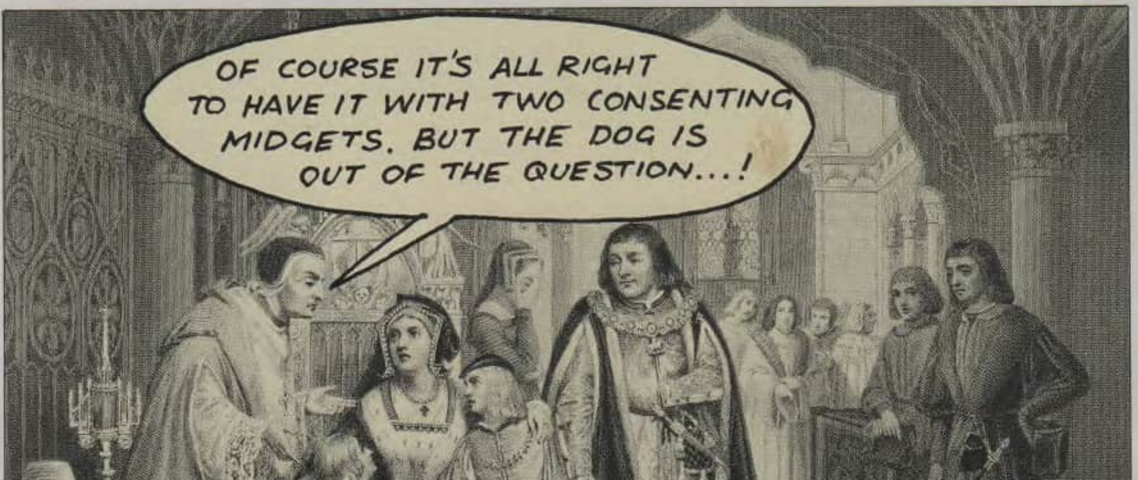
THE PRESS-GANG.
SEIZING A WATERMAN ON TOWER HILL ON THE MORNING OF HIS MARRIAGE DAY


THIS SHOULD IMPROVE RECEPTION ON CHANNEL 4
IESVS

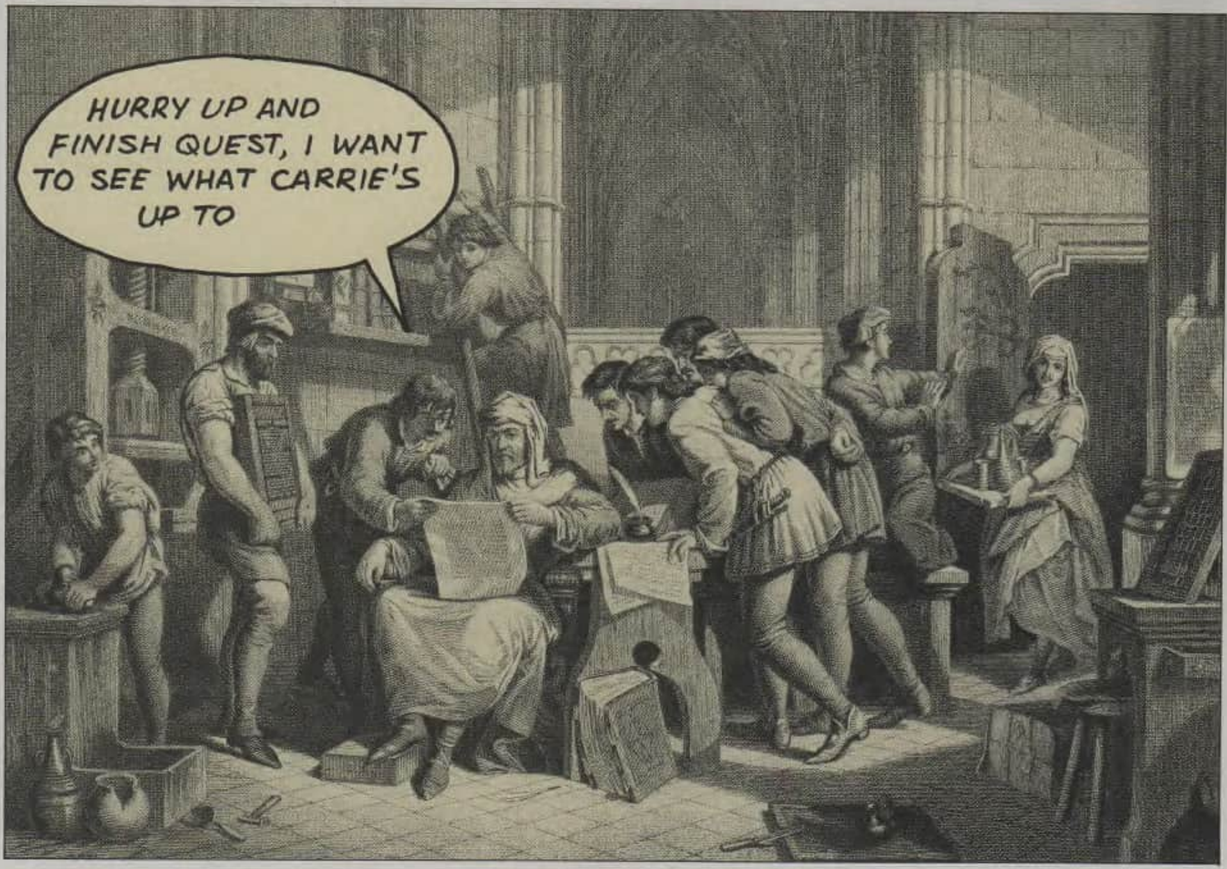
THE FIRST PREACHING OF CHRISTIANITY IN BRITAIN.


PERHAPS WE SHOULD HAVE LET HIM WATCH 'CORONATION STREET' IF IT MEANS SO MUCH TO HIM

THE SEIZURE OF ROGER DE MORTIMER.
IN NOTTINGHAM CASTLE OCTOBER. 19TH 1330


OF COURSE IT'S ALL RIGHT TO HAVE IT WITH TWO CONSENTING MIDGETS. BUT THE DOG IS OUT OF THE QUESTION...!

THE SON'S OF EDWARD IV PARTED FROM THEIR MOTHER.
BY RICHARD DUKE OF GLOSTER. JUNE 16TH 1483

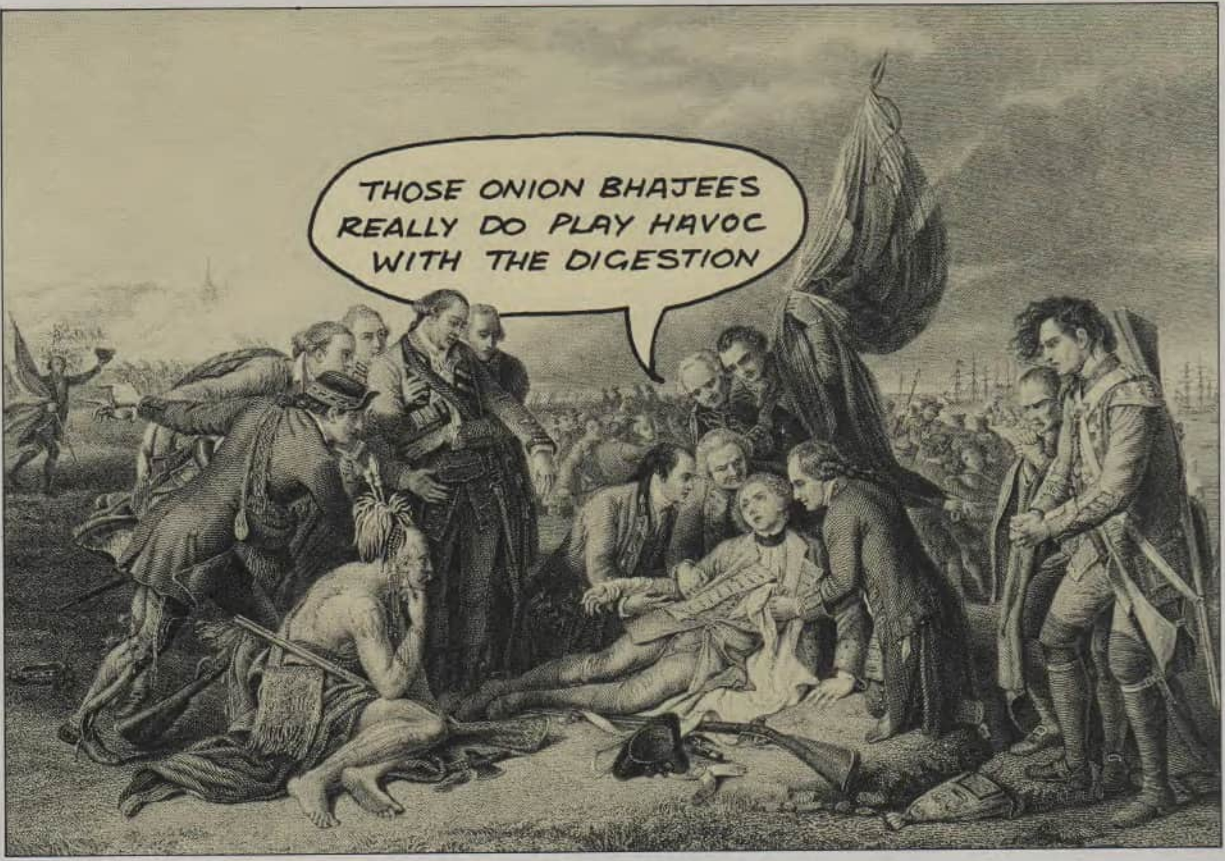

HURRY UP AND FINISH QUEST, I WANT TO SEE WHAT CARRIE'S UP TO

INTRODUCTION OF THE ART OF PRINTING.

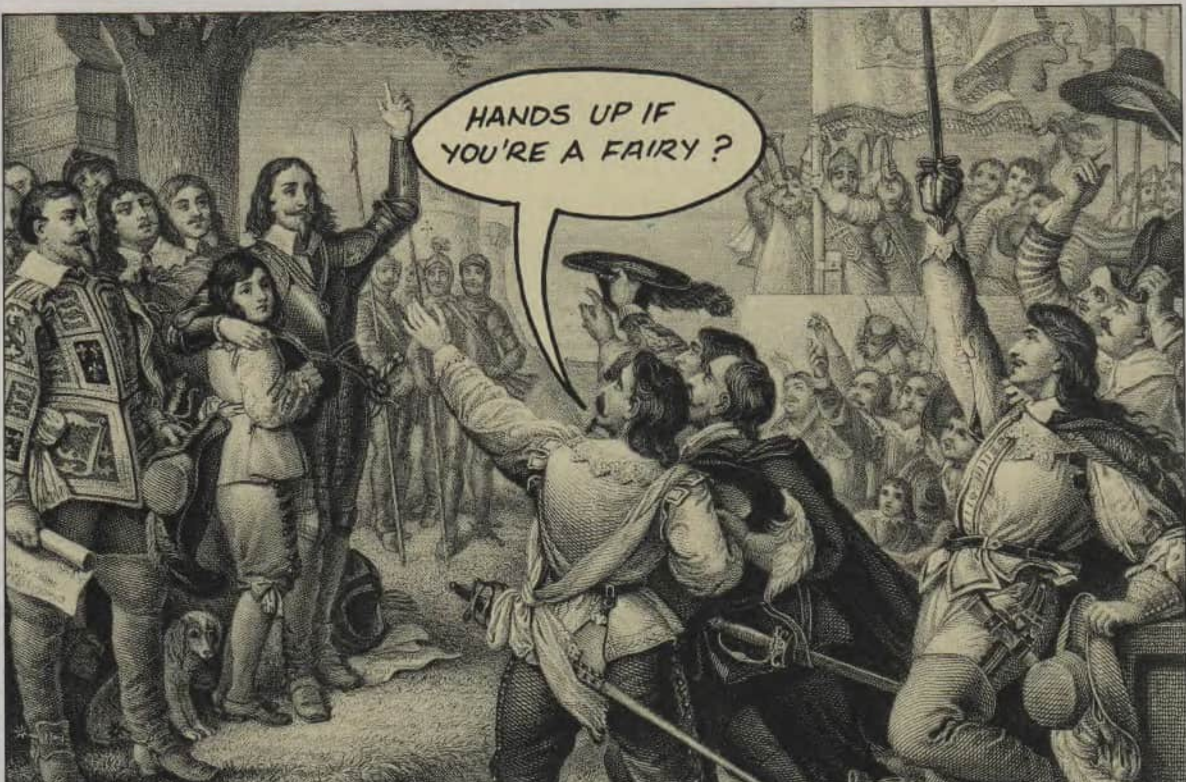
CAXTON READING THE FIRST PROOF-SHEET FROM HIS PRINTING PRESS,
IN THE ALMONARY, WESTMINSTER ABBEY, MARCH, 1474

FIVE SOVEREIGNS SAY HE IS WEARING A SUSPENDER BELT

CRANMER AT THE TRAITOR'S GATE.


THOSE ONION BHAJEES REALLY DO PLAY HAVOC WITH THE DIGESTION

THE DEATH OF GENERAL WOLFE.
ON THE HEIGHTS OF ABRAHAM. QUEBEC. 13TH SEPR 1759


HANDS UP IF YOU'RE A FAIRY ?

THE OPENING SCENE OF THE GREAT CIVIL WAR.
CHARLES I ERECTING HIS STANDARD AT NOTTINGHAM. AUGST 22ND 1642.

A Hateful Place

continued from page 22

was taken aback by his spontaneous act of generosity. She offered twice to pay him, but he said with a smile they could discuss that when the job was done. Perhaps he'd make a botch of it, he said, and she wouldn't be too happy about paying for it then. His eyes flirted with hers when he said this, and Janice, flattered by his frank appraisal of her body, replied that she doubted this would be the case. When she left the shop she felt carefree for the first time for longer than she could remember, and more than a little thrilled by the prospect of flirting more openly with him on the following day, even perhaps . . .

He arrived the next day, a few minutes after nine o'clock. Janice felt a warm anticipatory tingle coursing through her body as she watched him unload a chainsaw and other equipment from the rear of a small blue van. Janice was well pleased. Her companion (he had told her to call him Nick) was both amiable and good looking, about twenty-two or twenty-three she'd say, and obviously knew all one needed to know about felling trees.

As he prepared his equipment, and positioned a ladder among the drooping branches of one of the yews, she looked again at the two venerable trees. Soon, very soon, their brooding, glowering presence would be gone forever, and the cottage would no longer be a place in shadow, heavy with overtones of doom. She wanted to laugh, had to suppress the sound growing in her throat.

By eleven o'clock, when she brought him a cup of coffee, the first yew was a skeletal trunk, minus lower branches and some fifteen feet of its top.

'You'll want to use the wood, I suppose?' Nick asked, smiling at her.

'When I've done I'll cut a pile of logs for you. Grand burning wood is yew. Nice and slow. Throws lots of heat. Good smell.'

'That's terrific,' said Janice. 'I've only ever burned coal up to now.'

'Then you have a treat in store,' he said, handing her the cup. For several seconds their fingers touched. She made no attempt to withdraw her hand. He noticed, and for an instant one of his fingers stroked the back of her hand.

Before she went indoors she asked when he would like to eat lunch. Nick shook his head. 'Don't bother. I'd rather get on, and get things finished. There's rain forecast for later on this afternoon.'

Janice glanced at the sky. In the distance, beyond the round hill, and above the sea large clouds were gathering, and the sky was darkening, as if bruised.

'All right,' she said. 'Perhaps later. If you're hungry then, you can eat.'

In the kitchen the distant sound of the yew trees' demise was a constant background as she busied herself with cookery book and an assortment of ingredients. Janice felt an air of well-being such as she had not experienced for some time, certainly not since coming to Dorset. The trees would soon no longer be a threat to her happiness, and as a bonus a handsome young man called Nick liked her sufficiently to make his feelings abundantly clear.

There had been times recently with marriage to Brian seemingly one interminable crisis, brought on, she freely admitted, due to her own growing distaste for the cottage and surrounding district, when she considered an affair might be the answer, if only to help her preserve some degree of sanity. But up to now she had always shied away from doing anything about it when hints and innuendo were placed before her. She realised, however, that she would have no qualms about accepting any advances from young Nick. There was something about his general manner which suggested to her that going to bed with him would be fun. And this, above all else, was what she craved.

Fun was an element that somehow had been missing from her life for too long. It had vanished the day she had come to live in this God-forsaken cottage, this house in a valley at the end of a sunken lane, with its stark, brooding, grass-covered hills on either side, hemming her in, and its two twisted yew trees pressed almost against the windows so that whenever it rained and the clouds hung low and the mists came creeping in across the headland from the cold, grey sea, she felt a deep sense of being smothered alive, and it was all she could do to prevent herself from screaming aloud.

Now, with the trees gone, it would be time to breathe again. To sweep away the claustrophobia. Time to live. Time to have fun.

These reassuring thoughts spurred her on through a variety of kitchen tasks while a tantalising aroma of smells wafted from oven and cooker top. So engrossed was she in her work she failed to notice the time slipping past. Bent over the sink doing the final washing of pots and utensils, she jumped nervously when there was a sharp knock at the kitchen door. Nick stood there, a broad smile on his face.

'It's done,' he said. 'They're down. Want to look?'

Janice went with him to the front of the house. The change was so enormous she gasped aloud. Where several hours earlier it had not been possible to see the entire frontage of the cottage, the house now stood revealed in the grey afternoon light.

'They were tough. Really tough,' said Nick. 'I imagine whoever built the house must have planted them then.'

'Good God,' said Janice. 'Do you think so? That means they'd been standing since 1582.'

'I can well believe it,' said Nick. 'I've ruined one chain on the saw, and blunted another.'

'Well, you've done a splendid job,' said Janice, looking over to where a huge pile of logs stood to one side of the path. On the opposite side there was a gigantic heap of small branches and foliage. The stumps were enormous, not white as she had imagined they would be, but a rich brown, almost red. She bent over, and touched one with her fingertips. Sap oozed from the torn wood. It was sticky. Like blood. She withdrew her hand hastily and said, 'I must have been mad to think I could have sawn them down by myself.'

They both laughed.

'You must relax now,' Janice said, 'I've cooked a meal for you.'

'I thought something smelt good when I came to the kitchen door,' said Nick.

'Good. Pack up your things, then. And come indoors. You can have a wash, then we'll eat, and you can tell me something about yourself.'

'What do you want to know?' asked Nick, moving several paces closer to her.

'Wait and see,' said Janice. And as she passed him she brushed her fingers against his cheek.

Turning the corner to go to the back of the cottage she glanced over her shoulder, halting for a moment to watch his lithe, neat figure as his back arched to lift the ladder onto the roof of the van. There was no going back now, she thought to herself. That caress to his face had told him all he wanted to know, had been hoping for, no doubt. Looking at him she knew it was lust, pure and simple, and the thought made her tremble because of the enormity of how

turn to page 136

'We'd prefer it if you stuck to my prowess on the battlefield, and left out the bedchamber gymnastics.'

MAKES A GREAT GIFT

PRESENT WITH A FUTURE

MAYFAIR'S 1985 COLOUR CALENDAR

Few gifts are as practical as *Mayfair*'s famous daily double – Britain's best-selling glamour calendar, and our smart executive diary. They are simply the sexiest, and most arousing ways to remember an appointment or anniversary, or just keep a date. Spend a month at a time with our fabulous models, like Bernice (*right*) Marina or Joanie Allum. Post the coupon now, for a year to remember.

Wendy McDonald (Mayfair, Volume 17 Number 11)
Forward reminders
1985
April
Sun 7 14 21 28
Mon 1 8 15 22 29
Tue 2 9 16 23 30
Wed 3 10 17 24
Thu 4 11 18 25
Fri 5 12 19 26
Sat 6 13 20 27
MAYFAIR

The 1985 *Mayfair* calendar features a dozen of our most delightful dollies from previous issues, one to brighten up each month. Reproduced in full colour, sized 12 inches by 9 inches – even bigger than they appeared in the magazine – our lovely ladies will cheer your year. The new *Mayfair* calendar will be sent to you discreetly wrapped for just £2. Or if you can't bear to leave our beautiful girls at home, take them with you in the 1985 *Mayfair* diary. Slim, smart and featuring our popular month-at-a-glance format, it includes the same marvellous misses as the calendar. It comes in sophisticated dark blue, and is slightly larger than in previous years. The 1985 *Mayfair* diary costs just £1.95, including p&p.

Plus *SPECIAL DOUBLE OFFER! Enjoy them both for the bargain price of only £3.50*

Orders from abroad received after December 5, and inland orders received after December 17 may not be despatched in time for Christmas delivery.

Send to Mayfair Calendar/Diary Offer, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

Please send me:

......1985 *Mayfair* Calendars at £2 each.
......1985 *Mayfair* Diaries at £1.95 each.
......Special sets of 1985 Calendar and Diary at only £3.50 per set.
I enclose a cheque/PO for £.........payable to Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd.

Name____________________
Address ____________________

IF YOU DO NOT WISH TO CUT YOUR MAGAZINE, THEN PHOTOCOPY THIS COUPON OR SEND YOUR ORDER ON PLAIN PAPER

M1912

福

Helena

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MICHAEL ANCHER

Readers out Christmas shopping in Croydon's busy centre could well spot the pretty face and heart-stopping figure of 22-year-old Helena Wellington. For Helena works behind the counter of a well-known store in the town, selling, she says, 'everything from perfume to paint stripper.' And although her hair is tied back, and she is forced to wear what she calls a 'singularly unsexy overall', the top half of her 36-24-36 figure is unmistakable say breast fanciers.

'It was the other girls in the shop who suggested I pose for you,' Helena told us. 'I think that they were jealous of how men always asked me to serve them, so they dared me to offer myself to you. I never could resist a challenge, especially if it is a bit naughty.' Is this why her colleagues jokingly call her the 'shop floozy'? 'Partly,' she replied, 'but it's also because of the birthday trick that the girls played on me last August.'

'I was just about to serve a lady customer when two girls grabbed me, and tied me to a chair in the store-room,' Helena told us, laughing at the memory of it. 'Then they slapped every ounce of make-up they could find on my face, giving me jet-black eyes and bright scarlet lips. Next they soaked me in the cheapest perfume in the shop, undid my blouse until my boobs were practically bare, and pushed me out onto the shop floor again. They were amazed when I just went up to a man, and started serving him.' Helena dresses more soberly when she's in her local, *The Ship*, in the South End though the stockings and suspenders she wears here are her own. 'I've always adored them,' she said.

'Each generation of young men thinks it invented cunnilingus . . .'

As young men, we've all been attracted to older women – the still beautiful ones like Joan Collins or Leslie Caron. There just has to be an explanation . . . or does there – aunt Ethel and my grannie were older women, and good heavens, so's my landlady . . .

How I'm getting over getting over older women

Humour by Tom Holborn

There is supposed to come a time in every young man's life when he tires of the fickle immaturity, the ingenuousness, the cold-bloodedness of the younger woman. He begins to long for a more worldly type, a woman with nothing to prove, a woman who knows all of the pitfalls, and most of the pleasures, that life can bring. When he feels like this, a man is said to be ready for the ultimate – the Older Woman. Alternatively, he could be said to be ready for a large scotch and soda or two, whilst waiting for the dizzy spell to pass.

Personally, I do not recommend older women to anyone except older men – and, even they would be better off with a nubile 18-year-old. Listen to an expert – I've been with older women ever since I was a mere strip of a lad. My grannie was an older woman, and so was my Auntie Ethel, and you don't get worse examples of older women than those two. As I write these very words, an older woman is insisting that I lift my feet to allow her whining vacuum cleaner to 'do' under the desk. Mrs Tank is my landlady, and believe me, they don't come any older or more hideous than Mrs Tank. Whether there exists a *Mr* Tank is a mystery to rival the Turin Shroud. Mrs Tank looks like Lon Chaney in a straggly dish-cloth wig. She is enough to make babies cry as she passes them in the street. So much for older women.

But you will say, that was not what you meant by older women. You meant Joan Collins and Leslie Caron and . . . well, other still-beautiful women who will never see 45 again. What you meant by older women, was women who look a precarious 35, but who are in fact a wonderful 53, give or take a conveniently forgotten birthday or two, that is.

When a woman who was beautifully young becomes beautifully old, she becomes surrounded by younger men, all determined to adopt her as their 'older woman'. Why?

Go on, think a minute before you answer . . . what *can* an older woman really offer a man? Experience in bed, the more coarse of you will say, but the mere passing of years is no guarantee of sexual experience. There are some girls I know of 17 who have already filled their vats of experience to dangerously high levels. Equally, an older woman may have only known (in the biblical sense, you understand) one man in her life, and he may have been a quick ON-two-three, OFF-two-three, and added to her 'experience' not one jot. Yes, I know that's being rather coarse, but you started it.

Some men might feel attracted to older women in the same way that they might sometimes feel the urge to sell the 1982 Datsun, and buy a 1936 Lagonda. We all get urges like this. It's called stupidity. The 1936 Lagonda will break down – you *know* it will – at 3.15 in the morning on that particularly dark bit of road between Bagshot and Bushey, and the AA man, when he manages to find you, will not have the parts, and the local mechanic will scratch his head as he shakes it negatively, and . . . need I go on?

In short, it's bad enough *you* getting old, without trying to find someone else even older.

There is always, of course, the nasty, conceited type of fellow who tries to get an older woman in bed to display his youthful vitality, his dazzling 1980's techniques. Each new generation of young men thinks it invented cunnilingus. The type of man is only compensating for his own short-comings (semi-intentional pun) with girls of his own generation, and deserves our disgust. So you will see that the traditional reasons for going with older women are beginning to crumble at the foundations. Next reason please!

Ah yes, our old friend, money. This is where you may have me, if you pardon the expression. We all know about the older women whose hard-working husbands have made fortunes, and then prematurely popped off, or very often simply gone off, with a sexually voracious, 16-year-old nymphet to end his days in delightful orgiastic bliss. The world is full of such women – well, the QE2 is full of them, anyway. They are always American, usually rather dumpy, and, after months of sitting on Mediterranean terraces waiting to be chatted up, are usually the colour of an antique mahogany fire-guard. Their money is their only attraction. Don't try to wax lyrical about the passionate way she catches her breath whenever you are near – it's only because she's so fat that she can't quite keep up with your long, youthful tread. Callously admit to yourself, at least, that it's her money you're in love with, and you'll keep your sanity.

So, money apart, there seems to be nothing to recommend the older woman – and even the money aspect is somewhat irrelevant. I know men who could sleep with an orang-utan with legionnaire's disease for money. So the final question is. Why do young men insist on doing it? It's not as if it is dying out. It's getting worse if anything. Look at thingmebob last month marrying that woman 35 years his senior. She is rich, or at least, comfortably off. But – and this is the real poser – so is he! And a young, handsome lad like him could take his pick from Prince Andrew's leftovers.

Older women, then, seem to have some allure, some invisible, intangible, aphrodisical fragrance, that entraps younger men. To thoroughly research and complete this in-depth sociological survey, I spent a dedicated two days trying to identify and classify this mysterious allure. The QE2 was in the middle of the Atlantic (thank God – have you seen their prices?), and so I was forced to tramp the plush stores and shops of Bond Street, and hover youthfully around the cafes and restaurants where older women are in abundance.

SPECIAL
FROZEN
PEAS

'I've lost count of the supermarkets I can't show my face in . . .'

My plan was simple. I would pose at conspicuous and strategic places, looking, I hoped, like the typical younger man in dire need of an older woman. In my mind I was Helmut Berger and Alain Delon, moodily hesitating around perfume counters, and over fragile pieces of Ming in the chinaware departments. After three and a half hours of soulful contemplation of a prone leopard in grey streaked alabaster, all I aroused was the interest of a ludicrously obvious store-detective. So I changed my tactics somewhat, and tried the full-frontal approach. Whenever I saw an 'older woman', I would gently accost her, and, in a carefully obvious manner, ask directions to another department in tones that could only possibly mean, 'Let me take you to bed, and release your soul.'

'One dear creature helped me buy a five-foot lampstand . . .'

Nine of the women I stopped actually gave me precise and helpful directions to the departments I pretended to want. One dear creature, taking me for a foreigner of dubious extraction, actually took me up to the furniture department, and helped me buy a five-foot lampstand in polished pine which I was forced to carry around with me the rest of the day. That rather took the wind out of my sails. It is very hard to look like Alain Delon while holding a five-foot polished pine lampstand.

On the second day, I adopted even more blunt tactics. When an older woman caught my eye, I would smile at her in what I hoped was a 'younger man desperate for the warmth of an older woman' sort of way. To give them their due, most of the older women I smiled at, smiled back – smiled back in the way one smiles back at a village idiot. One older woman, after gazing back at me as one would gaze at the spectacle of someone defecating openly in the street, reported me to a uniformed security guard. He recommended, with commendably polite restraint, that I might be better off outside the store sampling the arguably fresher air of Bond Street.

With restaurants, my experiments found even stonier ground. I smiled at one older woman in a very select brasserie off Maddox Street. She was about 50, her firm body beautifully attired in Jaeger wool, with a friend of similar type, but found my approach so amusing, so desperately, utterly hilarious, that she had to be taken by her friend, with the help of an attentive wine-waiter, to the powder room. Twenty minutes later, her screams of unharnessed laughter could still be heard as I hastily paid my bill, and left.

At this point, my experiment took on a new

'I know men who would sleep with an orang-utan . . .'

approach. Subconsciously, I had, of course, stumbled across the older woman's allure. It was quite simple when you thought about it. Older women really don't *want* younger men. Their total disinterest in younger men, their utter contempt for their fickle immaturity, their ingenuousness, and cold-bloodedness – fire the younger man's determination not to be fobbed. It is the oldest trick in the sexual owner's manual. If you really want to get a girl into bed, let her think that it's the last thing on your mind. She may, of course, reciprocate those feelings, but that's all part of life's rich pageant. And this is why young men are obsessed by older women.

By the time I had come to this radical and far-reaching decision, I had fallen too. Yes, even, I, the globe-trotting (well, Sitges for two weeks for the past few years, and a quick dash into Rotterdam in 1979) – suave (according to one girl's parting words, 'You're a suave prick, ain't you') lover of women. And I've had enough women to have genuinely lost count. It was either four or five – I keep counting Janice Rickhampton twice. Even I had become entrapped by the older woman craze. No older woman was safe when I was around. I have lost count of the number of launderettes, baker's shops and supermarkets in which I can never show my face again.

Eventually, the longing fizzled out. It was helped no doubt by vivid memories of Auntie Ethel, a peculiar woman, renowned in the neighbourhood for sitting naked on the roof of her house, and throwing tiles at buses. I have regained my reason. Rarely, if ever, do I think of older women at all now. I believe having a landlady like Mrs Tank helps, of course.

As soon as I was cured, I threw down my pen, stretched up my arms, and laughed out loud! So much, as I said earlier, for older women. Another case solved, Watson.

I was still smiling as dear Mrs Tank came in with my supper. Supper that night was a pale resinous substance that long experience has taught me is pork. I took the tray, still smiling complacently, until I became aware of Mrs Tank's continued presence. I looked up begrudgingly, expecting to be confronted by her 'and what about the bleeding rent' face. But far from it, her swollen features seemed to mirror my own to some degree. 'Oh, Mr Aitch,' she said, returning my smile, and squeezing my shoulder intimately.

Now I am no longer safe in my own home. I dread those times when Mr Tank is 'on nights'. I pull the chest of drawers in front of the door, and wear underpants under my pyjamas. Sometimes, at unearthly hours in the morning, I can hear Mrs Tank's backless slippers flopping towards my room. The door handle creaks quietly, and my blood turns to ice in my veins.

So don't talk to *me* about older women!

'Oh, Mr Aitch,' simpered my landlady.

TERRIFIC DOUBLE JIGSAW OFFER

MAKES A GREAT PRESENT

One Christmas present that is guaranteed to fall to bits is the *Mayfair* jigsaw. Featuring either Lesley in a provocative PVC outfit or Lynda in a sodden see-through smock, our hand-cut wooden jigsaws measure $11\frac{1}{2}$ inches by $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches and cost just £3.15 each. Or if you can't puzzle out which of our ladies to choose why not buy them both for the bargain price of only £4.99? All prices include postage and discreet packing. Order them now. They make a good birthday present as well.

Please send me
...... (Qty) jigsaws Lesley, price £3.15
...... (Qty) jigsaws Lynda, price £3.15
...... (Qty) sets of two jigsaws at £4.99
I enclose a cheque/PO for..

Make cheques/POs payable to Mayfair Jigsaw Offer
NAME ....
ADDRESS ....
....
Orders received after Dec 17 may not be despatched in time for Christmas. M1912

IF YOU DO NOT WISH TO CUT YOUR MAGAZINE, THEN PHOTOCOPY THIS COUPON OR SEND YOUR ORDER ON PLAIN PAPER.

It's our Satin Sensation

MAKES A GREAT PRESENT

Mayfair's exciting lingerie offer

The ideal way to make the woman in your life feel special this Christmas is to present her with our own exotic satin lingerie collection. Satin has an unmistakable feel when worn next to the skin – a rich, cool, smooth, sensation that is arousing to touch. Picture her on those magical nights when she wears our sexy satin lingerie. Specially selected, our garments are of the highest quality.

W) Sexy satin three-piece set (bra, bikini briefs and suspender belt) in pure white or provocative black (X). Sizes small (34"), medium (36") and large (38").
Y) Seductive satin basque in white or black (Z). Sizes small (34"), medium (36") and large (38").

PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

To: FASHION OFFER, Mayfair Magazine, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

Please send me:

Qty ...... 3-piece set in white (item W) at £13.95. Size ......
Qty ...... 3-piece set in black (item X) at £13.95. Size ......
Qty ...... Satin basque in white (item Y) at £25.95. Size ......
Qty ...... Satin basque in black (item Z) at £25.95. Size ......

Orders from abroad received after December 12, and inland orders received after December 20 may not be despatched in time for Christmas delivery.

I enclose cheque/postal order for £.........made payable to Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd. Or debit my Access/American Express account.

MY CARD NO. IS ....

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

....SIGNATURE..

Please allow 21 days for delivery. If you are not completely satisfied, simply return goods unmarked within 28 days of receipt for immediate refund. All prices include postage, packing, VAT and insurance. Customers outside Europe add £3.50 to total to ensure air mail delivery. All payments from abroad should be in Sterling (I.M.O.).

M1912

IF YOU DO NOT WISH TO CUT YOUR MAGAZINE, PHOTOCOPY THIS COUPON OR SEND YOUR ORDER ON PLAIN PAPER STATING ALL RELEVANT INFORMATION.

A Hateful Place

continued from page 124

much she knew she wanted him. An almost child-like feeling of reckless daring leapt within her, so that her heart pounded, her breathing quickened, and the inside of her mouth became suddenly dry.

It was then, just before she turned away towards the kitchen door, that she saw the figure standing in the middle of the lane at the top of the hill. He was tall, although stooped, and he was staring fixedly in her direction. If not at her, then he was staring at the cottage. Then he straightened up, and she recognised him as the old man who had been so abrupt with her when she'd asked for his help in felling the trees.

She saw him lift one arm, and she went to do the same, her mood such that she was quite prepared to acknowledge a friendly greeting. Her arm froze in mid-air when she saw both his hands above his head, gesticulating, and she became aware he was shouting. It was too far away to hear the words, but not too distant to see that his face, that old lined face that had once annoyed her with its expression of scorn, was twisted into an expression of hatred and contempt. She ran the short distance to the doorway, and fled inside, slamming the door behind her. As she stood trembling beside the sink, trying to regain her composure, the warmth within her was momentarily blotted out by a spasm of ice-cold fear. The chill passed quickly, but the feeling of fear remained. It only vanished when Nick knocked and came inside.

'It's started to rain,' he said. 'Got finished just in time.'

Once again Janice felt cold. And in her mind she saw the old man's face contorted with a rage directed at her.

Later, when the meal was over, and the brandy had been drunk, and the last vestiges of polite formality had been dispensed with, she lay naked in the upstairs bedroom. She tried hard to lose the awful premonition of disaster now locked within her, this mixture of gloom tinged with fear. She reached out for Nick as he stripped and knelt beside her on the bed, arching her back as he straddled her, and his fingers toyed with her breasts. She sat upright abruptly, startling him a little with the ferocity of her kissing, her tongue frantically searching his mouth, her hands reaching between his legs, caressing him, stroking his thighs.

He responded with a desperation of his own, and while the rain drove against the window the room, lit by a soft glow from a light above the bed, was filled with the sound of their intermingled breathing, and the hoarse, choking cries rising in their throats. Nick wanted it to last. For the first time in a series of conquests throughout the eight years since his first on his fifteenth birthday, he realised that here was a woman capable of real and uninhibited passion.

For her part Janice, for the first time in several years, was experiencing such a sexual thrill that there were moments when she almost imagined she had never been married to Brian, and all this, the thrusting of the youthful body against and inside her, the smooth, sweat-flushed touch of his skin on hers, the sheer uncontrollable feelings of joy and abandonment, of pleasure and exquisite pain, that all these things might be happening to her for the very first time.

Then she heard the sounds, and in that instant her body, glowing and warm and tingling inside and out, was plunged into a deep chill. Goose pimples appeared all over her skin, and the sweat on her body and dampening her hair became ice cold. A long sustained shiver ran along her spine. Her head started to pound, then grew warmer as if the first real spasm of a fever had taken hold of her. Within seconds she was alternately burning hot and freezing cold. Her head throbbed painfully, the source stabbing at both sides of her temple just above the eyes. She struggled free from Nick, and he rolled over on to his side, amazement registered in his eyes. The sounds were louder now, just outside the cottage. She scrambled down from the bed, and ran over to the window.

'For God's sake, what's the matter?' Nick called, his voice a mixture of anger and bewilderment.

She ignored him.

Janice peered through the rain streaming down the window panes, and saw torches of pitch with leaping flames, held aloft by four or five figures who walked alongside a horse-drawn cart. The sounds came from the rumbling of the wooden wheels on the lane, and the creak of the wheels turning. But there was yet another sound, the one that seemed to alarm her above all else – that of a distant bell, a bell slowly tolling, a penetrating, sonorous sound with portents of death and decay and a terrifying finality.

The cart stopped directly in front of the window. The torch flames danced and flickered in the heavy rain, but the faces of those beneath were in shadow, indistinct amid the folds of some cowl-like garment about their heads. To Janice they looked like monks. Then she heard them chanting, and she knew she was right. There was a strong wind now, moaning around the cottage, and this plucked at the incantations of the monks so that the words rose and fell in mournful cadences while the figures stood perfectly still, waiting and watching, just as Janice watched and waited, unaware that her face was now lined and wrinkled, and that her breasts were shrivelled, and that her hair was lank and grey. The young man a few feet behind her, whom moments before she had passionately loved, was staring in fear and mounting terror at the bent old woman she had now become.

'Good God. Oh my God,' he kept saying over and over again. He rose to his feet, and quickly started to dress, backing into a far corner of the room.

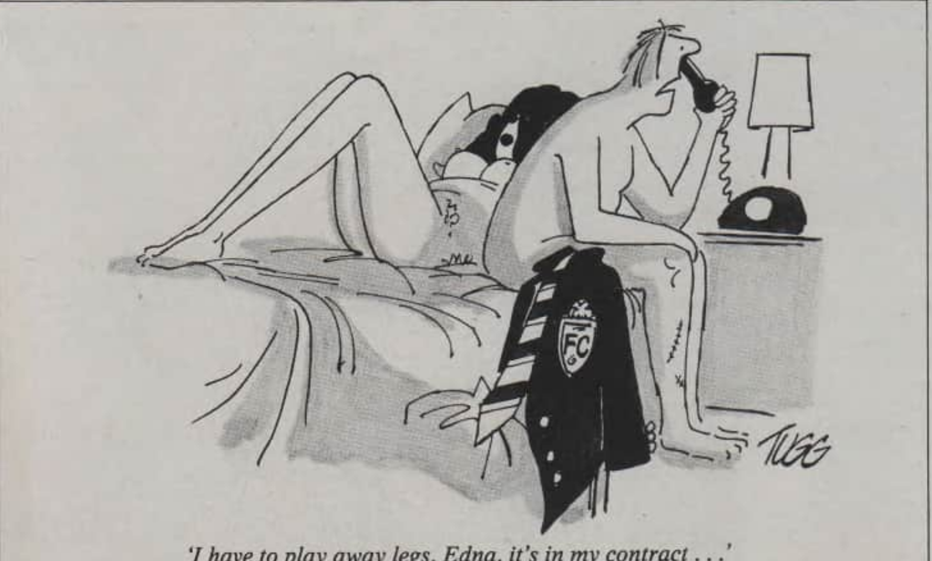
But Janice seemed ignorant of his presence, unaware of the sound of his voice. She turned her head away from the window, and he was confronted by the face of a woman who was not only old, but had features ravaged by some disease or fever. A voice, guttural and rasping, that seemed to have difficulty in forming the words said,

'I must go to them. It is time. It is my time.'

Nick watched Janice move across the room. She walked slowly with a curious crab-like shuffle. Trying hard to overcome his fear and feelings of revulsion, he reached out with one hand, and tried to touch her arm as she passed. His outstretched fingers closed over her arm just above the elbow, but he felt nothing. It was as if his hand had passed through skin and flesh, bone, muscle and tissue, yet in passing had felt nothing to be there.

She halted in front of a massive cupboard, standing floor to ceiling, and as she drew open the door Nick realised for the first time that while she, Janice, was clearly visible as an aged and hideous old woman, the room and all the objects in it appeared to be a mixture of two distinct periods, superimposed on each other like images in a photograph which has been double-exposed. The bed, on which only moments before they had both lain naked was there, sheets rumpled, but there was another bed in the room, a low, bench-like affair covered by rough blankets and a ragged bolster. But this in turn merged with the dressing-table and the chair over which some of Janice's clothes were carelessly strewn. Everything was shimmering in front of his eyes as if he was experiencing a severe attack of double-vision. Only the figure of Janice remained

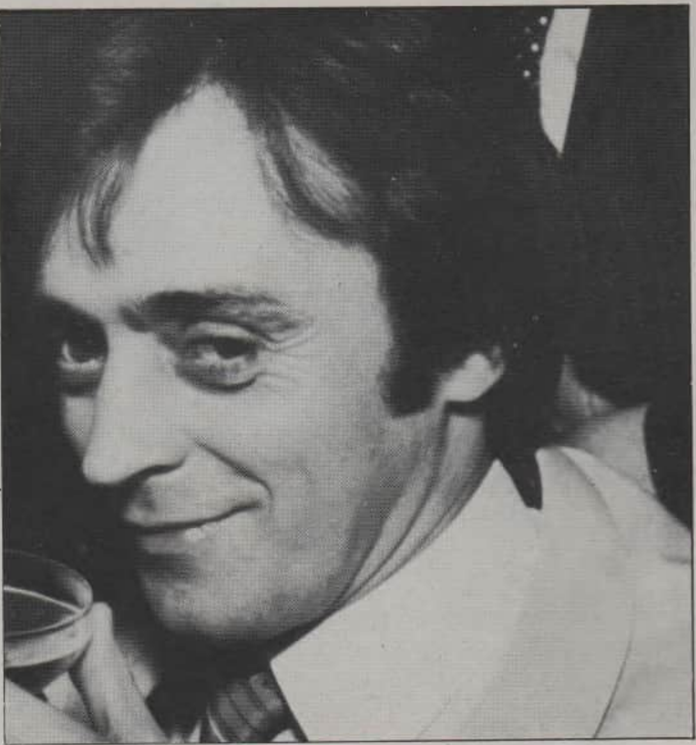
turn to page 184



'I have to play away legs, Edna, it's in my contract . . .'

'THE USUAL PROBLEMS OF MAN MEETS WOMAN'

* solved by Dateline!



Michael Wheeler is an articulate, good-looking businessman in his mid-thirties. Born and bred in London, his work has taken him all over the world. Despite his busy life-style he found time to marry, but unfortunately his marriage failed and he found himself back in London, trying to rebuild his social life.

'My cousin, who lives in London, suggested that I should join Dateline. I must admit, I found the idea appealing because I was aware of Dateline. In fact, I had been a member way back in the sixties. I found no great romantic successes at that time but many, shall we say, nice encounters, so when my cousin suggested the idea again I thought 'Why not, I'm only going to live once, why not make the best of it?'

Michael didn't join Dateline to find 'the woman of my dreams'. 'I joined because after a long absence from a city like London you tend to find that your friends and acquaintances have married or moved away. Although I obviously missed female company, I also found that I had no circle of friends left at all.'

'When my first list of names from Dateline arrived and I began to receive calls from women with whom I had been matched on the computer, my social life improved out of all recognition almost overnight! My only problem was time, because all of the women I spoke to were so pleasant that I felt I had to meet them. In the event, I met four from my first list of names. Two I felt I could quite happily be friends with; the other two meant rather more.'

Michael doesn't mind people knowing he is a member of Dateline. 'There's not the adverse reaction from family and friends that I think some people may expect,' he said. 'I did perhaps feel, as many people probably do, that there's some sort of stigma about admitting to feeling lonely. But that's rubbish as loneliness affects every person at some stage of their life, no matter what their circumstances. It's something that has to be overcome by any means available to us. Dateline may sound cold-blooded to some people, but I have found it certainly isn't. It may perhaps be more socially acceptable to meet people of the opposite sex in pubs or clubs, but really Dateline wins above those places. I don't like competing with smoke and noise, and it's far nicer to know that the woman you're telephoning has the interests and desires you're looking for. It provides a basic understanding before you even say hello. Obviously, all the usual problems of man meets woman are still there, but you have conquered quite a few of the barriers that so often make a relationship fail before its really started.'

He stopped to consider for a moment. 'I don't know what you need from life. All I really want is happiness, and a large part of the happiness I seek is the happiness that can be gained from the relationship between a man and a woman. At least two of the women I have met directly through Dateline have become friends and it's good to know that if I am at a loose end there's someone I can 'phone for a chat or to arrange an evening out.'

Michael has recently suspended his membership of Dateline. He has met a young woman who is a friend of one of his Dateline introductions. Their relationship has blossomed into love and they are now engaged to be married.

If you would like to be one of the many thousands of people nationwide who have been enjoying a new social life, and finding love and happiness through Dateline, complete the simple questionnaire below. We will send you confidentially and completely free, full details about Dateline and how it works, and details of just one of the Dateline members who are compatible with you. Send to:

Dateline Computer Dating, 23 Abingdon Rd., London W8. Tel: 01-938 1011.

CONFIDENTIAL

FREE: Computer Test to Find Your Ideal Partner.

START HERE

1 Do you consider yourself:

☐ Shy
☐ Extrovert
☐ Adventurous
☐ Family type
☐ Clothes-conscious
☐ Generous
☐ Outdoor type
☐ Creative
☐ Practical
☐ Intellectual

2 Indicate which activities and interests you enjoy by placing a '1' (one) in the appropriate box. If you dislike a particular activity, write a '0' (nought) in the box. If you have no preference, leave the column blank.

☐ Pop music
☐ Fashion
☐ Pubs
☐ Sport
☐ Pets
☐ Folk music
☐ Jazz
☐ Travelling
☐ Cinema
☐ Good food
☐ Politics
☐ Classical music
☐ Art/Literature
☐ 'Live' theatre
☐ Science or technology
☐ Creative writing/painting
☐ Poetry
☐ Philosophy/Psychology/Sociology
☐ History/Archaeology
☐ Conversation

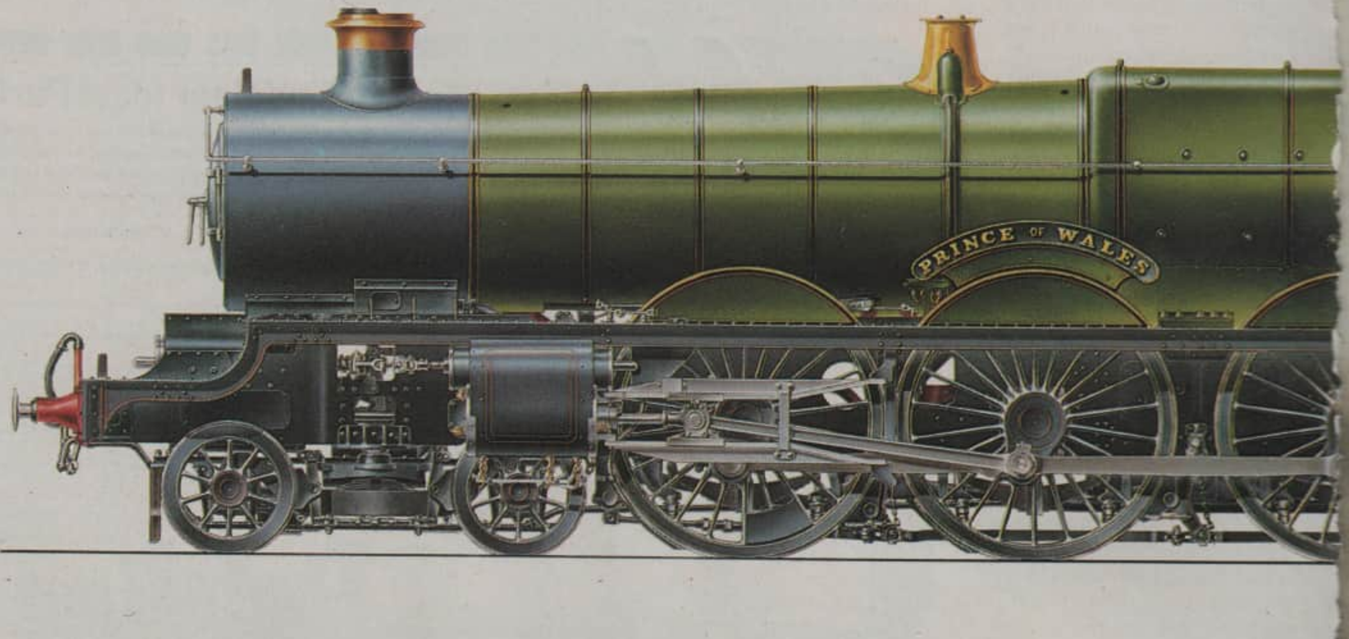
■ **I am over seventeen and would like you to send me completely free and without obligation, a description of my ideal partner. Plus a free full colour brochure and lots more information about Dateline. I enclose two first class stamps.**

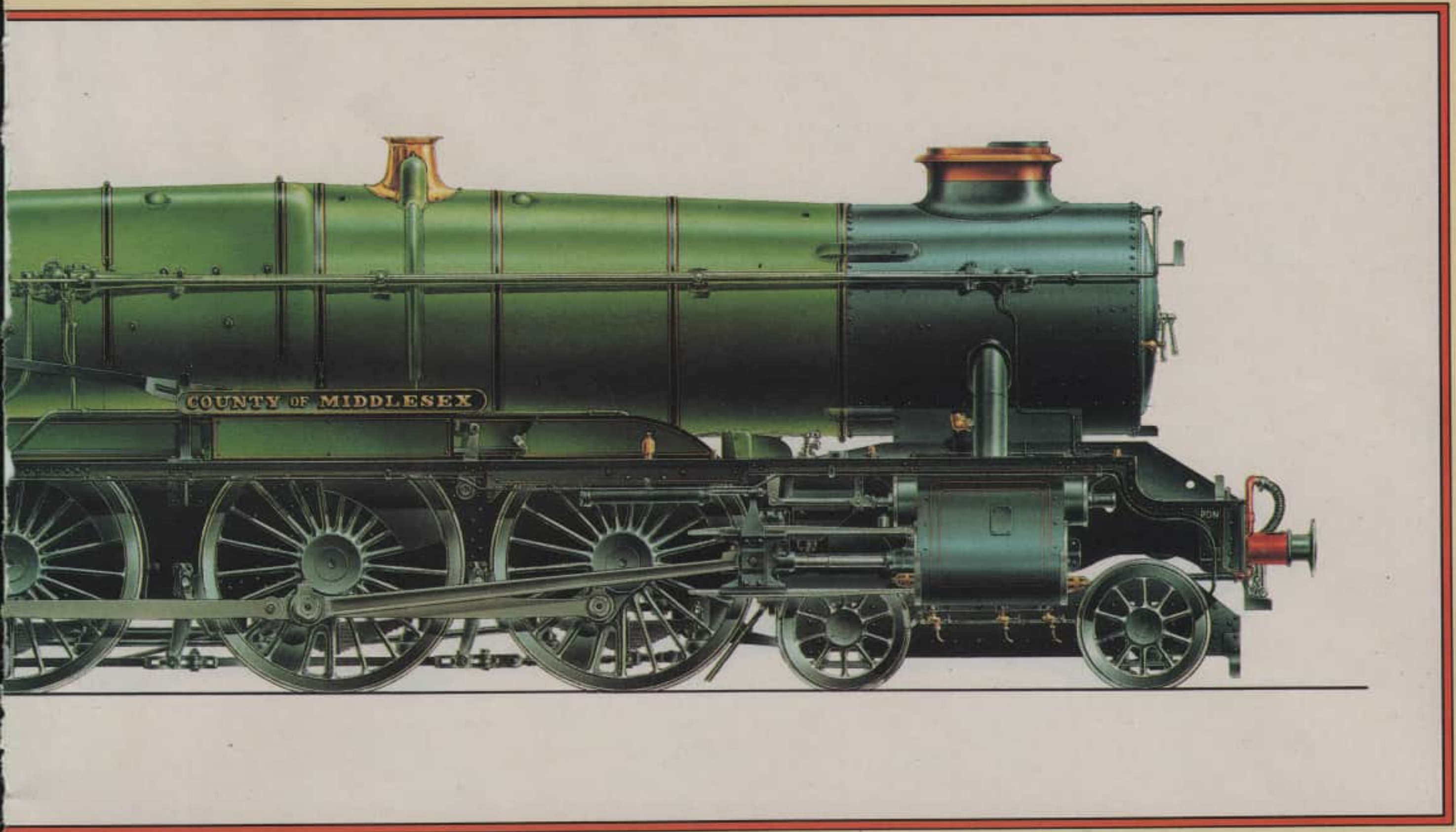
3 Your sex put M or F **Your Height** ft. ins
Your Age yrs. **Age you would like to meet** Min. Max.
Christian Name ______
Surname ______
Address ______
______
______
Nationality ______ **Religion** ______
Occupation ______

Send today to:
Dateline, Dept F21
23/25 Abingdon Rd.
London W.8.
01-938 1011

Dateline

GREEN GAUGE SUMMER


PRINCE OF WALES

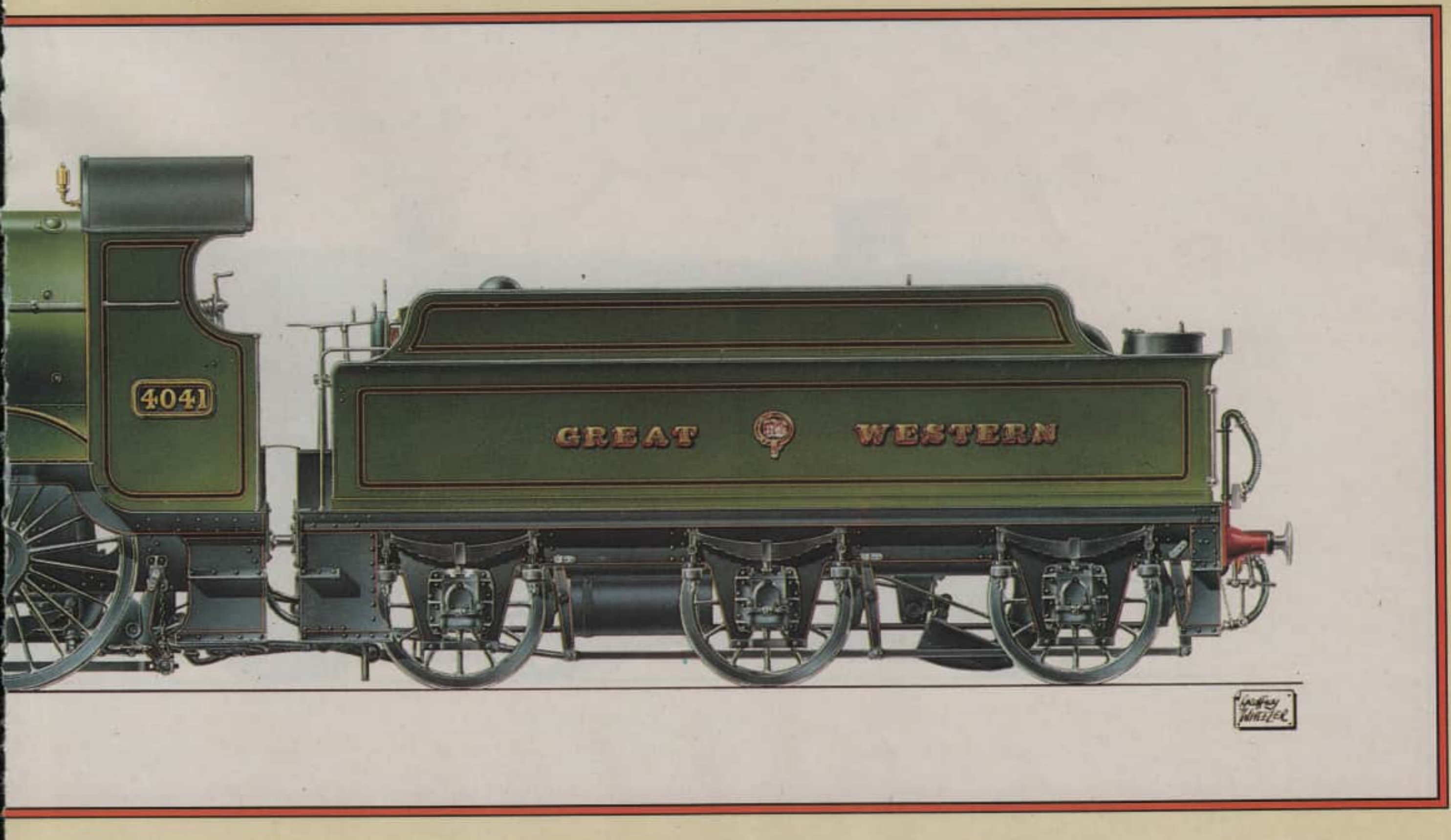


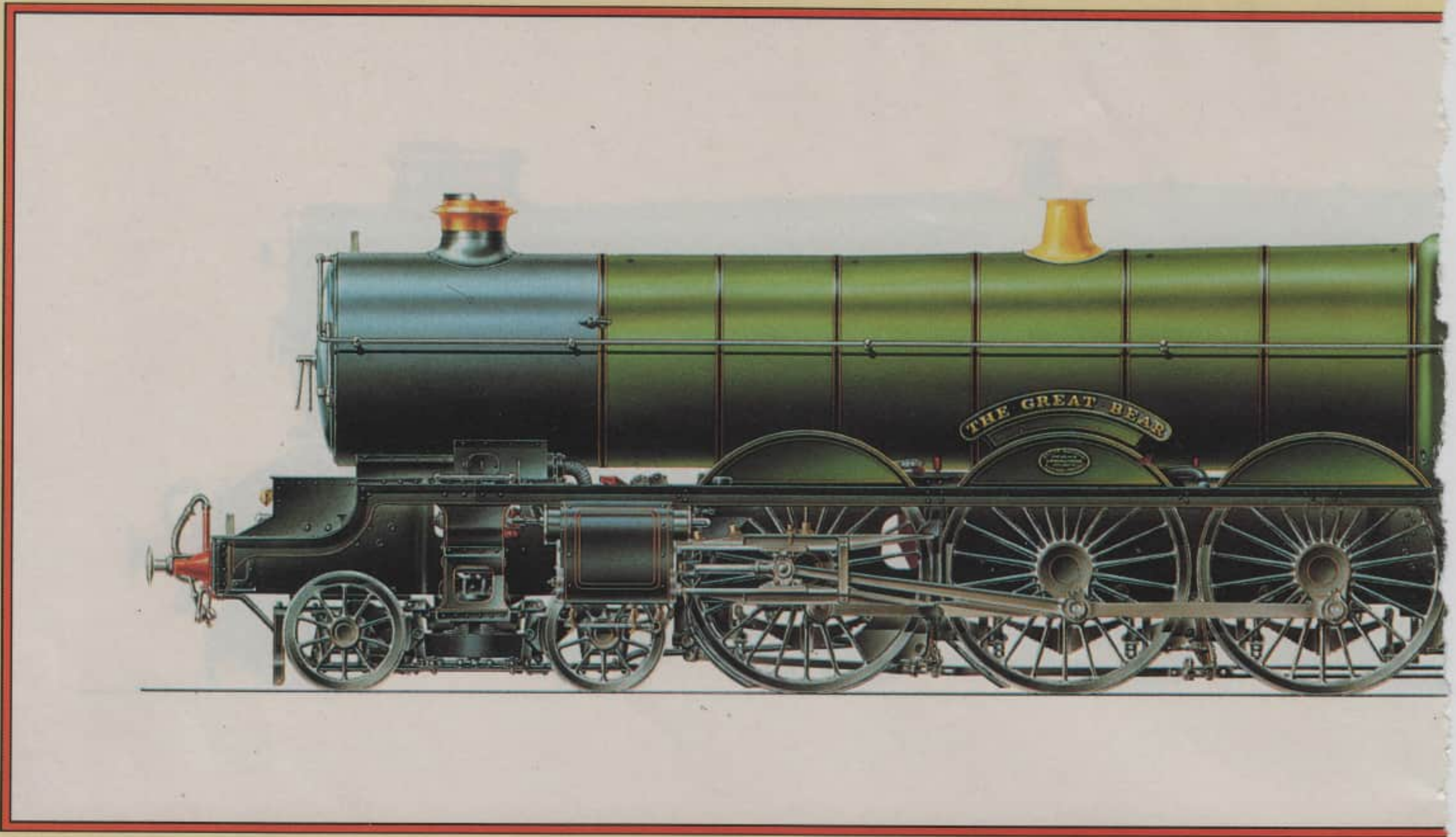
Next year marks the 150th anniversary of the Great Western Railway. Technical artist Geoffrey Wheeler, an ex-GWR man himself, gets the celebrations under way with four precision drawings

Steam engines fascinate men. Perhaps from nostalgia or a simple respect for the majesty of these once-great locomotives. But one thing is certain. Few people capture them in greater detail than technical illustrator, Geoffrey Wheeler.

For some years, we have featured Wheeler's precision drawings in the Christmas issue. On this occasion, his illustrations also mark the start of a year of celebration. 1985 will see the 150th anniversary of the Great Western Railway, so this time Wheeler has re-created four of the most fascinating GWR locos. Wheeler also has a personal connection with 'God's Wonderful Railway'. One of his first jobs was in their drawing office.

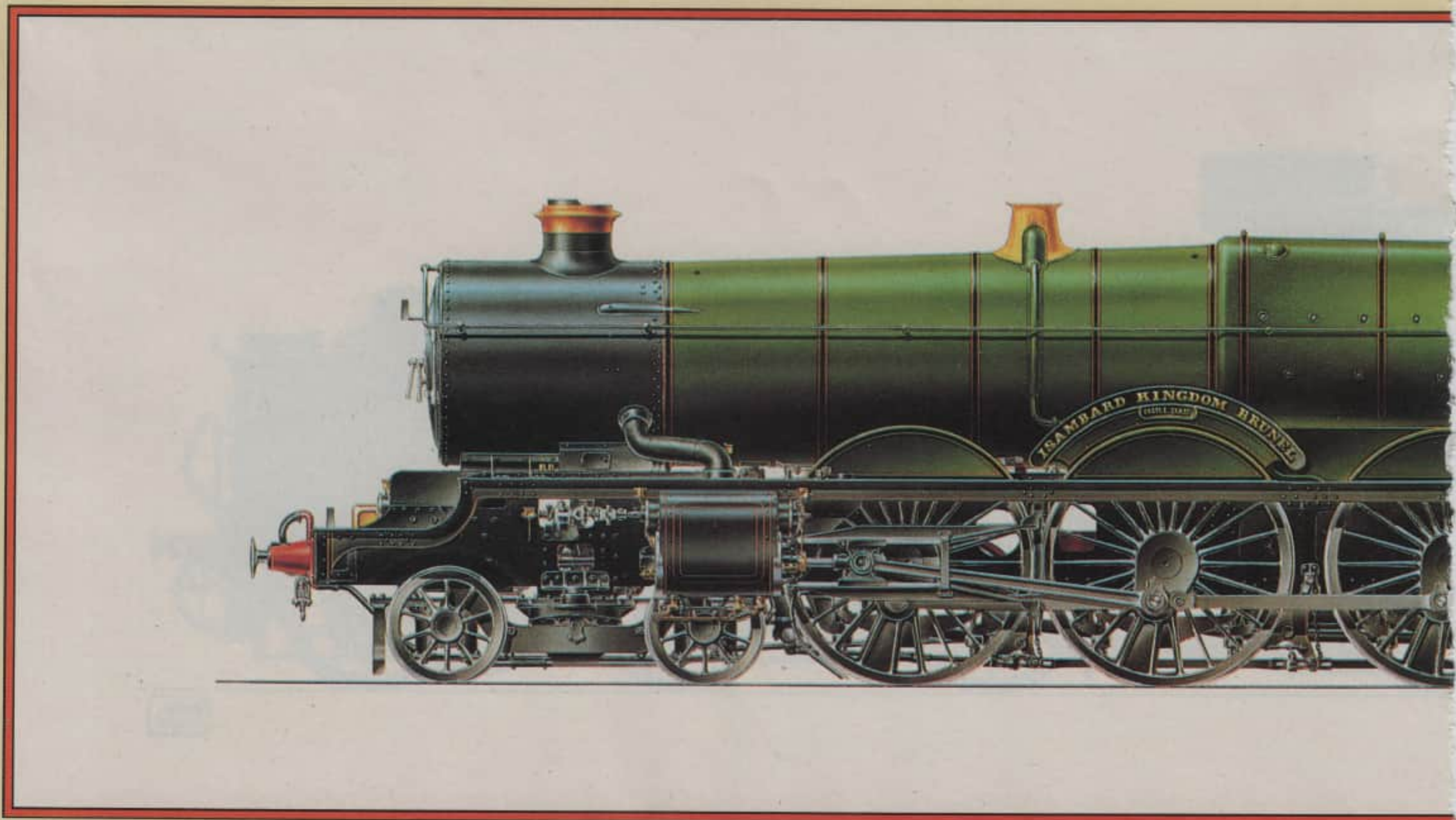
Wheeler's first precision illustration (above) is of the *County of Middlesex*. The County class began in 1945, *Middlesex* being the first double chimney loco. However, as a class they were not as successful as others. Having only two cylinders and a very high

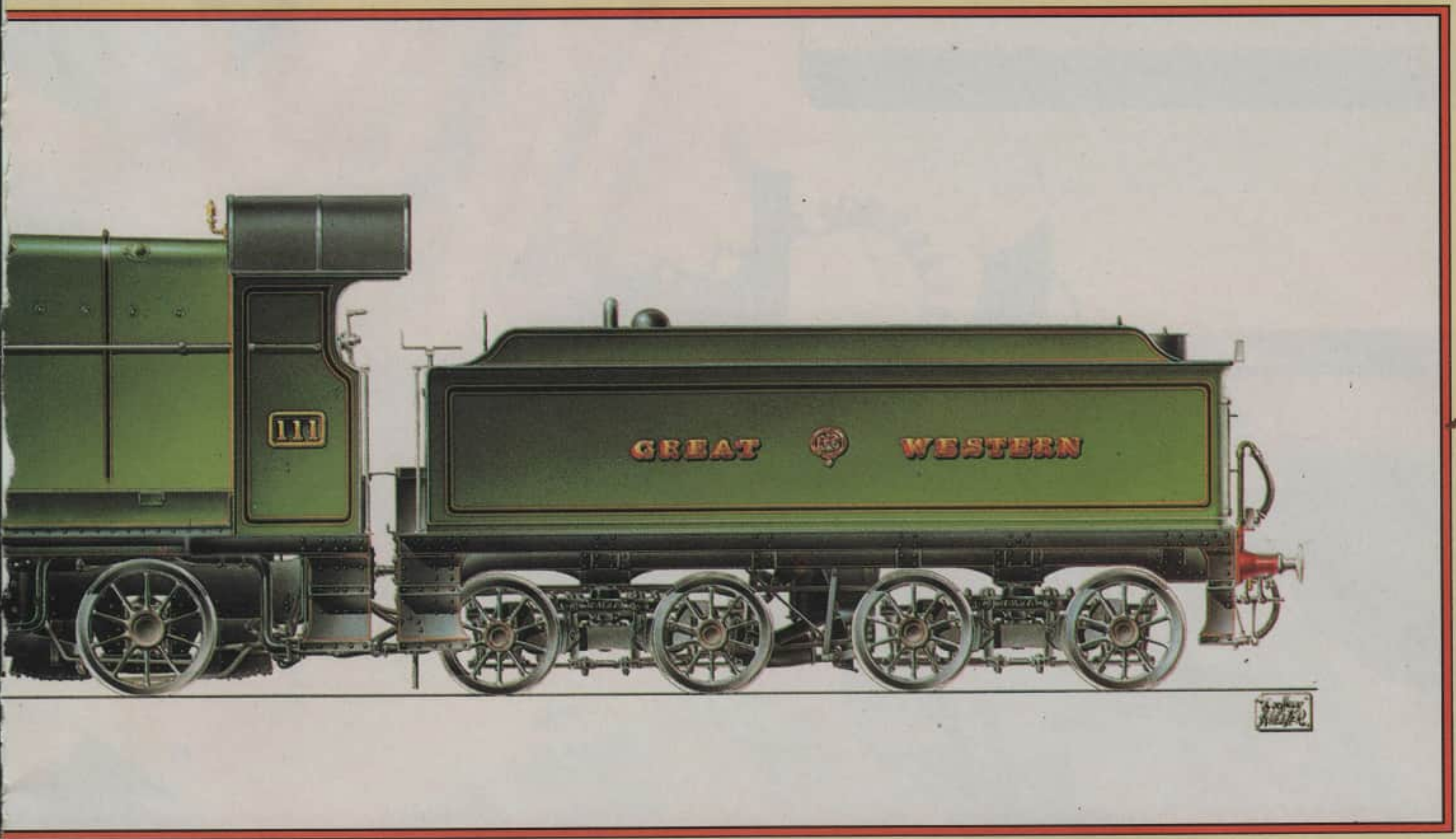




boiler pressure of 280 pounds to the square inch, they were prone to rocking. Introduced in the days of austerity, another notable feature of the *County of Middlesex* was its lack of brass embellishment. However, Wheeler admits that 'Counties' were among his favourite locos. 'I have enjoyed many spirited runs behind them on the Paddington – Wolverhampton line, with speeds over 80mph. One driver summed them up as, "Good runners, but a bit unsteady on their feet," which described the class perfectly.' Below it, on the previous page, is the *Prince of Wales*. A Star class loco, built in 1913, it was one of the finest express engines of its day. Its four-cylinder, 225 pound - per - square - inch engine was fast, economical and smooth, and influenced design for many years after.

Above, is the engine Geoffrey Wheeler dubs the Great Western's white elephant. The massive *Great Bear* came into being in 1908, as GWR's flagship. Yet its performance was no better than the Star class engines, which were made largely of the same parts. It was, until 1921, the only Pacific 4-6-2 tender engine in Britain, but so big that it could only be used effectively on the Paddington – Bristol line. Initially it even had steps forward of the cylinders, until they fouled the platform at Paddington Station! Despite all its shortcomings, *The Great Bear* lasted until 1924. Even then, it lived on in another form.



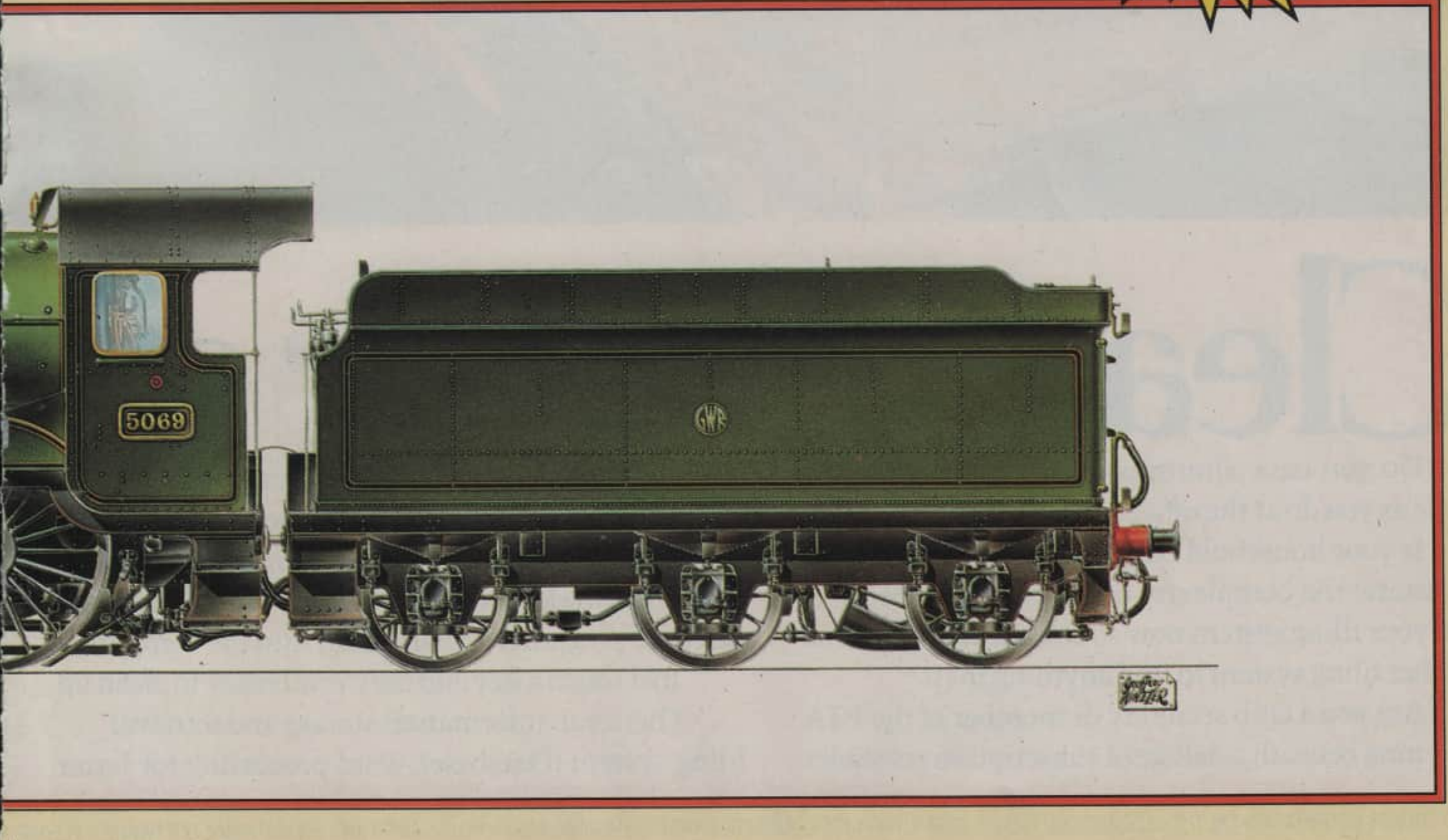


Many of its parts were used on a new Castle class loco, *Viscount Churchill*, which retained the *Bear's* number plate 111.

The Castle class locomotives were introduced in 1923, and it is one of these that Geoffrey Wheeler has chosen to illustrate below. *Isambard Kingdom Brunel*, built in 1938, is of course named after the man who was responsible for the GWR. It handled many of the heavy express trains on the Great Western system, including the *Cheltenham Flyer* which was billed as 'The World's Fastest Train' in the 1930s. Castle class engines had larger boilers than the Star class, and better cabs. They were so successful that they continued in production until the 1950s – the end of a great era.

Wheeler's illustrations always prove popular, and they are available as prints. Price £5 plus 65p postage (75p in Europe, £1.50 airmail further afield), they are 25 inches by 12 inches. A full illustrated list is available by sending a stamped addressed envelope to Geoffrey Wheeler, *84 Hazelmere Road, Penn, High Wycombe, Buckinghamshire.*

MAKES A GREAT PRESENT



TELECOM
RUMBELOWS LTD
TELECOM
WATER SERVICES CHARGES
FINAL REMINDER
RENEWAL NOTICE
Continuous Credit A
AUSTIN REED
of Regent Street
Tax
Return
1984-1985

Clean up your stu

Do you have almost as much paperwork at home as you do at the office?

Is your household budgeting system beginning to assume the complexity of the National Debt? And your filing system now so chaotic that you need another filing system to find anything in it?

Are you a club secretary or member of the PTA drowning beneath a deluge of subscription reminder letters and invitations for sponsored walks?

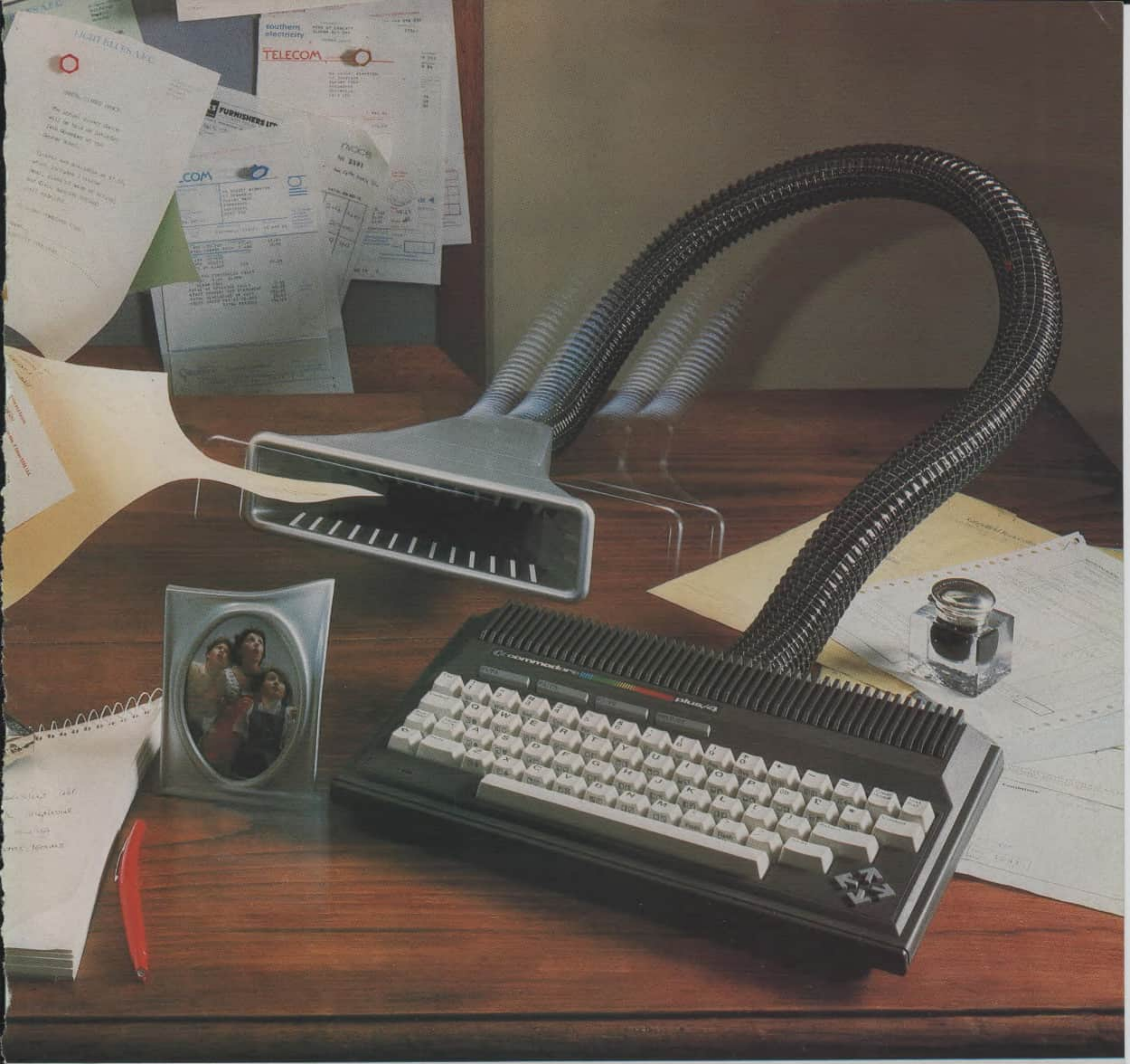
The answer is the new Commodore Plus/4, the computer specially designed for the office at home.

It has the four most commonly used (and useful) software programs actually built into the computer.

Just touch a key and they're all ready to clean up.

There's an information storage and retrieval filing system (Database), word processing for letter

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION ON THE COMMODORE PLUS/4 COMPUTER · ITS COMPLETE RANGE OF PERIPHERALS · PLUS GAMES AND EDUCATIONAL SOFTWARE · PLEASE



dy once and for all.

and report writing, a financial analysis program to help you control your budget (Spreadsheet), and a graphics program to translate complex figures into easy-to-understand graphs.

Once your study is spick and span, then you can take advantage of the Plus/4's other features.

These include the use of advanced BASIC (a more sophisticated, yet simpler form of BASIC), a unique Help key so you can quickly identify programming errors, a large 64K memory (with an astonishing 60K available for use), and a real typewriter keyboard.

And all of that is yours for just £299.99. A small price to pay for cleaning up your study.

The Plus /4
commodore

WRITE TO OR TELEPHONE · THE COMMODORE INFORMATION CENTRE · 1 HUNTERS ROAD · WELDON · CORBY · NORTHAMPTON · NN17 1QX · TEL: CORBY (0536) 205252

Georgina

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
SIWER OHLSSON

Georgina Simpson watched the leaves falling onto the lawn of her parents' 18th century house in Sussex. A tight woollen dress hugged the contours of her 34-23-33 figure, as she sank into the armchair, and raised a glass of Bordeaux to her lips. Suddenly a large over-friendly old English sheepdog bounded in, nudging her, and spilling her drink. 'Oh Rufus,' she cried, mopping herself up with a white silk handkerchief. 'He's such a clumsy old thing,' smiled the 22-year-old, patting the dog affectionately, 'but I do love him.' In fact Georgina can be seen most days walking him on the Downs. 'He's my constant companion,' she insisted. 'Rufus the redoubtable.'

Georgina's other great loves are classical music, literature and poetry. 'I know that sounds rather prissy, but it doesn't have to be,' Georgina claimed. 'Catullus's verse for example is some of the naughtiest there is. I can sit and squirm with excitement just as much reading love poetry as some can watching erotic videos.' The same also applies to music. 'Ravel is ideal,' she told us. 'If your boyfriend suggests Tchaikovsky, you're in for an energetic night.' Georgina is also a fanatical campaigner for a return to femininity. 'Women should be proud of being different from men, not always trying to be the same,' she insisted. 'And so I have decided to air my differences.'

MT

Exactly 100 years ago Mark Twain wrote *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*. But while Huck was innocently fishing in the Mississippi what was his elder sister doing? Our steamy parody, in the well-known vernacular, updates the immortal classic from the female viewpoint

The miss-adventures of Huckleberry Fanny

Anniversary spoof by Ken Warris

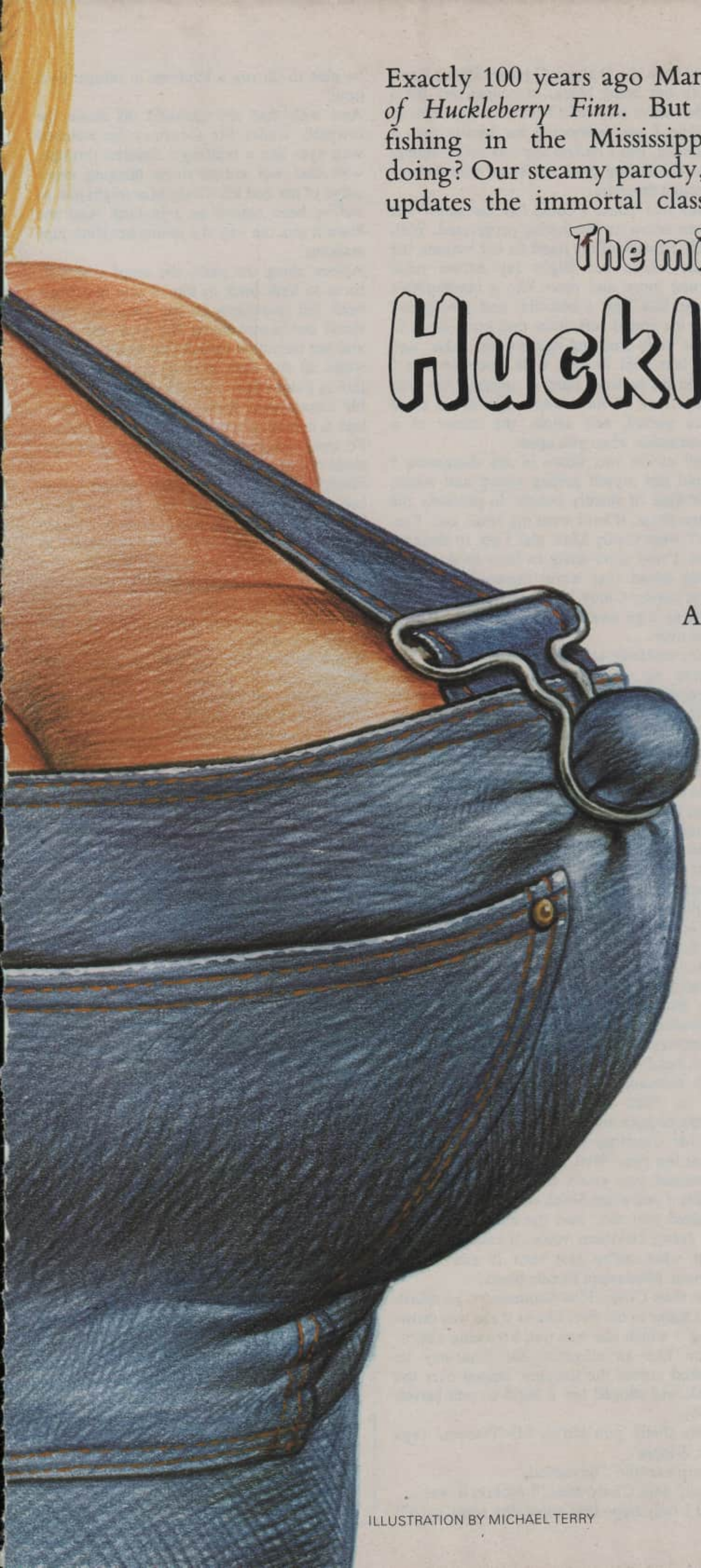


ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL TERRY

This summer I'm consarned with here is nigh on 40 years gone, when I was but barely old enough to know how boys is different from girls, and why I ought to care about it. Fifteen, maybe. I knew I was a girl, all right, my Daddy's only darter, and him he was near enough the poorest poor white man in all these here Southern United States.

Now at some times that summer I'd help my Daddy chop cotton, and sometimes I'd feed the chickens that scratched the dirt in front of our tin-roofed shack. But mostly, folks would find me just settin' on the bank of the big old river that flowed east of town, cooling my toes in the soft brown water in company with my best friend, Cindy Mae.

Cindy Mae was a coloured girl. Now my Daddy, he didn't like his darter having a best friend which was a coloured girl, and a couple times when he was younger he'd strapped us both on account of he caught us together. Well, after the strappings we'd always meet up again somewheres secret, and we'd rub sunflower oil into each other's butts to take the sting away.

So this partic'lar summer I'm telling you of, the two of us is settin' together on the riverbank one heavy, hot, hazy afternoon. I was in dungarees – the last summer I ever wore them, as it turned out – and a big straw hat, but Cindy Mae she had on a short, white, polka-dotted cotton dress, and nothing at all underneath it. I knew that, on account of the way the river mist made the cotton cling to every curve of her; and I was thinking what a honey my best friend had become.

Not that I didn't know I was something to see myself, when I hadn't these old hobo clothes on. Ain't no use pretending my titties warn't a good piece bigger than Cindy Mae's, and stood up every bit as firm. But the way her long brown gleaming legs hung down from her skirt hem to where her pretty toes touched the water – well, I don't reckon there'd be a man from Maine to

Chattanooga who would not have fancied him a slice of that. Leastways without he was a hardassed Republican like my Daddy.

Men was what he was jawin' about, which is no different than normal, and one man above all the rest – young Mr Courtney Travers, the plantation owner's son, who was home on vacation from Yale for the summer.

'Know the thing I would most gladly be doin' right now, if I had my druthers?' I asked Cindy Mae.

'Eatin' a sugar stick?' That girl she was always thinking of her stomach.

'Nope.'

'What, then?'

'I'd be lyin' down on a big soft featherbed upstairs in the Travers' Mansion, and I would be permittin' Mr Courtney Travers to show me what it is he keeps in them clean white seersucker pants of his.'

Well, at this Cindy Mae lets out a hoot. 'Oh my, my, my!' she says. 'Ain't that the funniest thing a body ever did hear? Honey, the day his Daddy's favourite thoroughbred chestnut beds down with a jackass, that'll be the day Mr Courtney Travers will consarn himself 'bout Fanny Lee! But not before, oh no!' she says.

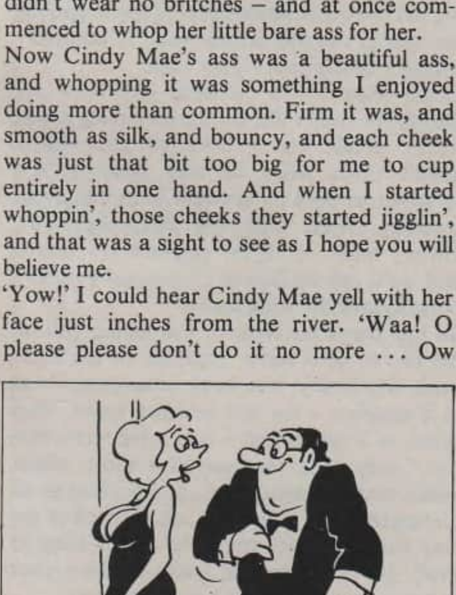
And she kept right on laughing, until at last I reckoned, this coloured girl she's gettin' a mite too big for her britches – 'cept she don't wear no britches nohow. So, sudden-like, I reaches my arm around her waist and grabs her.

'Cindy Mae,' says I, 'reckon it's time I was teachin' you a bit of respect.'

Well her big brown eyes went bigger at that. She said 'O no, Fan! Please don't!' and struggled a spell. But I could see she warn't really tryin' to struggle, so neat as you like I heaved her across my knees, lifted up the hem of her polka-dot dress – like I said, she didn't wear no britches – and at once commenced to whop her little bare ass for her.

Now Cindy Mae's ass was a beautiful ass, and whopping it was something I enjoyed doing more than common. Firm it was, and smooth as silk, and bouncy, and each cheek was just that bit too big for me to cup entirely in one hand. And when I started whoppin', those cheeks they started jigglin', and that was a sight to see as I hope you will believe me.

'Yow!' I could hear Cindy Mae yell with her face just inches from the river. 'Waa! O please please don't do it no more ... Ow hoo! Stop it – O please O please stop it Fan!' With her being black, of course, my hand didn't leave no marks behind on her skin, so maybe I *was* whopping her harder than I intended. But I reckon she was only funning, and the licking gave her some nice feelings through the pain.



'I'll just go and slip into something more suitable . . .'

I say this 'cause I could feel her gettin' hot down below as the licking progressed. With each *Thwack* of my hand on her bottom, the place where her thighs lay across mine turned more and more like a blacksmith's forge. She kept a-bouncin' and a-wrigglin', and her round soft titties that hung down in front kept thudding against my ankle, and her legs kept kicking wide apart so that I could see between them in amongst her little black fuzz of hair. Those lips down there were parted, and swole, the colour of a watermelon when you open.

Well as for me, down in my dungarees I could feel myself getting sticky and warm, and kind of silently buzzin' in precisely the same place. *Whack* went my hand, and 'Yee-ow!' went Cindy Mae, and I got to thinking how I was soon going to have to do something about that warm buzzy feeling, and how maybe Cindy Mae would co-operate in making it go away from me when the licking was over . . .

Then suddenly she twists herself around and stares up over my shoulder. My hand stopped in mid spank. Cindy Mae's eyes bulged a moment, like she'd been struck by lightning – and then she wriggled and struggled in earnest, so that I let her go, and she fell with a great big splash, and a scream into the brown Mississippi.

And I heard a laugh behind me.

I jumped up quicker than a jackrabbit; and there he stood, beneath the trees on the other side the towpath. Mr Courtney Travers himself. He was just so handsome I wanted to die – standin' there with his derby hat held in his hand all courteous-like – though I reckon it warn't precisely out of courtesy that he was holding it plumb in front of his clean white seersucker pants.

He had a friend with him, another Yale sophomore named Josiah Blake, which Mr Courtney had brought home for the vacation, but I didn't pay him no heed. He was a rich coloured man from Pennsylvania, and all us folks agreed he was the uppitiest coloured man any of us had ever seen.

So Mr Courtney he turns to Josiah with a great big grin. 'Well, Jos,' says he, 'Reckon I promised you you'd see some extrahdnary sights if you came South with me, hey?'

'Indeed you did,' said the coloured man in his fancy Northern voice. 'I take it, Court, that what we've just seen is one of the famous Mississippi Paddle-bums.'

Just then Cindy Mae commenced to splash and holler in the river like as if she was drowning – which she was not, her being able to swim like an alligator. Mr Courtney he dashed across the towpath, leaned over the bank and slipped her a hand to pull herself up by.

'Why thank you kin'ly, Mr Travers,' says she, drippin'.

'Warn't nothin',' he replied.

'Well,' said Cindy Mae, 'I reckon it was . . . and I only hope that some day soon, sir, I'll be able to do *you* a kindness in return. Bye, now!'

And with that she chassé'd off down the towpath, whiles Mr Courtney he watched with eyes like a bullfrog's. Soaked through, with that wet cotton dress hugging every curve of her and all, Cindy Mae might just as well've been nekkid as a jaybird. And she knew it too, the way she swung her sleek hips walking.

Apiece along the path, she stops and half-turns to look back at him. I saw her thrust back her shoulders so her gorgeous titties stood out proud under the taut wet cloth, and her little pink tongue ran across her lips, while all the time, slowly, she rubbed the jutting bulge of her ass with one brown hand. Mr Courtney he looked like he'd been hexed into a cemetery tombstone. I got to wishing I'd used a hickory switch on that girl's butt, stead of just my hand.

Meanwhiles, the coloured guy named Josiah had been contemplating me. He was good looking enough in his way, I reckon – bigger than Mr Courtney, and Northern-smart in his grey double-breasted suit. Says he: 'I'm sorry we interrupted your little game, my dear. To tell the truth, I was rather hoping you and your friend would have changed places after a time.'

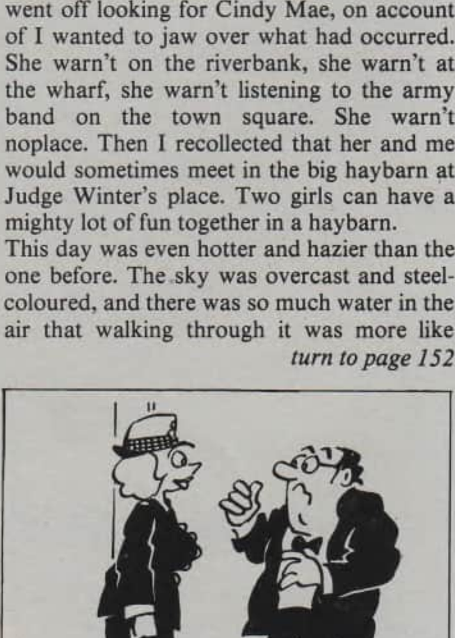
Well I handed him my best ten-cent sneer, and said, 'Don't you sass me, black boy!' – but that only set him to laughing, so I figured it was time I went. As I lit off down the path, I could hear Mr Courtney's laughing joining in there with his.

Now I'll tell you. Me, I'm the sort of girl likes to dish out a licking now and then, and don't like taking one. But that there warm night, as I stroked myself to sleep, I sure was wishing it had been *my* bare ass that Mr Courtney had seen, and been given the hots by.

Next morning after my chores were done I went off looking for Cindy Mae, on account of I wanted to jaw over what had occurred. She warn't on the riverbank, she warn't at the wharf, she warn't listening to the army band on the town square. She warn't noplace. Then I recollected that her and me would sometimes meet in the big haybarn at Judge Winter's place. Two girls can have a mighty lot of fun together in a haybarn.

This day was even hotter and hazier than the one before. The sky was overcast and steel-coloured, and there was so much water in the air that walking through it was more like

turn to page 152



Gentlemen, that reminds me...

A round-up of after-dinner jokes

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RONALD COBB

After God had successfully created the earth, He gathered man and His animals together to bestow sex lives upon them. He started with man, giving him 20 years, but Man was horrified.

'Only 20 years!' he complained, but God was unmoved. Passing on to the monkey, He then gave him 20 years. 'Ten is plenty,' cried the monkey.

'I'll have the other ten,' demanded Man. Reluctantly God agreed, and turned His attention to the lion.

'You too should have 20 years.' The lion protested, like the monkey, that he only really needed ten, and God nodded sagely. Immediately Man piped up, 'I'll have his ten,' and after consideration God agreed. Finally, God looked at the donkey, and decided to offer him 20 years of fertility as well.

'No, give me ten like the others,' insisted the donkey, and once more Man pleaded for the other ten years, and eventually was given them.

This explains why Man has 20 years of normal sex life, ten years of monkeying around, ten years of lion about it, and ten years of making an ass of himself.

What do you call a contented Roman after cunnilingus?
Glad he ate her.

Stuck for a gift for the boss? How about an ejector seat for his helicopter?

Two ladies of the town were sharing Christmas dinner at a London hotel.

'Do you know, Cynthia, I think I can smell semen in here?'

'I'm sorry,' she replied, 'I burped.'

What do you call a judge with no balls?
Justice Prick.

Returning from the office Christmas party, the young director noticed an attractive prostitute, and feeling randy decided to avail himself of her services. The price of £50 was agreed. However, when the procedure was over, the young man denied that he had said £50, and insisted on only paying £25.

'Okay,' said the prostitute, 'but you will be hearing from my solicitor in the morning.' Considering this highly unlikely the man left, and went home.

To his amazement a couple of days later he received a summons to appear in court. He rang his solicitor who said that he couldn't imagine how she was going to pursue her case so he suggested that he should just play along with it.

A week later, the young man found himself in court. The plaintiff's solicitor rose.

'Your honour,' he said, 'my client is the owner of a small garden surrounded by shrubbery, which she rented to the accused for a specific time for which the fee was £50. The defendant made extensive use of the property which was well maintained and in private grounds, paid £25, but refuses to pay the balance of the agreed sum.'

The defence solicitor then rose.

'The defendant agrees it is indeed a fine property, but when he took possession thereof he found a well, around which he placed two rocks, sunk a shaft, and erected a pump. All the work undertaken by himself. These improvements to the property, we feel more than cover the balance.'

'But,' replied the plaintiff's solicitor triumphantly, 'he knew of the well when he rented the property. The stones have been moved, the shaft withdrawn, and the pump has gone. In doing so, the pump was dragged through the shrubbery, and the hole left much bigger than before. What's more, the hole is now easily accessible to children. In fact, my client has heard of one trapped in there at this very moment.'

The young man lost.

It was the golf club's Christmas tournament and George had drawn Judy as his partner. To everyone's surprise, they won easily, and celebrated with drinks in the club house. After several gins, the winning pair wound up in bed, playing around in a more intimate way. Afterwards Judy said, 'You know, when I went to bed with the club pro, he managed to do it twice.'

Not to be outdone, George set to again, winding up exhausted but happy.

'On second thoughts, I think it was three times,' sighed Judy. So, with some effort, George climbed back on. Afterwards, he rolled on to his back panting and sweating profusely.

'When I think about it,' continued Judy, 'it could have been four times ...'

Suddenly, George reached out for the phone, and started dialling.

'Who are you ringing?' asked Judy.

'The pro,' George replied breathlessly. 'Before I go any further, I want to know just what par for this hole is.'

'You fool,' said Nurse Jones with a laugh,
To the randy MD on the staff
Who'd proposed with a whine,
'If you don't 69,
I'd accept 34½!'

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. There are free subscriptions for readers whose jokes are selected. Due to the extremely high postal charges we no longer acknowledge receipt of jokes. Individual subscription winners are notified by letter as to when their subscription starts. In the event of duplication among those jokes submitted the Editor's decision on the awarding of a subscription is final

Huckleberry Fanny

continued from page 150

swimmin'. By the time I was half way to Judge Winter's, the denim of my dungarees was sticking in every crease and cleft my body owned. I could scarce breathe, on account of there was so much heavy magnolia perfume mingling with the hot wet air.

Now you should understand that before a body gets to Judge Winter's haybarn, she has to pass his storage shed, and that by the side of his storage shed there is a big clump of bushes, and that in the midst of them bushes is a clearing nobody 'cept me and Cindy Mae knows 'bout. Well, I was just passing by the bushes, when all of a sudden I hears a noise come from them – and it warn't no bird-noise nor no varmint-noise, but a noise which made me believe my ears was funnin' me.

Thwack the noise went. And then again: *Thwack*! *Whap*! *Thwack*! And along with that, I could hear Cindy Mae's voice crying out for all she was worth: 'Yow! Wah! O, please! O, please please, please stop it!'

I stood mazed a spell, starin' at the bushes. Then I scroutched down, and crawled in underneath. The noises didn't stop. After a moment, I could see the clearing through the leaves.

Cindy Mae was there, all right, but she warn't across nobody's lap like I'd thought – she was on her back, nekkid, and gasping and running with sweat, and lying on top of her was Mr Courtney Travers himself, and he was nekkid too.

My eyes near popped. I watched his smooth white skin, and the hard muscles of his back and flanks as he thrust away again and again and again between Cindy Mae's strong black gleaming thighs, and I couldn't scarcely breathe.

There was a tarpaulin spread beneath them, they must've stole it from the shed. Every time Mr Courtney pulled back from Cindy Mae, her hips went up with him; and every time he thrust deep, her ass come down with a loud sharp *Thwack* upon the shiny cloth. And all the time she kept on in there squallin' 'Please stop! Ow-hoo! O, please, please stop!' – but I do not reckon she was in earnest.

All of a sudden Mr Courtney he give his loins a kind of wriggle, and pulled himself completely out of the hot wet nest betwixt my best friend's legs. Then he blasted back into her like a thunderbolt, and she cried out and sank her teeth into his white shoulder which left a red crescent mark.

My eyes filled with tears. I'd never seen nothing before like that great throbbing shaft of Mr Courtney's, and it burned me up to think Cindy Mae'd gotten it all to herself. I scrambled out the bushes as quiet as I could, and lit out blindly, not considerin' where I might end up.

Passing the haybarn I runs full tilt into a big powerful shape in a grey suit, which snatched my wrist neat as a whistle when I tried to swerve around it.

'Well now,' said Josiah Blake, 'it's Miss Frances, is it?'

I hardly seen his clever face contemplating me. There warn't nothing on my mind, without it was the thought of Mr Courtney's body and Cindy Mae's body, plungin' away at each other, white on black and joined together.

'Wha- what d'you want?' I asked, kind of trembly.

'A little company would be pleasant,' said Josiah. 'My friend Court's gone off somewhere without me. I was exploring . . . Perhaps you'd like to show me round this really very interesting haybarn? . . .'

Well I didn't say nothing back. Still holding my wrist Josiah walked me to the barn, and I just followed on, like I was asleep.

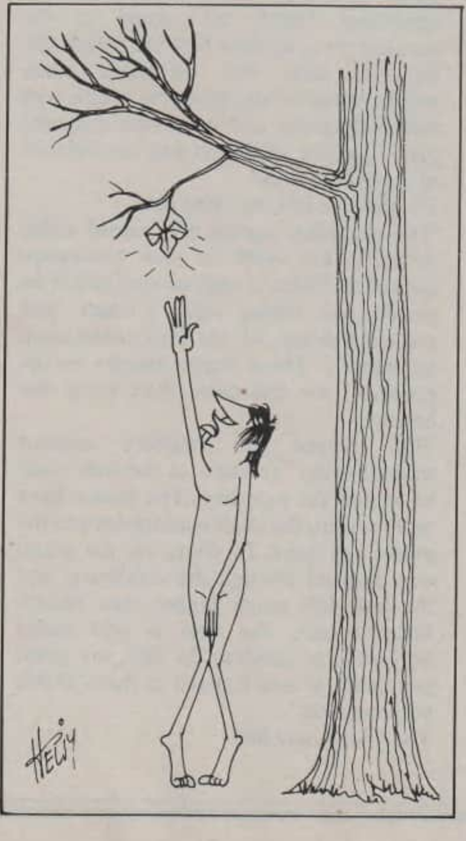
It was cool inside, hay-smellin', and what light got in from outside was yeller as butter. I stood in a dream while Josiah Blake he closed the big door, and put the bar on. Then he turned to me.

'You're really something,' says he, without no preliminaries whatsoever. 'I thought the women up North were beautiful, but you . . . you're altogether more sensuous, altogether riper . . .'

He reached out a hand to unloose the shoulder strap of my dungarees. Well, that woke me up sudden-like and I jumped back with a yelp. I didn't rightly know what was going to happen – and I guess he didn't neither, on account of he just stood where he was and looked a mite skeered. Maybe he warn't quite so sure of himself as he acted, after all.

A moment passed. For the first time, I really looked at Josiah Blake. I saw how he was bigger and stronger than Courtney, with huge shoulders on him like you get on football players: 'cept theirs is armour, but his were all him. I concluded that I liked this partic'lar coloured man . . . Then I started thinkin' what a darn shame it would be, if Cindy Mae's got to be the only cherry in the pie today . . .

I gave him a sideways look, took off my big straw hat, and tossed it into the hay. My long yeller hair fell about my shoulders. Josiah liked that.



'Riper?' says I to him, kind of drawling, 'reckon women are, down here. Them girls up North, they ain't nothin' but New England crab-apples. But now, Mr Blake, you are down where the water melons grow . . .'

I crossed my hands at my shoulders and slowly pulled the straps of my dungarees down. When my titties bulged into view, Josiah's mouth fell open. I looked down at them, mighty pleased with what I saw – creamy flesh, smooth an' heavy, with sharp coral-coloured spikes that swayed in time to my breathin'. I slipped my hands beneath them, and felt their weight a moment. Josiah began to take off his jacket.

Well, next I pushed the denim over the curve of my hips, so's it fell about my feet. Josiah's fingers couldn't scarcely cope with his shirt buttons. A thin ray of sunlight, poking from a hatch in the roof, set my little yeller bush to shimmerin' like gold.

As Josiah got out of his shirt, I kneeled down before him and unbuttoned his pants. The monster that popped out at me then fair made my mouth turn dry. There sure was more there than Cindy Mae had had, by a very long piece. I took the big soft balls in my palm and felt the skin wrinkling. Then Josiah raised me up.

Close to, he smelled of cinnamon. One of his hands slid betwixt my thighs, and paddled in the hot juice which was oozing there. He leaned forward, and took one nipple in his mouth, biting hard so's I gasped out loud.

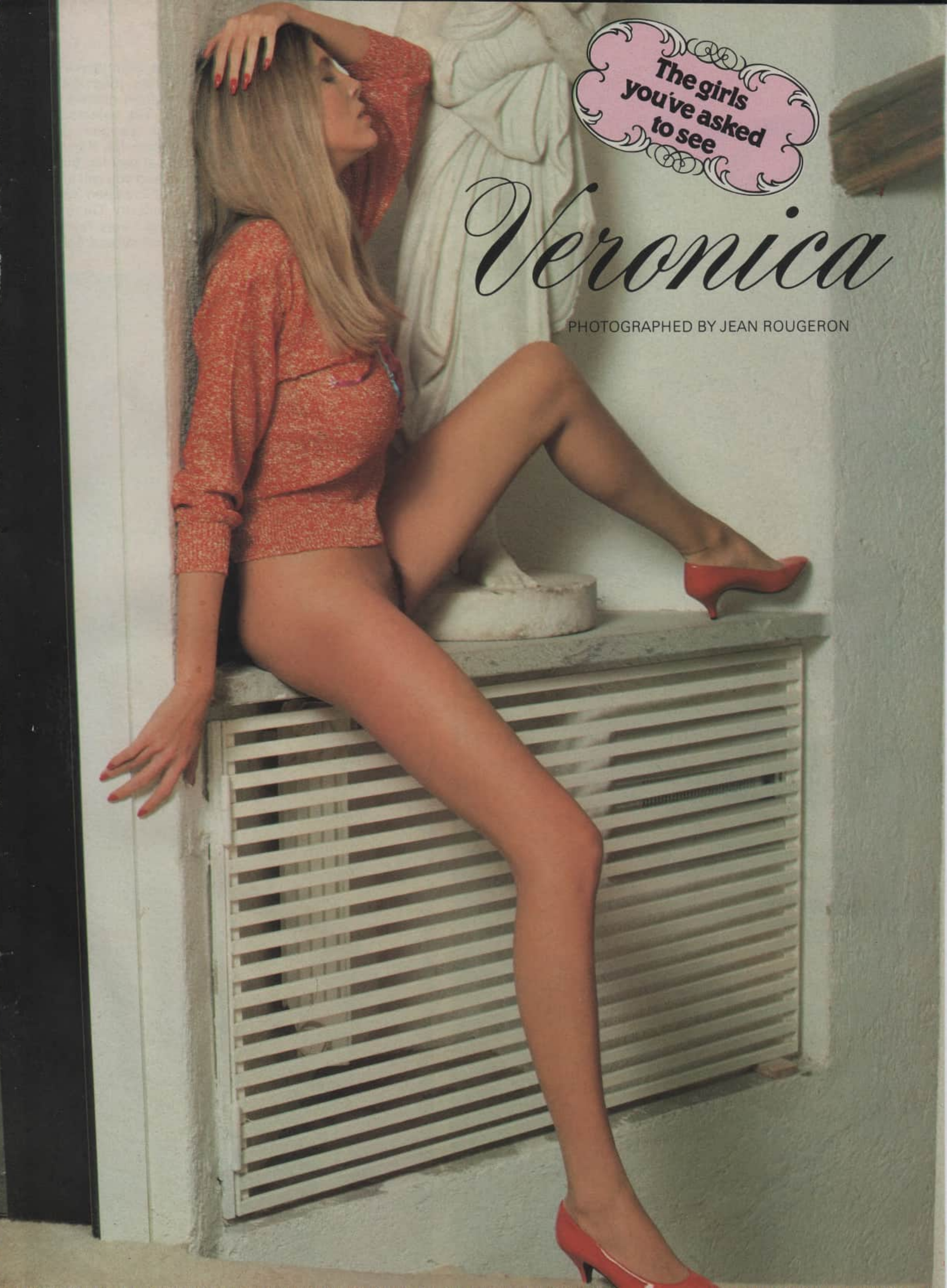
Then he grabbed the cheeks of my ass, and heaved me high in the air, pulling me down on to the immense black pillar that stuck out from him. I felt like I'd been stabbed with a white-hot blacksmith's iron – but then in an instant the hurtin' ceased to be hurtin', and changed to pleasurin', and I wrapped my legs about his thighs, and he swung me round and round in a circle, riding me, me riding him.

I flung back my head and laughed, and Josiah laughed too, and then I dug my fingernails into his gleaming shoulders as somewheres deep in the innards of me a cyclone began to swirl. It flung me like tumbleweed over the roof of the barn and the tops of the trees, and out over the Mississippi, and then, at the moment I reached the sky, threw me down again into a deep dark pit of honey-sweet dreamin'.

A long time later I climbed out, bruised and nigh dead with exhaustion, to find Judge Winter's hay prickling my skin all over, and Josiah lying drowsy at my side. My hand was cupping the shrivelled remains of the mighty weapon he'd killed me with . . . but even as I woke, I could feel it commencing to stir and stiffen again . . .

Forty summers have gone since then.

Last week my ganddarter come home from school with an illustrated book by a fellar name of Twain. Well I looked inside, and there I seen a picture: which was of a teenaged boy, barefooted in dungarees and a straw hat, settin' on a raft on a river in company with a big, strong-lookin' coloured man. I tell you, I reckon folks should not be allowed to hand out dirty books to children.



The girls you've asked to see

Veronica

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JEAN ROUGERON

Traders in historic Bath should prepare themselves for a sudden tourist boom in the next few weeks, judging by the reaction that Veronica Waters provoked from readers when she first appeared in Vol 17 No 8. We revealed that Veronica, who is now 25, worked in a tea-room in that town, and were inundated with requests for the actual address. At the time she was an unofficial partner, but now she owns a full fifty per cent share in it, and you will find her behind the counter every day with her full-breasted 38D-24-36 figure hidden by a starched white uniform. 'Quite a few *Mayfair* readers did track me down, and I was really flattered they had taken all the trouble to come and find me.'

Veronica became a celebrity in her part of Bath after her *Mayfair* debut, and enjoyed being recognised. 'One of my friends even suggested I frame the pictures and put them on the tea-room walls. The male customers might appreciate it, but I don't think they'd go down too well with the little old ladies. Besides, I am not quite extrovert enough for that. I'd feel embarrassed.'

Veronica still has a passion for jazz, particularly the swing bands of the thirties and forties. 'Those rhythms just make me forget everything, and put me in a happy, relaxed mood when I'm ready for anything.' She has taken her interest one step further, and is now busy taking jazz piano lessons twice a week. 'I learnt the basics at school years ago, but jazz is much harder to play as both hands almost have to work independently of each other. Perhaps when I get good enough my partner will let me spend my time serenading the tea-room customers instead of rushing round with plates of scones, but I'm not very hopeful.' Veronica has no plans for moving away from Bath in the forseeable future. 'I'm happy at work, and I've just bought myself a house. It's only small, but it's the first home I've actually owned, and I really enjoy putting on an old pair of jeans, and getting down to all those little DIY jobs that keep cropping up.' And are there any special men in her life? 'No, the only special male at the moment is my dog. He demands all my affection.'

COGNAC
Hennessy
VERY SPEC
RESERV
Marc C. C.

Hennessy Very Special Cognac

FLOPPY DISCS

LET'S GET BASIC

Computers have their own technical jargon which is open to cheeky misinterpretation by our bawdy cartoonist Peter Maddocks

STAND
VERY CLOSE
TO HOLES

A PEEK AND A POKE

BOING
BOING

THE SHOW SYSTEM

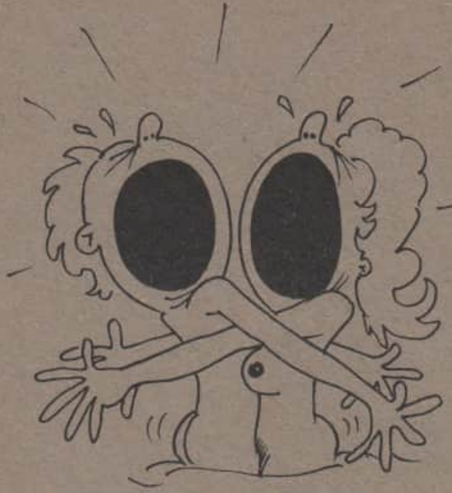
DOWN TIME

THE VISUAL DISPLAY UNIT

DANGER
QUICKSAND

HANDLING FACILITIES

INTER-ACTIVE



AN ACOUSTIC COUPLER

USER FRIENDLY

THE ACCESS METHOD

THE JOY STICK

MAKES A GREAT PRESENT

The Mayfair Book Society

SEXUAL . POSITIONS

Every so often a book crosses our path which we know will be a best-seller. *Sexual Positions*, we believe, has what it takes. An imaginative guide to all aspects of making love, it features 224 full-colour photographs which depict the sheer horniness of sex in a way we have never seen in any book as the beautiful woman gives herself fully to the masterful male. Yet the shots are so tasteful that we regard it as erotica of the highest quality as well as a magnificent text-book. **Price £6.95**

SEXUAL TECHNIQUES

Unquestionably our most popular book of all time. Thousands of *Mayfair* readers will readily testify to the enormous and lasting impact that *Sexual Techniques* has made upon their lives. In 42 full page photographs a young man and a beautiful girl demonstrate separate love-making positions. In the accompanying text, Mogens Toft discusses ways of positioning and moving the body to regulate orgasmic pleasure. The pictures show how the girl manipulates her own and her partner's erotogenic zones simultaneously with intercourse to induce heightened pleasure. They show how parts of the body can be fondled and caressed during intercourse and how thrusting movements of the legs, thighs and body can increase satisfaction. **Price £5.80**

DEAR DOC

Through a bulk purchase we can offer Dr David Delvin's *Dear Doc* at the incredible bargain price of £3 which means we are covering the postal costs ourselves. *Dear Doc* is a hardback book and contains the detailed and explicit answers to the 150 or so questions that Dr Delvin is most asked about sex. These reassuring answers – enhanced by the frankest of illustrations – deal with problems that can beset both men and women. Dr Delvin explains how to overcome inexperience, offers advice on penile length. **Price £3**

Overseas orders received after December 5 and inland orders received after December 17 may not be despatched in time for Christmas.

To Mayfair Book Society, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2.
Please send me the books I have ticked.

Sexual Positions £6.95 ☐
How to Last Longer £9.85 ☐ Dear Doc £3.00 ☐
Masters of Erotic Art £10.50 ☐ Complete Book of Sexual Love £13.80 ☐
The Pillow Book £6.70 ☐ Sexual Techniques £5.80 ☐

My card No. is ______
Name ______
Address ______
Signature ______ Date ______

Orders clearly printed with name and address on plain paper are acceptable. Prices include postage and packing and books are sent under plain cover.

M1912

THE PILLOW BOOK

Here at last is the British edition of a masterpiece of Far Eastern erotica containing more than 300 highly original and highly arousing 'naughty pictures'. This book is sure to add a new and stirring dimension to all of your sexual activities regardless of whether you share its contents with your partner or choose to linger over its pleasures at your own leisure as you savour the sensual visual delights gathered from all over the world which are often banned or closeted in private collections. **Price £6.70**

THE COMPLETE BOOK OF SEXUAL LOVE

Packed with over 500 illustrations, some of a most explicit nature, this book is a virtual encyclopaedia on all aspects of sexual love. Easy to read chapters deal with different positions for intercourse, fetishism, sexual aids, different forms of birth control and homosexuality plus many other topics. The authors, Susan and Stuart Holroyd, smash through many of the myths that surround sex associated with our society and will help you or your partner achieve a new sexual awareness. **Price £13.80**

HOW TO LAST LONGER

Here is the book that everyone has been waiting for! *How to Last Longer* graphically illustrates how slight variations in attitude and technique can improve your performance and lead to a much more satisfying sex-life. By following author Michael Castleman's advice you will gradually gain in confidence and become the accomplished lover you have always hoped to be. *How to Last Longer* contains a wealth of illustrations, and chapters deal with, among other things, Obstacles to Problem-Free Lovemaking, How to Deal with Erection Problems and Non-ejaculation and What Turns Women On – and Off. *How to Last Longer* is a must for any man who wishes to give his partner more. **Price £9.85**

20th CENTURY MASTERS OF EROTIC ART

A truly magnificent full-colour coffee table edition, *Masters of Erotic Art*, contains 163 newly photographed works, many of which are seen here publicly for the first time. See Igor Mead's erotically detailed close-ups of the female vagina, Picasso's highly arousing study of cunnilingus, *Dos Figuras y un Gato*. Other works include American artist, Larry Rivers' ultra-explicit and detailed study of actual intercourse, in a painting based upon Japanese Shunga. The erotic masterpieces in this arousing edition are the results of two years' research by author and photographer, Bradley Smith, and vividly portray a comprehensive chronicle of the sexuality of our time. Reproduced are the little-known erotic paintings of D H Lawrence, and Bradley Smith sketches in the 'painter's life' of author Henry Miller and shows examples of his work. *20th Century Masters of Erotic Art* is a connoisseur's edition, packed with the most explicit illustrations you could imagine, so much so that we would not be allowed to reproduce them here for legal reasons. **Price £10.50**

FILMS

Gerald Cole

*****A Classic. ****Excellent, ***Good. **Average. *Boring ♡♡♡♡♡An Erotic Classic, ♡♡♡♡Highly Arousing, ♡♡♡Titillating. ♡♡Limp, ♡No discernable sex content

*** ♡♡ **Once Upon A Time In America** (18). 3hrs 49 mins. Newly released from a murder sentence, would-be New York gangster 'Noodles' Aaronson (Robert De Niro) is met by his ex-partner in crime, Max (James Woods), driving a hearse. In the back Max reveals the nude body of a statuesque young woman. 'What a waste,' he comments. 'Only 25 – died of an overdose. And it looks like she's about to get another!' At which point the 'corpse' flings her arms around 'Noodles' who swiftly celebrates the end of several years' enforced celibacy. Sex permeates this epic tale of four slum neighbourhood chums who become gangsters in Prohibition America, much as violence did in the 'spaghetti' westerns which first brought fame to its Italian director Sergio Leone. When fellow inmates of the East Side slums are not dispensing sexual favours for cream cakes, 'Noodles' is launching himself upon the glamorous victim of a diamond robbery (Tuesday Weld) whose keenness to be abused by the masked raiders apparently extends to rape. Encountered later in a New York brothel she identifies her abuser by requesting all four heroes to drop their pants – which they do. Lovingly staged and photographed, this is a violent, overlong but richly coloured evocation of America in the 20s and 30s. Worth watching out for.

** ♡ **Red Dawn** (15). 2hrs. As Cuban and Russian parachutists drop from the sky and machine-gun American schoolchildren, Soviet ICBMs rain on the Mid West, and Mexicans and Nicaraguans invade Texas. So begins World War III according to *Conan*-director John Milius and an odd, *Boys Own*-style event it is too. Eight teenagers take to the Rockies, and with the aid of unlimited supplies of arms wage a spectacular guerilla war on the invaders. Rather simplistic in it's view of all things non-American it is still a film that boggles the mind, and fascinates because of, rather than despite, its awfulness.

**** ♡ **The Philadelphia Experiment** (18). 1hr 41mins. In October 1943 an experiment to render a US destroyer radar-invisible goes tragically awry. The vessel disappears from sight only to re-appear with its crew badly burnt or physically embedded in the superstructure. Two sailors are missing: transported in time to 1984, and the site of a similar experiment in the Nevada desert where this time an entire town has disappeared. A 'hyper-space vortex' now links the two eras, into which all of time and space is being sucked with increasing force. An intelligent script and imaginative direction bring this elaborate hokum to splendid and suspenseful life. A well-made, thoughtful and highly entertaining film.

*** ♡♡ **Moscow On The Hudson** (15). 1hr 57mins. A tract on the horrors of Moscow life (constant queues for shoes and toiler paper, one bedroom flats for entire families, KGB harassment) develops into farce as Russian circus musician Vladimir Ivanoff (Robin Williams) defects in *Bloomingdales* store during a New York tour. He ends up sharing a one bedroom flat in Harlem with a negro family, being mugged and losing his new Italian girlfriend (Maria Conchita Alonso). Just when it seems a serious point is being made it's Independence Day and everyone, including Ivan, is singing America's praises – so a thumping message sometimes blunts the wry humour. But Robin Williams performance alone is worth the price of admission.

*** ♡ **A Christmas Story** (U). 2hrs. Threatened by neighbourhood bullies, burdened by a younger brother who has not eaten a meal without bribes or coertion for years, nine-year-old Ralphie (Peter Billingsley) dreams only of acquiring a Genuine Red Ryder Carbine Action Range Model air rifle for Christmas. Rooted in 1940's America, this skates perilously close to TV *Walton*-type sentimentality but retains enough uncomfortable truisms about childhood to appeal.

Neutrogena Mildness

IDEAL FOR SHOWER, TRAVEL OR SPORT.

Unique bar shampoo!

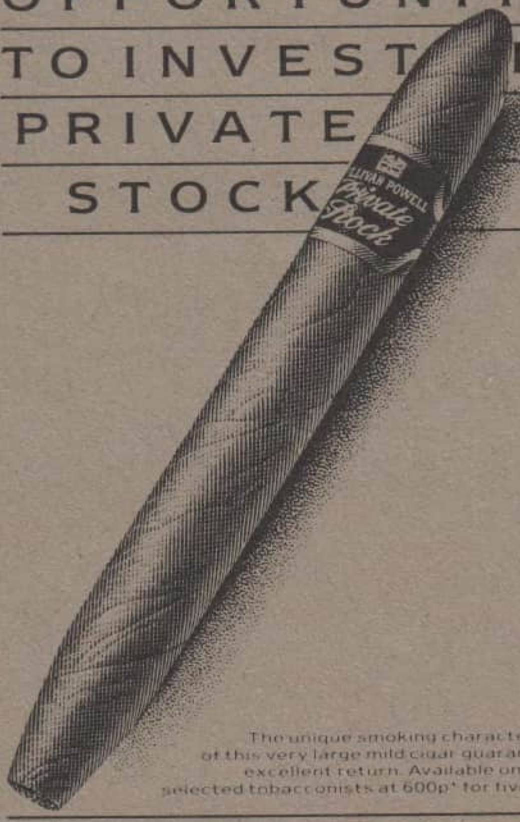
New Neutrogena solid shampoo is Britain's first shampoo in a bar. Super mild, fresh smelling. Formulated with conditioners for manageability and shine. You simply use it like soap . . . on your hair. New Neutrogena solid shampoo. For the man who likes to whip up a lather. Quick and easy. £1.25 at your chemist.

Solid shampoo
Neutrogena

Neutrogena
solid shampoo

The unique bar shampoo for active people!

AN
OPPORTUNITY
TO INVEST IN
PRIVATE
STOCK



The unique smoking characteristics of this very large mild cigar guarantee an excellent return. Available only from selected tobacconists at 600p* for five units.

SULLIVAN POWELL

[illegible]

MAKES A GREAT PRESENT

ACCOUTREMENTS

Kenneth Bound

The trick today is that the label is worn on the outside. It's the era of the heart on the sleeve. How many times this year have you seen the little green crocodile on belts or sportswear, indicative of Lacoste? We're not at all sure that they represent better value than the universal St Michael but they do show that the wearer can afford a trendy if expensive line in sportswear.

The same is true of Bogner ski wear, often drab in colour, plain in cut, but with the miraculous little gold 'B' dangling from the pocket zip, demonstrating quite clearly that you shopped at Lillywhites rather than the more price-conscious C&A.

Into this world has stepped one of the world's great names in jewellery – Cartier. But not on their own account. With their marketing flair they have sought a strongly masculine image – and come up with a winner: Ferrari Formula.

They have taken what is undoubtedly the most desirable and macho car in the world, and presumably with the blessing of the redoubtable Commendatore, designed a range of masculine accessories that have a good chance of leaving many of the other designer symbols shambling along on the start line.

After all, with the name they inherit the famous prancing horse (in itself a fair enough male symbol), plus a spin off of more than twenty world race titles and over five thousand victories in every type of motor race throughout the world.

Pride of the merchandising is the range of Ferrari Formula watches. They are all quartz movements and water resistant to 30 metres. They are finished in an exclusive 'Formula grey' coating resembling a light gun metal, and the metal straps have an attractive off-centre gilt strip. There is a wide variety of designs but all include the prancing horse on the dial and a distinctive bezel (a great Cartier hallmark, of course) incorporating the letters of the word Ferrari. Prices start at £250.

The most innovative of the accessories is the Ferrari Formula lighter, launched incidentally at the rain-ruined Monaco Grand Prix. It could be ruefully said that it was a most appropriate occasion since the sky was so dark you needed a lighter to see where you were.

The lighter has a most masculine feel rather like the butt of a pistol. The mechanism is a *forward* flick instead of the normal thumb down or sideways pressure. Not unlike the cocking of a gun or slipping off of a safety catch. The really bright idea is that the gas reservoir is like the magazine of a rifle and can be clipped into the flame mechanism. The magazines come in metallic grey, red or yellow and the flame systems synchronise in a grey or gold metal finish. At £39.95 they're worth seeing, and feeling, as a special present.

A third product is Formula Ferrari sunglasses. These have lightweight high-tech frames and carry the Ferrari logo on the bridge. The ear pieces are decorated with the prancing horse. You can even get them fitted with your own prescription lenses. About £75 per pair.

A selection of out-of-town stockists of Formula Ferrari range are: Elite of Sheffield, Selfridges of Oxford, Scorpio of Brighton, Barry Baldon of Manchester, Pullens of Golders Green, K. T. Ruff of Windsor.

MAYFAIR PHOTO SERVICE

DEVELOPING and PRINTING

Have your glamour, holiday or family films developed and printed through our own unique photo service. Discretion is assured.

12/20/24 exp. FOR ONLY £2.50		36 exp. FOR ONLY £3.50
plus 30p p&p per film	No of films	Total £

E6 35mm mounted slides 20 or 36exp £2.60 (£1 for total failure)

plus 35p p&p per film	No of films	Total £

Enclose Kodacolour, Sakura, Boots, Tudor, Fuji (C41 process) films in 110, 126 or 135 sizes only. This service is NOT available for black-and-white, Agfa, Submin or Half Frame films. Place films in a strong envelope together with a cheque or postal order made payable to MAYFAIR PHOTO SERVICE. No processing Saturday or Sunday. Film accepted on basis that its value does not exceed material cost. We reserve the right to change prices without prior notice and to alter finishes/materials subject to exigency of production. Full credit for all unprinted negatives.

NAME

ADDRESS

M1912

Send your order to:

MAYFAIR PHOTO SERVICE,
95A Chancery Lane,
London WC2A 1DZ

MAYFAIR PHOTO SERVICE Reg. Office: FPC (Advertising & Marketing) Ltd. 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ

She takes care of EVERYTHING!
Private Nurse
Confessions from the David Galaxy Affair
D13
JUICY CLIPS
D14
THE SEXORCIST
D20
PROITITUTE
D22
DAUGHTER OF EMMANUELLE
D29
EROTIC INFERNO
D30
SEX DIARY
D31
Massage Girls of B'Kok
D33

£1 OFF

D10
PRIVATE NURSE

The family of a wealthy recluse hires a private nurse to look after him — and them! National Health it's not, but boy does this girl have her way with her patients.

THIS EXPLICIT, DARING ADULT VIDEO AT ONLY £18·95*

ALL OTHER TITLES AT LESS THAN ½ PRICE £19.95* EACH

When ordering Philips 2000 add £5 per title

ANY 2 £37·95

When order includes Naked Truth deduct £1 from price

RENTAL: £2.95 per day from the stockists listed

WARNING
These videos contain explicit adult viewing if you think they might offend you please do not purchase

D13 CONFESSIONS FROM THE DAVID GALAXY AFFAIR
Diana Dors, Alan Lake, Anthony Booth, Kenny Lynch, Glynn Edwards, Bernie Winters. Add Mary Millington, a bevy of stunning beauties and you have a very funny, very sexy film.

D14 JUICY CLIPS
Fast, funny and explicit. Lots of quick flashes of the naughty bits 'cut' from other adult sex films.

D20 THE SEXORCIST
The devil rides on and on. An ordeal of passion and possession. Daniela succumbs to the devilish influence.

D22 PROSTITUTE
Based on a true story of six young Italian girls, forced into the worlds oldest profession by the poverty of their surroundings. It is often funny, sometimes cruel but always highly sexual.

D29 DAUGHTER OF EMMANUELLE
A daring, erotic story that introduces Emmanuelle's daughter. Despite her age, she's soon able to emulate her famous mother in every way imaginable!

D30 EROTIC INFERNO
A film designed to take you into the scorching world of sex. It's exciting, it's erotic, it will fascinate you all the way through.

D31 SEX DIARY
Luca Reali lives in a small village in Italy. His avowed intention is to bed every woman from 16 to 60. Can he achieve his ambition before an irate father catches him.

D33 MASSAGE GIRLS IN BANGKOK
You've heard about Bangkok, now you can see it as it really is. A city of sex for dollars, anything goes and in this film it does.

HOW TO ORDER ☐ PURCHASE ONLY: Order by post ☐ RENTAL OR PURCHASE: From the stockists listed

☐ ADULT CATALOGUE: Free with purchase. Free from stockist. £1 by post. All goods sent under plain cover — p&p Free.

CALLERS WELCOME Mon-Sat 9.30-6pm (Fri 8pm)

LONDON (Kings X) *287 Pentonville Rd. N1 **(Cen.)** 81 Wardour St. Soho W1. **(East)** 34 Upton Lane, Forest Gate E.7/228 Green Street E.7. **(Nth.)** 477 High Rd. Tottenham N.17 **(Sth.)** *1539 London Rd. Norbury SW16/19 West Hill, Wandsworth SW18/318 Lewisham Rd. SE13 **(West)** 193 Chiswick High Rd. W4 **ALDERSHOT** *266 High St. **BARNSLEY** 8 New St. **BATH** 28 Victoria Bldgs. Lower Bristol Rd. **BEDFORD** 72 Tavistock St. **BEXLEY** *14 Bourne Rd. **BIRKENHEAD** 49 Oxton Rd. **BIRMINGHAM** 487 Stratford Rd. Sparkhill **BLACKBURN** 71 Darwen St. **BLACKPOOL** 311 Church St. **BOLTON** 201 St. Georges Rd. **BOURNEMOUTH** 216 Holdenhurst Rd. **BRADFORD** 147 Manningham La. **BRIGHTON** 11 Surrey St. **BRISTOL** 76 West St. Old Market **BURNLEY** 124 Colne Rd. **BURY** 94 Rochdale Rd. **CAMBRIDGE** 38 Chesterton Rd. **CARLISLE** 6 London Rd. **CHATHAM** *18 High St. **CHELMSFORD** *167 Moulsham St. **CHELTENHAM** 395 High St. **CHESTER** 5 Boughton. **CHESTERFIELD** 528 Sheffield Rd. **COLCHESTER** 74 Butt Rd. **COVENTRY** 34 Walsgrave Rd. **CREWE** 74 Edleston Rd. **CROYDON** *109 Church St. **DARLINGTON** 91 Victoria Rd. **DERBY** *61 Osmaston Rd. **DONCASTER** 15 Copley Rd. **EASTBOURNE** 135 Seaside. **EXETER** 133 Fore St. **FOLKESTONE** *105 Dover Rd. **GLOUCESTER** 178 Barton St. **GRIMSBY** *189 Grimsby Rd. **GT. YARMOUTH** 3 Howard St. Nth. **HASTINGS** 149 Queens Rd. **HEMEL HEMPSTEAD** 193 London Rd. **HIGH WYCOMBE** 152 Desborough Rd. **HORNCHURCH** 144 Hornchurch Rd. **HOUNSLOW** 78 Whitton Rd. **HUDDERSFIELD** 70 Bradford Rd. Fartown. **HULL** 263 Hessle Rd. **IPSWICH** 37 Norwich Rd. **KETTERING** 25 Market St. **KINGS LYNN** 41 Norfolk St. **KINGSTON** 203 Kingston Rd. New Malden **LEEDS** 237 Chapeltown Rd. **LEICESTER** 116 Granby St. **LINCOLN** *68 High St. **LIVERPOOL** 63 Moorfields **LUTON** *74 Wellington St. **MACCLESFIELD** *77 Chestergate **MANCHESTER** *54 Oldham St. **MARGATE** 55 Northdown Rd. **MIDDLESBROUGH** 14 Borough Rd. **MORECAMBE** *86 Euston Rd. **NEWCASTLE** *56 Westmoreland Rd. **NORTHAMPTON** 8 Regent Sq. **NORWICH** 39 St. Augustine's St. **NOTTINGHAM** *18 Carrington St./*213 Mansfield Rd. **OLDHAM** 95 Huddersfield Rd. **OXFORD** 54 Cowley Rd. **PETERBOROUGH** 75 Oundle Rd. **PLYMOUTH** 23 Market Ave. **PORTSMOUTH** 62 Castle Rd. Southsea. **PRESTON** 442 New Hall La. **READING** 108 Southampton St. **ROTHERHAM** *3 Rawmarsh Hill, Parkgate **SALE** 68 Cross St. Gtr. Manchester **SHEFFIELD** Unit 5/68 Division St. **SHREWSBURY** *40 Wyle Cop **SOUTHAMPTON** 103 St. Mary St. **SOUTHEND** 39 Eastern Esplanade. **SOUTHPORT** 167 Eastbank St. **STOKE** *62 Piccadilly, Hanley **SUNDERLAND** 20 Stockton Ter. Ryhope Rd. Grangetown **SWINDON** 7 Devizes Rd. Old Town **WAKEFIELD** 71 Doncaster Rd. **WATFORD** 169 St. Albans Rd. **WEST BROMWICH** 19 Bull St. Ringway **WIGAN** 57 Wigan La. **WOLVERHAMPTON** 17 Broad St. **WORCESTER** 10 Lowesmoor **WORTHING** 68 Victoria Rd. **WREXHAM** 6 Yorke St. **YORK** 5 Scarcroft Rd. 000 **WALES — CARDIFF** 9 Mill La. **NEWPORT** Unit 14, Sovereign Arc. Kingsway Centre **SWANSEA** 3 Dillwyn St. 000 **N. IRELAND — BELFAST** 31 Gresham St.

*Licenced by appropriate Local Authorities

VHS·BETA·PHILIPS 2000

Please rush me the following video(s) — tick as applicable including system required. I enclose the sum of £______
If paying by cheque add your address to reverse — cheques and postal orders payable to 'Starlight Video'

☐ D10 ☐ D13 ☐ D14 ☐ D20 ☐ D22 ☐ D29
☐ D30 ☐ D31 ☐ D33
☐ VHS ☐ BETA ☐ PHILIPS 2000 — add £5 each title
☐ ADULT VIDEO CATALOGUE £1 (free with purchase)

NAME______
ADDRESS______

I am aware of the nature of these videos and agree not to show them to minors. I am over 18

Signed______

STARLIGHT VIDEO OFFERS, DEPT MF.
P.O. BOX 4QL, 81 WARDOUR ST,
LONDON W1A 4QL.

Tobyward Ltd Reg. No. 1634311

WE OFFER
A GREAT DEAL

Fabulous Fiona Brown (Vol 15 No 5) is just one of the nude delights who are awaiting you in our five issue bargain offer. For £2.75 enjoy Vol 14 No 11, Vol 15 Nos 4, 5 and 10, and Vol 16 No 1.

Other back numbers available include:
VOL. 14 No. 11 *(Notts Forest's sexiest supporter, Guy Fawkes)* £1.25; **VOL. 15 No. 4** *(Bank Manager's daughter, Vampire Countess)* £1.25; **5** *(Fiona, Malta siege)* £1.20; **6** *(Jo, the Heineken nude, Henry Segrave)* £1.20; **7** *(Angelic Annabel, The man who stole the Crown Jewels)* £1.20; **8** *(Saucy Sally, Lost locos of Barry Island)* £1.20; **9** *(Vivacious Viv – the nude from the Royal Shakespeare Theatre)* £1.20; **10** *(Nudest boxing fan, Victorian erotic literature)* £1.25; **11** *(Top model Helle, Scrambling)* £1.25; **VOL. 16 No. 1** *("Sun" girl Stephanie, Sweeney Todd)* £1.30; **2** *(The Luscious Landlady, Armstrong Siddeleys)* £1.30; **4** *(Pippa from the Mirror, Shrewsbury train crash horror)* £1.30; **5** *(Motorcycling Marilyn, Bayonets)* £1.30; **6** *(Queen's hairdresser, MG Magic)* £1.30; **7** *(Policeman's nudest daughter, MG Midgets)* £1.30; **8** *(Yanez, Big Bentleys)* £1.30; **9** *(Susie from Sherborne School, Powerboats)* £1.30; **11** *(Jannie from Page Three, Gymslip Capers)* £1.30; **VOL. 17 No. 1** *(Saucy Frankie from the burger bar, Sealed Knot)* £1.30; **2** *(The girl who stripped on TV's "OTT", St Valentine's Day massacre)* £1.30; **4** *(Delicious Debbie Boyland, Billy Bishop: VC air ace)* £1.30; **5** *(Janet from the Kennel Club, How the world's greatest illusionist died)* £1.30; **6** *('Miss Nude UK' finalist, Bogus Beasts)* £1.30; **7** *(Bonnie Langford look-alike, Sex-mad Rasputin)* £1.30; **8** *(Joanie Alum nude, Windsurfing wizards)* £1.30; **9** *(Aslan the World's best erotic artist, Amorous Anne Markham)* £1.30; **11** *(Tula the James Bond sex-change starlet, Jensens)* £1.30; **VOL. 18 No. 1.** *(Verona: TV's glamorous grandmother, Barnes Wallis)* £1.45; **2** *(16-year-old Louise, Lindbergh)* £1.45; **3** *(38-24-35 Marie, Girl gladiators)* £1.45; **4** *(Continental star Sybille Rauch, Gurkhas)* £1.45; **5** *('Dynasty' star, Hot rods)* £1.45; **6** *(Nude Miss Weymouth, Hendon's historic aircraft)* £1.45; **7** *(Bond beauties – Maud Adams, Joni Flynn, and Camella Thomas) £1.45;* **10** *(Kim Mills, Rifles)* £1.45; **11** *(Beth Blackshaw, The truth behind Telemark)* £1.45; **12** *(Jo Peace, 40 Girls of the Year, Uncovering the curse of Tutankhamen)* £2.30, **VOL. 19 No. 1** *('Whose Baby?' hostess Nikki Critcher, Wild West gunfighters)* £1.45; **2** *(Miss Yugoslavia's nude debut, Joan Crawford full-frontal)* £1.45; **3** *(*Mayfair *scoops the* Penthouse *pet, Porsches)* £1.45; **4** *("Starbird" Carol Needham, Nurse Andrea)* £1.45; **5** *(Lindy Benson, Britain's first great air race)* £1.45; **6** *(Lingerie model Helen Masters, Rio's carnal carnival)* Issue banned by Menzies, £1.45; **7** *(Girl you've asked to see Lynn Taylor, the Hurricane)* £1.45; **8** *(George Best's sexy girlfriend nude, Lagondas)* £1.45; **9** *(Top model Nike Clarke, Sunderland flying boat)* £1.45; **10** *(Telecom's TV ad girl Helle Gambling at Monte Carlo) £1.45;* **11** *(Sexy sisters, Tank Busters)* £1.45; *Best of* Mayfair *No. 1,* £1.90; *Best of* Mayfair *No. 2, £2; Best of* Mayfair *No. 3, £2.25; Best of Mayfair No. 4,* £2.50.

To: Pat Asquith, Mayfair,
95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.
Please send me your bargain offer and/or
these separate issues ....
Name ....
Address ....
....

If you don't wish to cut your magazine, photocopy this coupon or send your order on plain paper.

I enclose a cheque/postal order for £ ....

Reg. London No.. 875169 M1912

Overseas orders received after December 5 and inland orders received after December 17 may not be despatched in time for Christmas.

DISCS

Peter Hopkin

Peter Rowan might not be the first name that springs to mind when you think of country music, but if his first album for Spindrift records is anything to go by, he has what it takes to become one of the all-time greats in that field. **Red Hot Pickers** features him with a traditional bluegrass line-up of fiddle, banjo, mandolin and bass. Peter himself is a superb guitar picker, and has a rich, melodic voice which is equally at home on traditional numbers like *Jimmy Brown the Newsboy* or *Oh Susanna*, or on his self-penned tunes such as the haunting *Hiroshima Mon Amour*. The production is crystal clear, and the music is so lively you feel like taking your partners by the hand, and swinging them round the living room.

With more sex appeal than women half her age, Tina Turner is still riding high in the charts after almost a quarter of a century in the music business. Now EMI have released a compilation of earlier tracks she recorded with her husband Ike before they hit the big time in the early seventies. **Tough Enough** features 16 tracks recorded between 1960-69 when the couple were at their most powerful. They range from straight blues like *Foolish* to hard-hitting rhythm and blues workouts on instrumentals like *The Groove*. Tina's voice was as strong and sexy then as it is now, and the songs stand on their own merits, not just for historic interest.

Gospel music has finally been brought into the eighties by a five-piece group of black female singers from America. Sweet Honey in the Rock's debut album **We All . . . Everyone of Us** (Spindrift) features no instrumentation whatever. The singers use their voices as instruments, changing rhythms, leaping through the octaves, and swinging with a style which puts the hippest groups to shame. The tracks are a mixture of traditional songs like *Study War No More* and self-penned numbers. Forget all your preconceptions about gospel music, and give this album a listen.

With Max Bygraves' recent TV success as a game show host, it is easy to forget his fine singing voice. But **The Best of Max** (Pickwick) features 12 of his greatest hits, and brings it all flooding back. Included are such classics as *Tulips from Amsterdam, You're a Pink Toothbrush,* and the philosophical *You Need Hands.*

Maria Muldaur could certainly teach many of the caterwauling female chart toppers a thing or two about voice control. Hers is sweet and clear, and she can wring every drop of emotion out of a song while keeping the lyrics perfectly audible. **Sweet and Slow** (Spindrift) is a delightful collection of vintage jazz tunes ranging in mood from the light and happy *Cooking Breakfast for the one I Love* to the soulful *Lover Man* or Duke Ellington's *Prelude to a Kiss.* Maria is backed by some of the most highly respected jazz musicians in America, including the pianist Doctor John.

Attempts to merge the US disco beat with the experimental electronic music so popular on this side of the Atlantic are not usually a resounding success, often resulting in a sterile repetitive sound. But Shreikback have hit the nail on the head with their debut album, **Jam Science** (Arista). From the moody *Hubris* to the dramatic *Suck*, the four-piece band make music which is compelling listening, and perfectly danceable.

When Billy Bragg's first album came out I nominated it for record of the year, but now it has been toppled into second place by Billy himself. His new offering, **Brewing up with Billy Bragg** (Go! Discs) is a superb collection of bitter-sweet love songs and hard-hitting broadsides on more serious topics ranging from the Falklands war to the hypocrisy of Fleet Street. Billy penned all eleven tracks, and has proved himself to be one of the country's most talented songwriters. The tunes are memorable, and the lyrics hit the spot so accurately that he makes Dylan sound like a waffling old has-been. Particularly poignant is *The Myth of Trust* where a man is lamenting his cheating on his girlfriend. *'The facts of life are not man and wife, but man and woman, sadly. And the apple that doesn't want to get eaten will still fall off the tree.'* Not content with his writing talents, Billy puts the material over with his distinctively plaintive voice, accompanied by his unique guitar style.

QUEST

The laboratory of human response

Volume Sixteen

Lovers often resort to an obliging outsider to plead their case. But some outsiders are tempted to oblige themselves. This month Quest talks to three who succumbed to temptation.

INTERVIEWS

(In the interviews that follow, all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.)

INTERVIEW - 1

WINE BAR MANAGERESS, 27 years old, blonde, town of origin Chorley

This interviewee worked as an air stewardess before taking up a variety of secretarial and managerial jobs. She now manages a wine bar in the West Country with her live-in boyfriend.

Quest: Is there a sexual act you've done that you regard as particularly wicked?

Manageress: I suppose some things have been a bit iffy – not in *what* I did, but who I did it with.

Quest: Can you give examples?

Manageress: I've been to bed with a couple of married men – one was just a one-night stand, the other was more complicated. And then there was Colin, of course. I suppose *technically* that was the worst.

Quest: Why do you say that?

Manageress: Well he *was* my best friend's husband. But I don't really count that.

Quest: That sounds very liberal.

Manageress: Not really. Sarah knew all about it. She wanted me to.

Quest: You sound very sure about it.

Manageress: I am. Sarah is one of my oldest friends – I know her very well. And she knows me, too – a bit too well, I sometimes think.

Quest: You're obviously a very lively attractive young woman. I'm sure you could have sex with any man you wanted. Why pick your best friend's husband?

Manageress: I suppose I could 'have sex' – but that doesn't mean I'd particularly enjoy it. It doesn't happen like that – not to me, at any rate.

Quest: Don't you find sex satisfactory?

Manageress: Now I do – yes, it's lovely.

Quest: Wasn't it before?

Manageress: No, it was bloody awful.

Quest: Exactly how awful?

Manageress: Let's just say I didn't know what an orgasm was – or how one felt – until I was 26.

Quest: But you must have had intercourse before that time?

Manageress: Lots of intercourse. I went to bed with quite a few men – I lived with one for two years, and another for a year.

STARLIGHT

QUALITY GUARANTEED AT PRICES YOU CAN AFFORD

STARLIGHT PRODUCTS P.O Box 4QL 81 Wardour St. London W1A 4QL

ACTION PACKED VIBROS

MULTI-HEADER Multi-speed control and five very different pleasure heads for greater enjoyment. **£9.95**

GIANT THRILLER A hand held giant, studded for extra thrills—plus variable control. **£16.95**

8" BENDER Sheer ecstasy from this flexible latex vibrator with variable speed control **£6.50.**

UP 'N' DOWNER The head moves backwards and forwards, twists & turns all on its own, with variable speed control it's the real thing. **£10.95**

BEAT THIS!

A very superior quality Non-Doctor set, with 3 different heads for all the excitement zones and a multiplicity of speed control for all your moods is available at the

SILLY PRICE OF £3.95

7½" MULTI-SPEED VIBRATOR The high quality, reliable version that goes on and on. **£3.50**

MINI VIBRO A rampant 4½" stimulator, its tip will drive her wild **£2.95**

CREAMS, TABLETS AND CAPSULES

APHRODITES TABLETS Just ½ a tablet and she'll be hungry for sex **£5.50.**

GINSENG TABLETS Potent enough to put the zest back in your love-life 50 tablets **£5.00** 100 tablets **£8.00**

SEXUAL LUBRICANT This super sexy lubricant should be rubbed into the more sensitive parts of the body. It reduces friction and greatly increases the excitement. One Jar **£3.99** Two Jars **£6.99**

FEMALE BLISS CREAM Hightens the sensations of the more sensual parts. One Jar **£4.50** Two Jars **£7.99**

SEX SUGAR It will dramatically increase your sexual urge. One Box **£2.99** Two Boxes **£4.99**

MOTION LOTION—Hot and tasty lotion for all parts of the body. Lubricates, invigorates and stimulates **£5.95**

COLOUR CATALOGUES
£1.00 FILMS, VIDEOS, AIDS, BOOKS & MAGAZINES, LINGERIE

Just £1 brings you our bumper bundle pack of catalogues. £1 refunded with first order

• FREE—SEDUCTION KIT

Spend £3 or more at any adult shop and collect free "SEDUCTION KIT" gift of **£6.95.**

EXERCISERS & DEVELOPERS

FOR HIM

THE WORLD FAMOUS CHARTHAM METHOD
Proved by doctors time after time to be effective and safe for penis enlargement. Complete with full detailed instructions **£18.50**

EXTENSION SHEATH Adds 1½" to the length of your penis—Black or Flesh **£4.00.** One of each **£7.00**

STALLION DELAY SPRAY Fully tested—it's the best there is for controlling premature ejaculation. **£4.00.** 2 sprays **£7.00**

MALE DEVELOPMENT SPRAY Just two or three sprays provides maximum staying power anytime, anywhere. **£4.00.** 2 sprays **£7.00**

FOR HER

RHAPSODY BASQUE Daring satin cupless basque—black with red trimming. State size **£18.50.**

BABY DOLL A daring see-through top and pantie set Black, white or red—one size **£10.75.**

SILKY SATIN LINGERIE SET
A slinky, sexy fun set to turn him on at anytime. **£13.99**

ELECTRIC LOVE EGG—The most advanced feminine stimulant **£4.50**

ORIENTAL DUO BALLS—A devilishly simple oriental sex aid that never stops working **£3.50**

ILLUSTRATED MANUALS

- *1984 EDITIONS*
- *UNCENSORED*
- *COVER PRICE UP TO £4.95 EACH*
- *OUR PRICE £2.75 EACH*
- *BOTH TITLES £5.00*

ACT OF LOVE PART 1
A sensual photographic guide to all the acts of love with over 200 explicit, daring photographs many in colour and illustrating the correct use of a whole range of sexual aids.

SEXUAL VARIATIONS—ACT OF LOVE PART II
Emphasising the many and varied positions available to the adventurous lover. The detail of the 200 plus close-up colour photographs are superb and as explicit as we dare.

DO YOU ATTRACT WOMEN?

Get to first base every time with 'Aeolus 7' the undetectable female attractant Pherenome—the scent that attracts women without them being aware of it.
The spray gives men a heady start when it comes to the mating game."
—The Sun (21/3/79).
This amazing scientific breakthrough is available to you in handy aerosol containers, with full instructions on how to make the most of your new found attractions.
One can **£11.95** Two cans **£19.95**

AEOLUS 7
AEOLUS 7
rong ma
heromone

CONTRACEPTIVES

HORIZON STIMULA: America's most popular sheath. Ripple barrelled for extra sensations.
24 @ £6.00 144 @ £30.00

HORIZON ROUGH RIDER: Very latest from the Horizon stable. Roughened surface for maximum stimulation.
24 @ £7.20 144 @ £35.00

DUREX NU FORM: Extra safe sensitol lubricated and profiled. 24 @ £6.00 144 @ £32.00

DUREX AROUSA: Lubricated and with special rings
24 @ £5.00 144 @ £25.00.

RAINBOW—Multicoloured for variety
24 @ £5.00 144 @ £25.00.

EROTIM BLACK CAT: Lubricated black safety condom.
24 @ £5.00 144 @ £25.00

EROTIM LONGLOVE: Uniquely coated to counter premature ejaculation. 16 @ £6.00

FRENCH TICKLERS RE-USABLE: All different shapes to test your imagination. 8 White @ £6.00 6 Black @ £6.00

SPECIAL OFFER £4.50
A pack of 36 assorted leading-brand condoms from all over the world.
We stock a full range of Durex, Horizon, Erotim and many other brand name contraceptives, please write for further details.

ADULT VIDEOS

State system when ordering: VHS, BETA, & PHILIPS 2000

EMMANUELLES SILVER TONGUE
Emmanuelle uses her quick silver tongue on Billy and Andrea to great effect. It speaks the language of sex. **ONLY £23.95.**

UNDERGRADUATE GIRLS
You will not need your imagination with this one. The close-ups are shocking, the action continuous. Oh to be an undergraduate boy! **£23.95.**

BOTH VIDEOS £45.00

ORDER BY POST OR CALL IN PERSON

The products in this advertisement are available amongst the adult shops listed.

MON-SAT 9.30-6pm (FRI 8pm).

LONDON (Cen.) 81 Wardour St. Soho W1. **(East)** 34 Upton Lane, Forest Gate E.7/228 Green Street E.7 **(Nth.)** *287 Pentonville Rd. Kings X, N1/477 High Rd. Tottenham N.17 **(Sth.)** *1539 London Rd. Norbury SW16/19 West Hill, Wandsworth SW18/ 318 Lewisham Rd. SE13 **(West)** 193 Chiswick High Rd. W4 **ALDERSHOT** *266 High St. **BARNSLEY** 8 New St. **BATH** 28 Victoria Bldgs. Lower Bristol Rd. **BEDFORD** 72 Tavistock St. **BEXLEY** *14 Bourne Rd. **BIRKENHEAD** 49 Oxton Rd. **BIRMINGHAM** 487 Stratford Rd. Sparkhill **BLACKBURN** 71 Darwen St. **BLACKPOOL** 311 Church St. **BOLTON** 201 St. Georges Rd. **BOURNEMOUTH** 216 Holdenhurst Rd. **BRADFORD** 147 Manningham La./544 Manchester Rd. **BRIGHTON** 11 Surrey St. **BRISTOL** 76 West St. Old Market **BURNLEY** 124 Colne Rd. **BURY** 94 Rochdale Rd. **CAMBRIDGE** 38 Chesterton Rd. **CARLISLE** 6 London Rd. **CHATHAM** *18 High St. **CHELMSFORD** *167 Moulsham St. **CHELTENHAM** 395 High St. **CHESTER** 5 Boughton. **CHESTERFIELD** 528 Sheffield Rd. **COLCHESTER** 74 Butt Rd. **COVENTRY** 34 Walsgrave Rd. **CREWE** 74 Edleston Rd. **CROYDON** *109 Church St. **DARLINGTON** 91 Victoria Rd. **DERBY** *61 Osmaston Rd. **DONCASTER** 15 Copley Rd. **EASTBOURNE** 135 Seaside. **EXETER** 133 Fore St. **FOLKESTONE** *105 Dover Rd. **GLOUCESTER** 178 Barton St. **GRIMSBY** *189 Grimsby Rd. **GT. YARMOUTH** 3 Howard St. Nth. **HEMEL HEMPSTEAD** 193 London Rd. **HIGH WYCOMBE** 152 Desborough Rd. **HORNCHURCH** 144 Hornchurch Rd. **HOUNSLOW** 78 Whitton Rd. **HUDDERSFIELD** 70 Bradford Rd. Fartown. **HULL** 263 Hessle Rd. **IPSWICH** 37 Norwich Rd. **KEIGHLEY** 32 South St. **KETTERING** 25 Market St. **KINGS LYNN** 41 Norfolk St. **KINGSTON** 203 Kingston Rd, New Malden **LEEDS** 237 Chapeltown Rd. **LEICESTER** 116 Granby St. **LINCOLN** *68 High St. **LIVERPOOL** 63 Moorfields **LUTON** *74 Wellington St. **MACCLESFIELD** *77 Chestergate **MAIDSTONE** 41 Upper Stone St. **MANCHESTER** *54 Oldham St. **MARGATE** 55 Northdown Rd. **MIDDLESBROUGH** 14 Borough Rd. **MORECAMBE** *86 Euston Rd. **NEWCASTLE** *56 Westmoreland Rd. **NORTHAMPTON** 8 Regent St. **NORWICH** 39 St. Augustine's St. **NOTTINGHAM** *18 Carrington St./*213 Mansfield Rd. **OLDHAM** 95 Huddersfield Rd. **OXFORD** 54 Cowley Rd. **PETERBOROUGH** 75 Oundle Rd. **PLYMOUTH** 23 Market Ave. **PORTSMOUTH** 62 Castle Rd. Southsea 60 Kingston Rd. **PRESTON** 442 New Hall La. **READING** 108 Southampton St. **ROCHDALE** 8 Drake St. **ROTHERHAM** *3 Rawmarsh Hill, Parkgate **SALE** 68 Cross St. Gtr. Manchester **SCUNTHORPE** 25 Dunstall St. **SHEFFIELD** Unit 5/68 Division St. **SHREWSBURY** *40 Wyle Cop **SOUTHAMPTON** 103 St. Mary St. **SOUTHEND** 39 Eastern Esplanade. **SOUTHPORT** 167 Eastbank St. **SOUTH SHIELDS** 120 Ocean Rd. **STOKE** *62 Piccadilly, Hanley **SUNDERLAND** 20 Stockton Ter. Ryhope Rd. Grangetown **SWINDON** 7 Devizes Rd. Old Town **TUNBRIDGE WELLS** 25 Vale Rd. **WAKEFIELD** 71 Doncaster Rd. **WALSALL** 67 Stafford St. **WATFORD** 169 St. Albans Rd. **WEST BROMWICH** 19 Bull St. Ringway **WESTON SUPER MARE** 72 Meadow St. **WIGAN** 57 Wigan La. **WOLVERHAMPTON** 17 Broad St. **WORCESTER** 18 Lowesmoor. **WORTHING** 68 Victoria Rd. **WREXHAM** 6 Yorke St. **YORK** 5 Scarcroft Rd. ●●● **SCOTLAND—EDINBURGH** 244 Leith Walk **GLASGOW (N)** 331 Dumbarton Rd. **KILMARNOCK** 24 Portland St. ●●● **WALES—CARDIFF** 9 Mill La. **NEWPORT** Unit 14, Sovereign Arc. Kingsway Centre **SWANSEA** 3 Dillwyn St. ●●● **N. IRELAND—BELFAST** 31 Gresham St.

*Licenced by appropriate Local Authorities.

Mail Order Coupon

I have listed below the items I require and enclose £.......
If paying by cheque add your name and address to reverse side. All goods sent under plain cover.

Name ________________________________

Address ______________________________

____

I am over 18 and aware that these products are for my personal use only and must not be shown to minors.

signed...

Starlight Products (Dept. MF) P.O. box 4QL
81 Wardour St, London W1A 4QL

Quest: They must have been peculiarly inept lovers then?

Manageress: The easy answer is yes! That's unfair, though. The first man I lived with wasn't terribly good technically – it makes it sound so mechanical. He used to come very quickly no matter what he did. But I didn't mind – not for most of the time we were together. We were very deeply in love, and it used to excite me enormously to feel him inside me. It never occurred to me there was anything else.

Quest: How old were you then?

Manageress: Nineteen, twenty . . . He was a couple of years older. Oh I know if he'd talked to someone, or I had, it could have been different. But when everything seems so special and personal you don't. That's been my trouble – finding the right person to talk to. Or to do the talking for you. Until Sarah and Colin, of course.

Quest: Tell me about them.

Manageress: Sarah and I used to crew together – mainly on long haul – you know, international routes. She was my best friend in the air – and on the ground. She was a scream. A very pretty girl, too. I don't often have that much competition! We both took up stewing to get over relationships, and we just wanted to have a good time. Stewing is basically boring and a slog, which is why I came out of it eventually.

Quest: Did you know Colin too?

Manageress: Oh no. She met him after I'd stopped flying. We lost touch for a while actually. I went to be a sort of PA to a man I was having an affair with, and eventually moved in with him – he was the married one. Then that fell apart, and Sarah more or less rang me out of the blue – it was perfect timing. She said I'm married, I'm pregnant, I'm living in this fantastic place in the country, come down for the weekend. It was a godsend. I ended up staying for Christmas.

Quest: What did you think of Colin?

Manageress: He disturbed me – not unpleasantly. If I'm honest it was in that sort of self-conscious way you feel when you fancy someone quite a lot. Except I didn't let myself, obviously, because of Sarah. And he was really quite an unusual type for both of us – very quiet, quite droll, a sort of big, bearded huggy bear sort of a man. And Sarah was obviously besotted.

Quest: Why do you say that?

Manageress: From what *she* said. When we weren't having heart-to-hearts about my disastrous love life she was telling me how marvellous Colin was.

Quest: How detailed was this?

Manageress: Would you like to know how long his cock was? Six inches long and six inches round. Sounds square, doesn't it? And as smooth as a littly boy's.

Quest: Was Sarah generally so explicit?

Manageress: With her old boyfriends that would only be the half of it! I'd expected her to be all broody since she was nearly eight months gone. But she said she hadn't had sex with Colin for ages because of early difficulties with the baby, and she felt randy all the time. After a couple of days I was beginning to feel *I'd* been having sex with him. It was quite embarrassing sitting opposite him at dinner.

Quest: Did you think then you would actually have sex with him?

Manageress: *I* didn't, but I've an idea Sarah did. She can be extremely devious when she likes. I'm sure it started after we first talked about orgasms – or my lack of them. It must have been obvious to her no-one was making me climax properly, even if it wasn't to me – at the time. Then a sort of campaign started – one designed to make me more amenable to Colin.

Quest: Can you be specific?

> ‘Colin began to stroke me so slowly and gently, just brushing his fingertips over my very sensitive nipples’

Manageress: Well the most blatant was when I walked in on him in the shower one morning, and just as I was backing out, and apologising Sarah bustled in behind me so that I couldn't move, and started saying what a lovely body Colin had, and insisting he didn't turn his back on us!

Quest: And Colin went along with this?

Manageress: He was obviously used to being ribbed by Sarah, and didn't take it seriously. He wasn't blatant about showing what he had, but he wasn't coy either. *I* was the embarrassed one. But he did have an attractive body. I really don't think he knew what was in Sarah's mind till quite late. By then she was making fairly broad hints that I really needed a man *like* him to put me on the right track, and perhaps she ought to lend him out to me.

Quest: What did you think of that?

Manageress: I knew when Sarah was serious, or pretty serious, and the idea did excite me, but I didn't tell her that. I felt very close to them both by then, and if I ever did anything like that it would be people I was that close to. But I didn't expect to – underneath I'm quite a conventional soul at heart.

Quest: What changed your mind?

Manageress: Christmas Eve. Sarah seemed to have dropped the subject for a couple of days, which only meant I brooded on it more, of course. Then we started our Christmas celebrations. Late on Christmas Eve we all got ready for bed then came down to the living room for a drink in front of a blazing log fire, and opened our presents. Except that Sarah, who hadn't touched a drop for months, and who's never had a strong head anyway, got silly after a couple of brandies and dropped off to sleep on the carpet, leaving Colin and I to talk.

Quest: About what?

Manageress: About sex and relationships. He thought sex was something it was stupid to take too seriously but stupid not to get right. He told me he and Sarah had had problems to begin with because she'd got into a promiscuous phase of mind where she just didn't expect to be properly satisfied. And it had taken a while to sort themselves out.

Quest: Was he making a pass?

Manageress: He was and he wasn't. It sounds dreadfully corny but he was being a good friend, the way Sarah had been.

Quest: By offering to take you to bed?

Manageress: Yes, if that's what I needed.

Quest: Go on.

Manageress: The fire eventually burnt down, and I helped him to carry Sarah upstairs, and put her to bed. It was funny. Doing that together sort of sealed the intimacy, if you like. I knew if anything was going to happen it would be then.

Quest: Did it?

Manageress: After we'd settled Sarah, Colin pointed to a piece of mistletoe hanging over the bedroom door, and asked if he could have his Chrismas kiss now. I said he could but there was a bigger bunch over my door, did he think Sarah would mind if I had mine there?

Quest: You'd decided to have sex?

Manageress: I would have been content if it had been just a kiss.

Quest: Was it, though?

Manageress: We got to my door, and Colin put his arms round me, and we kissed, and I could feel the pressure of his erection through his dressing gown. That was when I knew *he* really wanted me, and I wanted him too. We both knew we were going to do it. We went into the bedroom without turning the light on – I think we were as nervous as each other. I took off my dressing gown and he said, ‘I hope this is a good time. Sarah and I have been making do for quite a while now.’ I thought he meant he was going to go berserk at the sight of his first non-pregnant lady in months! But it wasn't like that at all. I pulled off my nightie, and lay down on the bed. Then Colin undressed and lay down beside me. And he began to stroke me. Very slowly and gently, just brushing his fingertips over my body, and not even touching my nipples, let alone my pussy.

Quest: Did you enjoy that?

Manageress: It was beautiful – very soft and woozy, I could feel myself just drifting away. And when he did touch my nipples, and then start to stroke my pussy lips I was incredibly sensitive. I was so liquid and loose it was ages before I realised his fingers were moving right in me. Then I felt awful that I'd been so long and he must be really straining to hold himself back. I told him to stop, and put his cock in me properly, but he told me to relax, just concentrate on my own feelings. And he

Your erection problem can be overcome simply – Doctors Report

Dr. Blakoe's Energising Ring which has been subjected to rigorous testing really works – writes a medical correspondent.

Stress – too much alcohol – wrong diet – too many cigarettes – all may take their toll and result in erection difficulties. Other illnesses, even drug side effects can contribute too. Perhaps you have come to accept that loss of erection has to be lived with – but you can put that idea out of your mind if you use a Blakoe Ring, it will restore your confidence and performance as it has done for thousands of men for the last 50 years. It works in a unique way gently stimulating the male organs for up to 24 hours a day.

Medical Reports

No less than 3 scientific reports have been published in leading medical publications testifying to the efficacy of the Blakoe Energising Ring. The device has also been mentioned favourably countless times in general medical articles. Its unique safety and efficacy record leads to it being recommended by many doctors as the first choice treatment for erection problems. Unfortunately since it is not a drug, it cannot be prescribed generally on the National Health Service by family doctors except in very special circumstances.

Extracts from Reports

Enthusiastic Doctors Wife

A Doctor complained that he could no longer get a really firm and first class erection of the sort he had been used to. Injections of male hormones had been no help but within three weeks of using the Blakoe Energising Ring, he reported erections as good as ever they had been in his youth. His wife testified to this most enthusiastically. He also noticed an improved feeling of well-being, increased physical stamina and that the physical dimensions of the penis were greater and its tone was improved.

In Ten Days

A man of 59 found his penis would never become more than semi-stiff, despite the definite sexual attraction of his wife. With the Blakoe Energising Ring he noticed a distinct difference within 10 days. Erections became as good as they had ever been in his most active youth, and after two months use, he had forgotten he ever suffered from impotence.

Frequency of intercourse doubled

A 60 year old patient found his erections became 40 to 50% more rigid and his frequency of intercourse had increased from 3–4 per month to 8. There was also a definite increase in muscle tone and penile dimensions.

Robert Chartham: impressive results

Robert Chartham PhD, the world-renowned sexologist tested the Blakoe Ring on a number of particularly difficult cases of impotence. In his report he states: "In my view the energising properties are remarkable – and I would have no hesitation in recommending the Blakoe Ring to young and middle-aged men. For elderly men it is a boon".

Five of the men Dr. Chartham treated reported that within three weeks they could obtain and hold a firm erection during intercourse while wearing the ring, and soon after they could achieve the same firmness without the assistance of the ring at that time, but of course they wore the ring regularly at other times.

Read what users say:

New lease of life to marriage . . . I am delighted with the benefits obtained since wearing one of your Energising Rings. The transformation this has made to my sex life is truly amazing. I am 52 and for some time had found my interest in sex diminishing, and have been unable to satisfy my wife with a sufficiently strong erection . . . Three months ago I obtained a Blakoe Energising Ring. If I knew then what I do now I would not have been so hesitant in laying out the money it cost me. Not only have I regained my youthful rigidity but also benefited in other ways. Although this may sound an impossibility, I am never the less convinced that since wearing this Energiser, further development of my penis has taken place. My penis is now of much greater proportions in the flaccid state . . . If I do not already have an erection first thing in the morning, then putting on the Energiser will immediately bring this about. I am then able to maintain this erection for anything up to 30 minutes. I am sure that I could now dispense with the Blakoe Ring as an aid, but because of the comfort I obtain from wearing it, I shall continue to do so, only for the feeling of sexiness that remains with me throughout the day. So may I once again say how very delighted I am as is my wife and thank you wholeheartedly for the new lease of life this has given our marriage. I look forward to the future with confidence. *Mr. T.W., Wales.* P.S. You have my full permission to use all or part of this letter if in any way it will convince others of the benefits that can be obtained from your Energiser. I must admit that at first I was very sceptical of the claims made in your advertisements.

Wife Knows . . . The Blakoe Energiser is a marvellous piece of equipment. It just does what is stated of it. I have had erection after erection and have made love much better. Incidentally my wife knows all about it . . . when it came through the post I showed it to her and explained everything. *Mr. E.J., Lancs.*

Performance improved says wife . . . The effects of the Ring are very pleasing and beneficial and my wife tells me that my performance has improved considerably . . . *Mr. J.T., Hants.*

Creams and liquids totally useless . . . Having used one of your Energising Rings for the past two months, I am writing to tell you how pleased I am with the results. Having tried loads of creams, liquids, gels which were all totally useless, it was very nice to use something which actually did what was promised i.e. give a good, strong, lusty erection . . . Thanking you very much again for restoring my erection capabilities and wishing you all the very best in your business . . . *Mr. C.O., Northants.*

Sex three times that night . . . When I first received the Ring (adjustable model) I was sceptical. But upon wearing it, I obtained the first full erection in ten years that same day and I had five full erections and had sex three times that night, something I had not done in over twenty years. Now I have sex whenever I feel like it, my self confidence is restored and I feel like a man again, thanks to Blakoe . . . *Mr. C.L., Canada.*

Questions about the Blakoe Ring answered by Blakoe Consultants

1. Is the Blakoe Energising Ring Safe?

A. Yes, the Energising Ring has been worn by thousands of men for a long period of time and no safety problems have arisen.

2. Is the Energising Ring guaranteed?

A. Yes, the product is so universally successful that we make full refunds to any dissatisfied customer provided the appliance is returned in good condition.

3. What happens if I do not get the measurement correct and receive an incorrectly fitting Ring?

A. You return the Ring to us with a note about it's being the wrong size and by how much. We then exchange it for another Ring.

4. Can the Ring be worn for intercourse?

A. Yes, the Ring will help maintain an erection and will also act as a clitoral stimulator to the female.

5. Should I wear the Ring at all times?

A. Yes, initially the Ring should be worn at all times day and night until you are satisfied that you have reached your individual peak performance. Thereafter the Ring need only be worn as long and as often as you feel to be necessary to maintain your desired performance.

6. Does the Ring require batteries?

A. No, the electrical effect is self-induced by the action of body sweat on the combination of galvanic plates.

7. Does the Ring produce a permanent erection?

A. No, it stimulates the whole genital area so that when an erection is required, it will be produced and maintained as desired.

Final Proof

Less than 1% of Blakoe Rings have ever been returned, a sure indication of effectiveness! All Energising Rings carry our money back guarantee as well as the 100% Blakoe confidentiality guarantee that we will not pass your name on to other firms or clinics.

The Blakoe Energising Ring comes in a range of sizes (21 for standard, or 2 for the adjustable model). Please make sure of receiving the correct size by measuring yourself as follows – take a piece of string and pass it behind the testicles underneath the neck of the testicle bag and draw the two ends of the string together above the penis and close to the abdominal wall so that the string encircles both penis and the neck of the testicle bag. Pull the string comfortably tight, mark the length and carefully measure. If there is uncertainty about the measurements, send the lowest obtained. In the event of an incorrect fitting ring being supplied, we will always make an exchange. No man can ever finish with an incorrectly fitting ring. If you are ordering the adjustable model, most men take the normal size, but those better endowed will probably require the medium to large size.

Send for your Energiser Now using the coupon below. Full instructions with every Energiser. Further information and Blakoe catalogue free too, see coupon.

Confidentiality Guarantee, Money Back Guarantee.

blakoe

Blakoe Limited
229 Putney Bridge Road,
London SW15 2PY

I am over 18 years

Energising Ring (Standard) £19.00 measurement	
Adjustable Ring £33.00 measurement	
Further literature	

Name . . . .

Address . . . .

. . . .

. . . .

. . . . MFD

For overseas orders add £2.50 for airmail post

Blakoe Limited (Dept MFD)
229 Putney Bridge Road,
London SW15 2PY

Registered No. 346531 England

went on. And that's when it started to happen. A tiny spark of feeling like a little electric shock at first, right in my pussy, then another and another and another! I didn't know what was happening. My whole body was starting to throb and burn. I was thrashing about on the bed and gasping for breath. And suddenly all these incredible feelings exploded – it really was like a firework display in my head! I can't describe the sensation of relief and release.

Quest: Your first orgasm?

Manageress: It's not something you can mistake! Afterwards I was crying like a baby. I just wanted to hug Colin over and over. Then I remembered he still hadn't come, and I felt so guilty. But he said I needn't worry because he'd only promised Sarah he would give me a climax. It wasn't meant to be a free screw for him. So I said, 'It's up to me who screws me, not anyone else. And *I* want you to fuck me!' I'm very genteel when I'm turned on!

Quest: And did he?

Manageress: Oh yes, and it was lovely.

Quest: Just that one time?

Manageress: Oh God, yes. Colin's a beautiful man, and I shall love him always but he belongs to Sarah. Sarah's beautiful too.

Quest: Thank you.

INTERVIEW - 2

ARCHITECT, 46 years old, town of origin Nottingham

This male interviewee took a university degree in architecture, and worked for several large firms in the London area before joining a small Midlands practice. He married at the age of 23, and has two sons and a daughter.

Quest: Would you say you're a faithful husband and father?

Architect: More or less.

Quest: Can you have degrees of unfaithfulness?

Architect: Oh yes. I've had odd flings – mostly no more than a night or two at conferences or seminars – nothing terribly serious. Anyway I'm generally very happy with my wife.

Quest: You're not afraid she'll discover your indiscretions one day?

Architect: I'm more worried my son will!

Quest: Is he that puritanical?

Architect: Well he is where his own girlfriends are concerned.

Quest: You mean you had an affair with one of your son's girlfriends?

Architect: We made love three or four times.

Quest: Wasn't that rather risky?

Architect: It was insane! But when a girl of eighteen makes herself available to a man old enough to be her father I think he's entitled to one lapse.

Quest: None of your other flings were that youthful?

Architect: Oh no. They were all married or career women usually in their late twenties, early thirties. But when I met Jenny – my eighteen-year-old – I was beginning to get into that middle-aged state where girls that age are either guilty fantasy figures or daughters.

Quest: What jolted you out of that?

Architect: My son did – casting me in a kind of romantic advocate role, which I promptly repaid by taking advantage of it. I'm afraid it's not an unfamiliar situation. When I went to university I started out doing a psychology degree, and because of that, I suppose, a friend asked me for some advice about a problem he was having with his girlfriend. He was quite religious, and he wanted to be a virgin when he got married. But the girl was fairly passionate, and obviously experienced, and she didn't want to wait. He was keen, and didn't want to give her up, but the girl didn't seem to understand. Could I, as a disinterested party, explain it to her?

Quest: And did you?

> ‘She stripped down to her pants, and climbed onto the bed. I'd forgotten just how sexy a young girl can be’

Architect: Yes I did, but I shouldn't have done because I fancied her too. And when we had our 'good friends' chat I found out she quite fancied me, and we ended up going to bed together. My friend didn't forgive me until I married the girl a couple of years later. I suppose I should have recognised the situation with Jenny. But I have found people do tend to tell me things.

Quest: How did you meet Jenny?

Architect: My son, Ian, brought her home. He was at college then, though she was a local girl, and about the best he ever has brought home, too. Long, very dark hair, rather Latin features and a fabulous figure. A very attractive girl. She had those sort of looks that can be positively tigerish one minute, and all sweetness and innocence the next, so I was never sure if Ian had got himself snared by a rampaging nymphet or if she was totally virginal. Unfortunately he didn't seem sure either.

Quest: Was this the problem he asked you to help with?

Architect: More or less. He seemed to be seeing quite a lot of her over one Christmas. Then he apparently invited her to visit him at college in London one weekend, and that's when it all blew up. The first we knew was when Ian turned up unexpectedly, obviously upset, tried to see Jenny, couldn't for some reason, and then got raging drunk. That's when he and I talked.

Quest: What did he say?

Architect: Basically that he was crazy about Jenny. They got on marvellously, and he really fancied her but he'd been terrified of trying anything in case he ruined the relationship they had. So he'd done nothing until she'd stayed overnight in his bedsit that weekend, and he'd summoned up his courage, and jumped on her. But things had built up for so long he'd obviously come on like some kind of sex maniac, and she'd panicked, and now she wouldn't talk to him. Now he desperately wanted someone to explain to her he really cared.

Quest: You, in other words?

Architect: Apparently Jenny had been 'really impressed' by me – she was bound to listen to what I said. But I did think it would all be forgotten by morning. But then over the next couple of weeks I had two calls from him, and each time he asked very casually if I'd seen Jenny. That was when I first mentioned it to my wife, and she was quite annoyed I hadn't done anything already. So I rang up Jenny, and took her out for a drink.

Quest: What happened?

Architect: It was only meant to be a quick chat in the pub after work, but she turned up beautifully dressed. I assumed she was going out later. It was only when we were still talking nearly three hours on I realised she wasn't.

Quest: Did you solve your son's problem?

Architect: Not really! For a start she was very non-committal – she just thought things weren't working out. Then she switched the subject to me. I came away feeling quite guilty.

Quest: Did you think she fancied you?

Architect: I suspected it, but I didn't take it serously. Girls that age can be quite flirty without meaning it – and what Ian had told me seemed to bear that out. But then a few days later she rang me at work, and said she was afraid she'd given the wrong impression, could we have another talk?

Quest: And you agreed?

Architect: With reservations. And this time she wanted me to go to her home on a Sunday afternoon which seemed safe.

Quest: What happened?

Architect: She opened the door wearing a very simple blouse and skirt but still looking very nice, and suggested we talk up in her room where we could be undisturbed. That was very sneaky because she didn't tell me until later her parents were away on holiday. There was only one chair in the room apart from the bed, so I sat in the chair, and she found me a drink – a sherry, I think. Then she sat on the bed, and she began to tell me what had happened on the weekend she'd stayed with Ian. Apparently he'd been in a sleeping bag on the floor, she'd been in the bed, and just after they'd put the light out he'd climbed into bed with her, and made it obvious he wanted to have sex. I started to explain that it might have seemed that that was all he wanted but he really did care for her when she interrupted me. 'I didn't mind

that!' she said. 'What really upset me was that he didn't want me enough not to care what I said. Either he wanted me or he didn't – that's all that mattered. It's always the same with boys – they're just wishy-washy – which is why I've only felt really attracted to older men.

Quest: Cue for a seduction?

Architect: All my antennae started twitching. I was suddenly aware this was a bedroom, I hadn't heard anyone else in the house, and she was very attractive.

Quest: What did you do?

Architect: I decided it was time to beat a sensible retreat. I told her I really had to get back, I got up, and I got as far as the door.

Quest: And then?

Architect: She got off the bed, and rushed to open the door for me. That meant that we were both more or less crammed into the doorway at the same moment. She started to apologise, and there was a thump downstairs. I made some remark about saying a quick hello to her parents. She said, 'Oh that was just the back door banging. They're away till Tuesday. I'd better show you to the front door.' But she didn't move. She just stood there gazing at me. Then she said, 'I hope I didn't embarrass you, talking about older men like that. I was just being silly –' And as she said it her lovely dark eyes dropped to my lips. Oh it was absolutely classic.

Quest: How did you react?

Architect: I should have walked straight past her because I can't honestly say I was fooled by anything. But I hesitated, and that was fatal. I moved my head slightly, and she was suddenly there, and we were kissing and cuddling – the whole passionate embrace. Then we came up for air, and I could see the triumph on Jenny's face, and it *was* a triumph because whatever I thought, she'd *got* me. She said, 'We could lie down if you like.'

Quest: Did you?

Architect: It struck me as so funny afterwards. Here she was looking for her big bold older man to take charge, and she'd obviously organised everything completely in advance! She went straight to the curtains, and she was pulling them before she said, 'Oh you don't mind it being dark, do you?' I just shrugged. Then she skipped over, and gave me a quick kiss and a nervous grin. 'I've never done it with a really experienced man,' she said, and started unbuttoning her blouse.

Quest: So she was obviously prepared to have intercourse with you immediately?

Architect: Oh, no doubt about that. But right up to the moment I unzipped my trousers I was telling myself, 'I'm only doing this not to upset her feelings. In a minute I'll explain gently how I'm 24 years older than she is, and very flattered, but –' Then she'd stripped down to her pants, and climbed onto the bed, and wouldn't take the last item off until she saw me start to unbutton my shirt. And I realised I'd completely forgotten how utterly gorgeous and plain *fuckable* a pretty young girl can be in the flesh.

Quest: What happened then?

Architect: Before I'd even touched her I did what I hadn't done in years. As I got on the bed beside her I just exploded. I was just cursing myself for making a total idiot of myself when she said, 'Don't worry. I don't mind. It's lovely. I'll make it better.' And she curled up, put her head in my lap, and began to give me the kind of mouth job I still dream about.

Quest: Did you have intercourse?

> ❛She curled up and put her head in my lap. I didn't care if she was my son's girl, I was ready to pay the price❜

Architect: After that, yes – I eased on top of her, and slipped inside, and she was so tight and sweet I think I would have lasted seconds if I hadn't been depleted in advance. And I came again, which seemed to please her more than her own climax. It was glorious sex, but it was at a price.

Quest: One you didn't mind paying again?

Architect: I promised myself once was enough, especially when Ian phoned me up to say he'd found out Jenny was having some torrid affair with a married man so he now knew why she'd rejected him. That nearly cost me a heart attack.

Quest: But you still saw Jenny again?

Architect: Once to say goodbye, then to say goodbye, goodbye. Then she went off *au-paring* to France.

Quest: Thank you.

INTERVIEW - 3

SHOP OWNER, 35 years old, redhead, town of origin Liverpool

This interviewee married at the age of 19, and was divorced seven years later. She has had a wide variety of jobs, from shop assistant to pub stripper. Now re-married, she owns a video hire shop with her second husband. She has two children from her first marriage.

Quest: Do you find people confide in you about sexual matters?

Owner: They did when I was stripping. There'd always be fellows wanting to buy you a drink, and after a sip or two out it would all come.

Quest: Were these men simply trying to get off with you?

Owner: Oh a few were trying it on. But most of the time Benny – my first husband – was with me because he did the records.

Quest: It never happened before you stripped?

Owner: That was usually when someone was trying it on.

Quest: Can you give an example?

Owner: The worst was when I was working in a newsagent's when Benny was out of work. There was this manager in his thirties – a bit greasy and very short. He was divorced, and he was always going on about what he got up to with these women he took out.

Quest: What things did he tell you?

Owner: Oh everything. What sort of underwear his girlfriends wore, how one of them liked her nipples stroked, how another one had a really big clitoris, and he didn't know how rough to be with it.

Quest: He made no physical advances?

Owner: He obviously wanted to, because all his remarks were made personal to me – like, 'Would you get a kick out of that if I did it to *you*?' Then all the women he went out with – or said he did – were supposed to be very full-chested, which I am. He was always wondering what I'd look like without my bra on. I really got fed up with it. I'd have left but I just couldn't afford to be out of work then.

Quest: How did you resolve the problem?

Owner: I fixed him up with somebody else! Oh, I was very devious. I had this friend called Beryl who really was top-heavy – she made me feel flat-chested. And she was always after anything in trousers. I told her all about the manager fellow, really built him up – which he needed! We organised this evening meal at Beryl's flat. Then I asked the manager back to dinner. He wanted to know if Benny was going to be there, but I wouldn't tell him so he really didn't know if his luck was in or not. And when he arrived there was just Beryl and me.

Quest: And he and Beryl hit it off?

Owner: Well, let's say Beryl had three outstanding qualities, and the third was availability! We had a few drinks, then she was showing him something in the bedroom. That was the last I saw of them. When I let myself out all I could hear was creaking bedsprings.

Quest: Did you exercise this skill again?

Owner: You're asking me about Vince?

Quest: Don't you want to talk about it? You don't have any misgivings about what happened, do you?

Owner: Oh no! No, Benny was being a pig to me at the time – it was just before we separated. He deserved all he got.

Quest: What actually went wrong with your marriage?

Owner: Benny went wrong with it! Seriously, I spent years blaming myself, but it was him. He just got bored. He didn't want to know any more – about me or the kids. The thing with Vince was just the last straw.

Quest: What was that?

Owner: Vince was a lad who worked for Benny. I say 'lad' – he was about nineteen, I suppose. Not bad-looking – very nice body.

Nice personality, too, but very shy. He had a lot of trouble finding girlfriends. I got all this from Benny who'd got very friendly with him. Benny wanted me to 'see him right'.

Quest: He asked you to have sex with him?

Owner: No! He wanted me to 'arrange something with one of my stripper friends' – implying that because a girl stripped she'd do it with anyone. That was it as far as I was concerned.

Quest: So *you* decided to seduce Vince?

Owner: No, I didn't. What happened wasn't planned or anything.

Quest: What did happen?

Owner: Benny was getting his building business off the ground, and he'd recently moved from home into an office, but he still had a lot of stuff at home, and he'd often send Vince to fetch something for him. So Vince popped in one afternoon when I had a couple of girlfriends visiting.

Quest: Who were they?

Owner: Meryl and Dawn were two girls I'd met on the pub circuit. Meryl was a little blonde girl about my age. Dawn was about 30, a very jolly, dark-haired girl. I'd stopped stripping by then, so it was a kind of reunion. We got absolutely pie-eyed. It was a really blazing hot day, too, so after lunch we decided to do a bit of sunbathing in the garden. Meryl and Dawn tried to get into a couple of spare bikinis I had, but Dawn nearly tore the pants, and Meryl couldn't keep hers up! So they just made do with their knickers. And we were topless anyway.

> ❛Dawn stood up and pushed her hands down the sides of her knickers. Then she asked Vince if he'd join her❜

Quest: How secluded was this garden?

Owner: Oh there was a high fence, and the house next door was empty anyway. No one could see us – just as well!

Quest: Go on.

Owner: That's how Vince found us. I put my bikini top back on to answer the door, but he was obviously embarrassed.

Quest: Do you think it was because he found you attractive?

Owner: I knew he'd noticed me before, but I think he found any reasonable woman attractive, specially if she was standing there practically naked in front of him like I was.

Quest: He'd never seen you strip?

Owner: Oh no. He didn't know about that.

Quest: What happened next?

Owner: I brought him through into the garden – you should have seen his eyes pop when he saw Meryl and Dawn! They weren't showing anything they shouldn't – Meryl had her towel wrapped round her, and Dawn was on her tummy – but they were quite a sexy-looking pair. I sat him down, and we insisted he had a glass with us.

Quest: You were trying to get him drunk?

Owner: We were just having a bit of fun, to be honest. He was a fellow when we all felt merry, and he was so easy to embarrass. I

MAKES A GREAT PRESENT

Presenting six of the most sensational maids ever to appear in *Mayfair* starring in our very own full colour home movies

OUR SEXY SIX

Blonde, full-breasted Mandy Kuypers (that's her, right) is just one of the sexy six superbirds who appear in our exclusive, full colour 8 mm home movies. Dressed in a thigh-revealing, knicker-flashing leather mini, Mandy plays the part of a randy secretary whose boss just can't keep his mind on his work – or his hands off her tight white knickers which scarcely conceal Mandy's firm, rounded bottom. Everything is revealed as her misadventures leave her bare. And if you find uniforms a turn-on, then you'll fall for air-hostess Sophie, a long-legged brunette whose crisp starched uniform is discarded after an impromptu soaking. And, of course, there's Victoria Jane, enjoying an outdoor romp that leaves her breathless and bare. Remember Penny Mallet? These days she's better known as top model Nina Carter. Now you can see her naked and in motion because we've filmed her in a slinky, shiny, see-through PVC bikini, that hides absolutely nothing. Perhaps you like swinging dolly-birds. If so, you'll adore Caroline Dell, a svelte blonde with the sex appeal of a young Monroe. Last, is our sultry black temptress, Sylvia Bayo, whose huge stubby-nippled breasts will arouse all your darkest fantasies. Mandy, Sophie, Victoria Jane, Penny, Caroline and Sylvia – six of the very best, all lovingly photographed in pin-sharp detail on full colour 8 mm films that you can enjoy again and again. The price is just £10.30 per film, including (P&P). Fill in the coupon below, and send it with your remittance. Or you can pay by Access/American Express and soon you'll be savouring the most arousing films ever to feature *Mayfair's* magical maids.

Please tick below the film you require and mail the coupon to
Mayfair Film Society, 95a Chancery Lane, WC2. All films are £10.30.
I enclose cheque/postal order made payable to Fisk Publishing Co for……… Or debit my Access/American Express account.
My card no. is ……………………………………………………………………

Overseas orders received after December 12, and inland orders received after December 20 may not be despatched in time for Christmas.

	Super 8 only		Super 8 only
Mandy	☐	Caroline	☐
Sophie	☐	Sylvia	☐
Penny	☐	Victoria Jane	☐

Name …………………………………………… Address ……………………………
…………………………………………………………………………………… M1912
Signature ………………………… *Reg. London 875169*

If you don't wish to cut your magazine, photocopy this coupon, or send details on plain paper

BINDERS, KEEPERS

Do you have trouble keeping your *Mayfairs* together? Can't find a particular issue containing a favourite piece of fiction, joke, feature or memorable *Mayfair* maid? The problem is solved, courtesy of the *Mayfair* binder, guaranteed to take a full 12 issues, including the bumper Christmas issue. Covered in elegant dark green PVC with a golden *Mayfair* logo on the spine, it makes a distinguished addition to any study bookshelf. Its exclusive binding system makes insertion quicker and easier than ever before. And each binder costs only £6.00, inclusive of P&P.

To: Pat Asquith, Mayfair,
95A Chancery Lane,
London WC2A 1DZ

Please send me .... binder(s) at £6.00 each.
I enclose cheque/postal order for £......... Or debit my Access/ American Express account.

Card No. ....
Name ....
....
Address ....
....
....
Signature..
Date M1912

Re London No. 875169

All orders sent in plain wrapper.
Available UK only. Reg. 875159

If you don't wish to cut your magazine, photocopy this coupon, or send details on plain paper.

told him Benny wouldn't miss him for half an hour. By that time he'd forgotten why he'd come. I think he was starting to think he was a bit of a lad, spending the afternoon with two topless strippers – I told him what Meryl and Dawn did – that really impressed him! Then we decided it was time he got some sun.

Quest: What did you do?

Owner: First we persuaded him to take his shirt off, then his shoes and jeans. Meryl and Dawn were killing themselves trying not to giggle, and making sure they had a good view of him at the same time. He had on some small red briefs, the sort without a fly.

Quest: Were you all topless again?

Owner: I'd taken my top off again, yes, but I wasn't exactly flashing my boobs about. Dawn, though, was never off stage when a fellow was around – always shifting herself about, arching her back, lots of 'What do you think of these?' looks.

Quest: Do you think she wanted sex?

> ‘Vince was kissing me, and I didn't give a thought about Benny any more. My hands were all over his body’

Owner: I never know with Dawn – she's married but she's also the worst pricktease I've ever met. I must admit she looked keen enough – especially when she decided it was time for an all-over tan. Vince's face was a picture! 'You don't mind, love, do you?' she said, standing up and pushing her hands down the sides of her knickers. 'Here, why don't you join me?'

Quest: Did he?

Owner: He actually reached back to his pants. It was one of those sort of sparky moments when you hold your breath, and anything could happen. But it was Meryl who broke it. I don't know what came over her. She just burst out giggling, and threw a full glass of wine all over Dawn. 'You randy bloody cow!' she was shrieking. 'You randy so-and-so!' Then Dawn was shrieking too, and whipping Meryl with her towel. I got up to stop them, and then Vince did. And all hell broke loose. Meryl was splashing about with an open bottle of wine, soaking everyone. Dawn was chasing after her with her pants half down, and her fuzz peeping out the front. I was chasing after both of them – and Vince was right in the middle. And that's when I saw him, and I shrieked.

Quest: Why?

Owner: He had the most enormous lump in his pants. He just stared at it, too. In all the hubbub I don't think he even realised he'd got like that. Then Meryl, who was sort of half behind him, gave a great shriek, grabbed his pants, and jerked them down – and this massive purple great *thing* sprang up. Seeing it there was like a slap in the face. I got that twisty tingling feeling inside I get when I suddenly know I'm really really turned on. And I just caught a glimpse of it in Dawn's face too. I'm sure either of us could have had him on the spot if he'd tried it.

Quest: He didn't?

Owner: He didn't get a chance. Meryl suddenly burst out into hysterical giggles. Vince went as scarlet as his thing, and panicked, charging off through the french windows into the house.

Quest: Without his trousers?

Owner: Oh they'd been kicked halfway across the lawn. The other two were collapsing in fits by now. I couldn't leave Vince blundering about like that, so I went after him. I found him hopping about on the landing, trying to pull his pants over his erection – and not having much success! He looked so funny. I felt so sorry for him. He kept saying how sorry he was. I told him not be silly, then I nudged him through into the main bedroom so I could give him Benny's dressing gown while I fetched his clothes. It wasn't his fault, I said, it was just Dawn pushing her luck as usual, and anyway he didn't have anything to be ashamed of.

Quest: Did you mean his erection?

Owner: Not *just* that, no. But it's obviously what he thought because he stopped suddenly, and said, 'It wasn't Dawn who gave me this.' Now if I hadn't been half pissed, as well as pissed off with Benny, that's when I'd have trodden on him sharpish.

Quest: But you didn't?

Owner: I didn't say anything. We were standing facing each other, just inside the bedroom door. Then very slowly he brought his hand up onto my bare breast. That's when I said he musn't do that. I don't think I convinced him! He said, 'You've got the most beautiful breasts I've ever seen.' And he brought up his other hand, and started rubbing his thumbs over my nipples – very slowly and gently.

Quest: You were excited?

Owner: My heart was going fit to burst. I knew I was doing everything Benny accused me of, but I did want this fellow, and Benny hadn't touched me in months. Then Vince bowed his head, and kissed me very lightly on the lips while his hands stroked and kneaded my breasts. And I didn't give a damn about anything any more! I just plastered myself to him, my hands were all over him, and they ended up between his legs. I had both hands round his great veiny throbbing cock, pulling it, and wanking it, and begging him to put it in me. Suddenly everything was frantic. We got straight down on the carpet, and I was opening my legs for him – there was not time for kissing or cuddling – he just found my hole, and slipped it in so deep I thought it was going to pop out of my throat. And he just did me there. Very hard and fast, but the effect was really explosive. I very rarely come so quickly. And I could hear the girls just coming in downstairs. It had literally taken five minutes, and I was shattered. It was amazing.

Quest: Was it repeated?

Owner: Oh no – things like that don't happen twice. And anyway Benny found out – which was just as well because it brought everything to a head.

Quest: Thank you very much.

LOW TAR As defined by H.M. Government

DANGER: Government Health WARNING:

CIGARETTES CAN SERIOUSLY DAMAGE YOUR HEALTH

Private Treatment – or daydreams in a dentist's chair

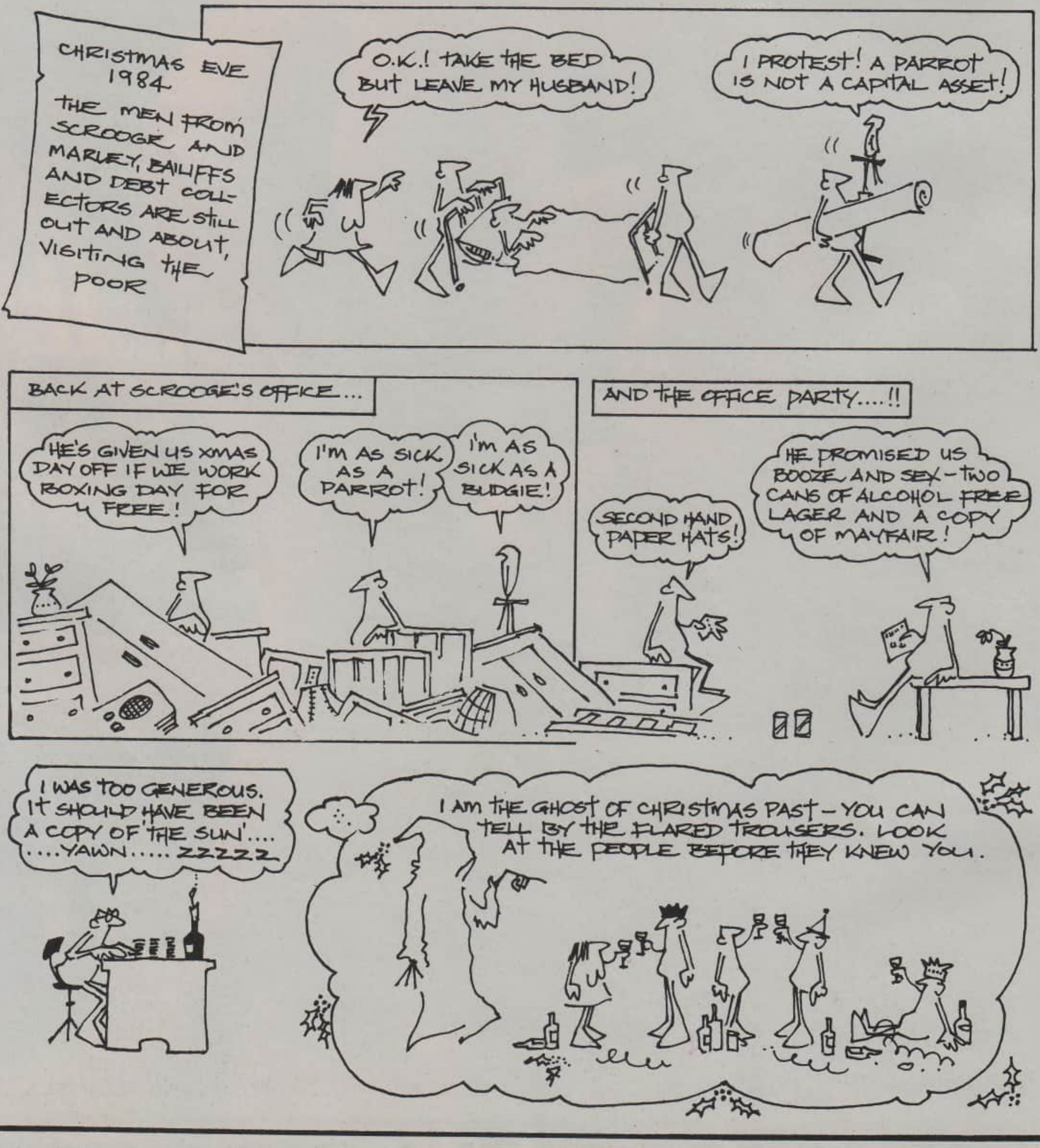
PHOTOGRAPHED BY MARIO MARNOTO

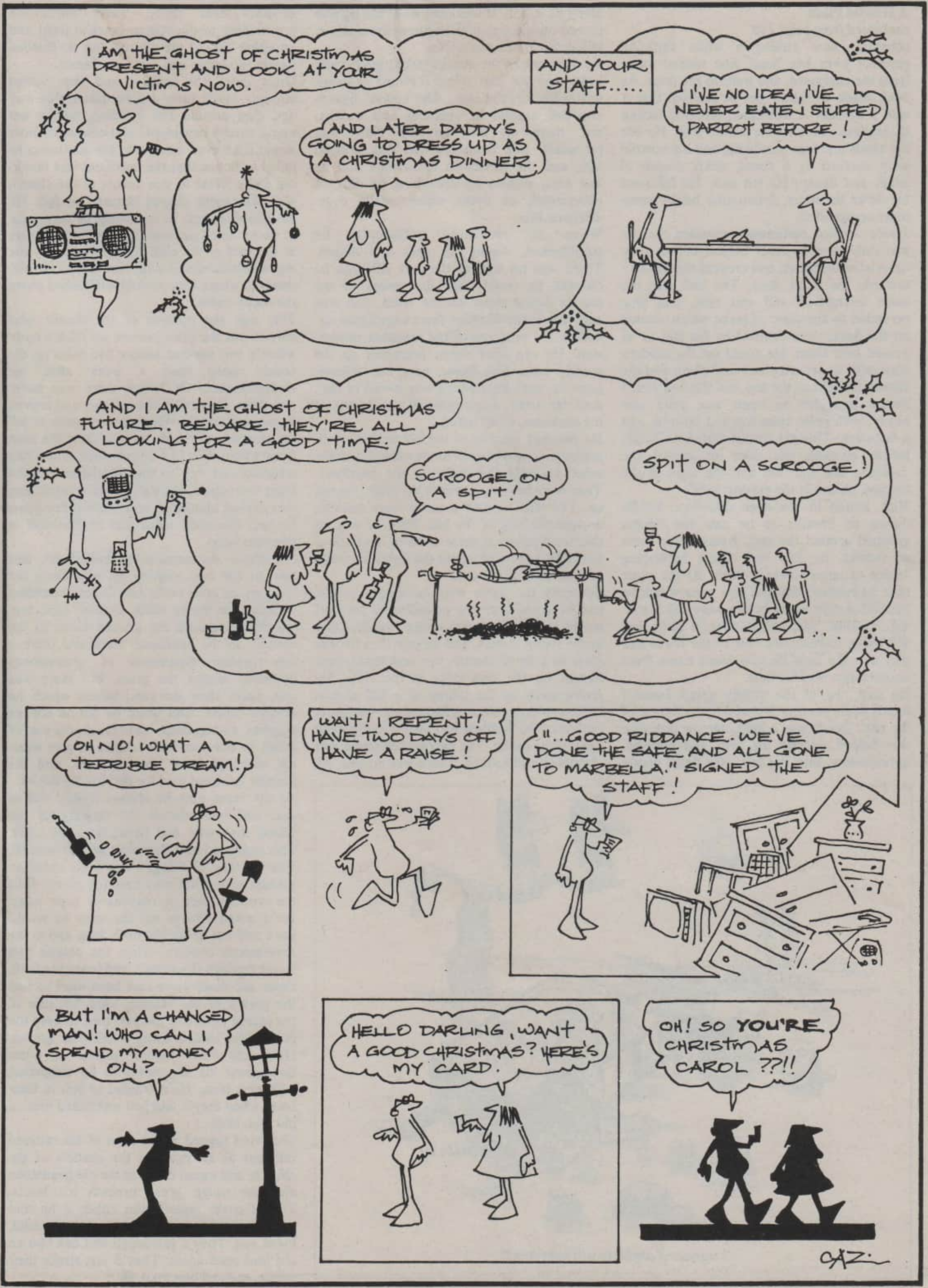
'I don't know why men get down in the mouth about going to the dentist, I certainly don't. You see, I have this cute lady practitioner, and after a dose of the gas . . . well I start to fantasise. I imagine her long white coat slowly starting to drift apart, revealing a superb 34–22–34 body. A pert little bottom appears, and then she turns around. Now there's something to get your teeth into. "Please, open wide," she says, so of course I accept her invitation with alacrity:

'"I'm afraid I'm going to have to take something out," she continues in my dream, so naturally I help her. Down go her knickers, and then as I lie back she starts to put her equipment in my mouth. "I think there's a cavity that needs filling here," she says, looking down. I can only agree, but first there's a bit more probing to be done. It's strange how your tongue always seems to be in the way, isn't it? Next she starts to adjust the chair so that I'm almost lying down. She climbs on top of me – but then I start to feel strange. Oh no, the gas is wearing off. My eyes open, and there is my dentist cool, calm and fully clothed. "Now isn't that better?" she asks. "But remember if it starts to throb again, make an appointment to see me privately."'

THIS YEAR'S CHRISTMAS CAROL

OH THEY DON'T CALL ME SCROOGE FOR NOTHING! OH, NO, I CHARGE THEM!


CHRISTMAS EVE 1984
THE MEN FROM SCROOGE AND MARLEY, BAILIFFS AND DEBT COLLECTORS ARE STILL OUT AND ABOUT, VISITING THE POOR
O.K.! TAKE THE BED BUT LEAVE MY HUSBAND!
I PROTEST! A PARROT IS NOT A CAPITAL ASSET!
BACK AT SCROOGE'S OFFICE...
HE'S GIVEN US XMAS DAY OFF IF WE WORK BOXING DAY FOR FREE!
I'M AS SICK AS A PARROT!
I'M AS SICK AS A BUDGIE!
AND THE OFFICE PARTY....!!
SECOND HAND PAPER HATS!
HE PROMISED US BOOZE AND SEX – TWO CANS OF ALCOHOL FREE LAGER AND A COPY OF MAYFAIR!
I WAS TOO GENEROUS. IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN A COPY OF 'THE SUN'.... ....YAWN..... ZZZZZ
I AM THE GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST – YOU CAN TELL BY THE FLARED TROUSERS. LOOK AT THE PEOPLE BEFORE THEY KNEW YOU.


I AM THE GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT AND LOOK AT YOUR VICTIMS NOW.
AND LATER DADDY'S GOING TO DRESS UP AS A CHRISTMAS DINNER.
AND YOUR STAFF.....
I'VE NO IDEA, I'VE NEVER EATEN STUFFED PARROT BEFORE!
AND I AM THE GHOST OF CHRISTMAS FUTURE. BEWARE, THEY'RE ALL LOOKING FOR A GOOD TIME.
SCROOGE ON A SPIT!
SPIT ON A SCROOGE!
OH NO! WHAT A TERRIBLE DREAM!
WAIT! I REPENT! HAVE TWO DAYS OFF HAVE A RAISE!
"...GOOD RIDDANCE. WE'VE DONE THE SAFE AND ALL GONE TO MARBELLA." SIGNED THE STAFF!
BUT I'M A CHANGED MAN! WHO CAN I SPEND MY MONEY ON?
HELLO DARLING, WANT A GOOD CHRISTMAS? HERE'S MY CARD.
OH! SO YOU'RE CHRISTMAS CAROL ??!!
CAZ

A Hateful Place

continued from page 136

constant, now pulling a white shift-like garment over her head. She turned away from the cupboard, and went to the door. As Nick made to follow her he realised that it was a shroud. A sickening, lurching feeling of helpless despair rose within him. He felt his hands and legs trembling, and his nostrils were assailed by a sweet, sickly stench of death and decay. He felt sick. He followed her down the stairs, drawn after her by some inner compulsion.

Janice seemed completely unaware that he was only several paces behind her as they descended the stairs, and crossed the hallway towards the front door. The hall was the same mixture of old and new, this time pervaded by the scent of herbs which, strewn on the floor, were crushed by his feet as he passed over them. He could see the modern door with its security lock and chain and the curved fanlight at the top, but the one which Janice struggled to open was solid and heavy, with great bolts top and bottom, and a huge key. This she turned with both hands before opening the door to reveal the darkness and the rain and the sight of the torches, ablaze in the gusting wind.

Nick halted in the open doorway, hardly daring to breathe as he saw the figures grouped around the cart. Recognising them as monks, he saw one figure beckoning Janice to come towards them. At the same time he realised that the yew trees which he had felled only hours before were still standing. Smaller, yes, and thinner in girth, but still there, framing his view of the horse and cart and the men he now knew came from another age, another time.

He saw one of the monks grasp Janice's hands while another lowered the tailboard of the cart. Inside was a long, narrow box. She was helped up into the cart, and lowered, unprotesting, into the box. She fitted neatly along its length. It was only when the lid was placed on the box that he knew she had just lain down in her own coffin.

At once one of the monks jerked the horse's head, and the cart jolted forward to creak unsteadily up the lane. The cowled figures crowded around it, chanting and wailing, and there on the doorstep Nick was physically sick from the fear that gripped him, and the conscious knowledge that he had been witness to something he did not understand, an event which totally overwhelmed him.

When he recovered sufficiently he straightened, wiping his eyes and mouth. There was no sign of the cart although he thought he could hear the voices of the monks borne along on the wind, and was sure that in the distance there were lights signalling the progress of the macabre procession. He ran after them, pounding up the muddy lane. The lights, here one minute, gone the next, kept a long way ahead of him. And far away, somewhere in the depths of the darkness, a bell tolled.

He reached the top of the hill and the fork leading in one direction to the village, and the other towards the cliffs on the headland. They were heading towards the cliffs. He ran on. The lane became a stony track snaking around the side of the hill. Then he was on the flat expanse of gorse-covered land above the cliffs, but no closer to the lights although he was running flat out.

Suddenly the lights were no longer visible, and he could hear the pounding of the surf on the rocks. The moon shone through a gap in the storm clouds, and he saw then he was close to a small church, low and squat, built almost on the very edge of the cliffs. He reeled away as the tolling of a bell almost deafened him, glancing fearfully at the gaunt outline of the building just visible in the weak light of the moon. The narrow bell tower was crumbled and broken. There was no bell. All around him there were numerous gravestones in the coarse grass in front and on either side of the church, but no hooded figures, no horse and cart – no Janice.

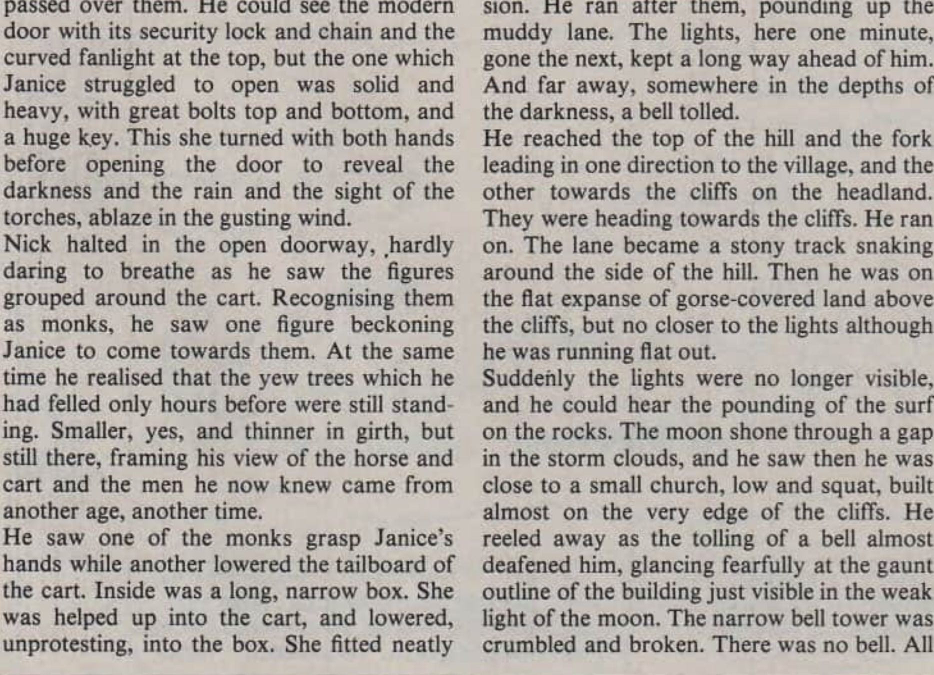
Once more the tension and fear welled strongly inside him, and he darted this way and that around the building, calling her name, totally bewildered and confused, more afraid than ever. Such was his confusion he failed to notice that the headland was breaking away, close to one corner of the church wall. The earth slipped beneath his feet. He lurched sideways. In an instant he was gone, to be knocked unconscious by the boulders at the foot of the cliff, then drowned by the waves which closed over him, and drew him down to where they sucked and eddied along the rocky shore.

This was the opinion of the doctor who carried out the post-mortem on Nick's body when it was washed ashore five miles up the coast, more than a week after his disappearance. Of Janice there was never any trace. Brian sold the cottage, and moved away, and certain villagers were quick to tell the newcomers the mystery of how the man from whom they had bought their house had returned one day to find the lights on, the front door open, his wife gone, a small blue van parked alongside, and the two fine yews he had cherished felled and in firewood in one neat heap.

Sometimes the newcomers looked out, and saw an old man making his way along the road on the crest of the hill. Others, ramblers walking the lonely cliffs, noticed him, too, wandering around the ground close to the church on the headland. Here and there a few broken fragments of gravestones appeared among the grass. But there was one, taller than the rest, beside which he always halted. And when he did he always laughed, a long, deep, bitter laugh, the sort of laugh an old man feels entitled to give when his warnings have been ignored, and the penalty has been paid for defying his advice.

At the same time he always looked out to sea, and remembered the tragedy of the young man who had fallen from the cliffs. This saddened him. But such, he told himself, was the way of things when fools dared to meddle with what was best left alone. Had the woman been a reasonable type when she'd asked him to fell the trees he would have told her about the time, long ago in the seventeenth century, when the plague had swept through the village, and branches from those self-same yews had been used to line the graves of the victims; used, because of the sacred nature of the yew tree, to keep the evil spirits locked away within the graves. He'd told folks before, plenty of times throughout his life, never to go tampering with yew trees. He'd wanted to spit in their faces when they'd laughed and called him an old fool. Mad.

The wind tugged at the hem of his tattered raincoat as he stood in the shadow of the church, and gazed down at the old headstone and the rough grass beneath his boots. They'd never believe him either if he told them she was in there, deep down in the cold, black sod. They'd just laugh and call him an old fool once again. They'd just shake their heads, and call him mad.



'I wonder if anybody will miss him?'

Pick up Marilyn Chambers for only £6·95

FIRST TIME IN THE UK

SEE COUPON FOR EVEN LOWER PRICES

MARILYN CHAMBERS SENSUAL SECRETS
MARILYN CHAMBERS SENSUAL SECRETS
The Sensuous Game Of Seduction
Understanding The Body Basics
Techniques For Lovers
A Guide
Stimulate Your Lover's Fantasies
Important Sexual
WHO KNOWS IT ALL

Pick up 4 more stunners for only £3.95 each.

SENSUAL SECRETS—AX/1

Large format sex-charged action ~~£9.95~~ £6.95. Marilyn Chambers, Americas first lady of sex shows how and why she likes it. She's featured in action in almost all of the 300 plus sex-charged colour photographs, including 100 full plate on perfect art paper reproduction. Features details of:- * Aphrodisiacs * Impotence *Orgasmic Aids * Multiple Orgasms * Erogenous Zones * Sex Toys * Penis Enlargement * Erotic Scents * Clitoral Massage * and much more!

Joys of Masturbation
only £3.95

JOYS OF MASTURBATION-CX/3

~~£5.95~~ £3.95.
Will help you and your partner to greater joy and understanding through the art of masturbation. Explains in detail the role of prosthetics in reaching a successful climax. 280 explicit photographs mostly whole page colour.

SEX STARS FAVORITE POSITIONS
only £3.95

SEX STARS FAVOURITE POSITIONS-DX/4

Doing it their way! ~~£5.95~~ £3.95
John Holmes, Georgina Spelvin, Leslie Dovee, James Gillis and many others gives this guide some of the most daring scenes ever.
150 pages long and over 250 photographs of your favourite sex film stars in mono and colour.

INTERCOURSE ILLUSTRATED
only £3.95

INTERCOURSE ILLUSTRATED—EX/5

All positions shown—
Large Format ~~£5.95~~ £3.95
Learn how to make the most of your favourite positions, guided by precise descriptions and over 200 detailed photographs that fully expose the human body. Includes pulsating close-up shots.

ILLUSTRATED ENCYCLOPEDIA SEXUALIS
only £3.95

ILLUSTRATED ENCYCLOPEDIA SEXUALIS—GX/7

Every sexual activity—
Large Format ~~£5.95~~ £3.95
Want to know about sex? Then this revealing book is for you. It describes in words and pictures every sexual activity and attitude. Vivid whole page colour; nearly 300 sharp, clear pictures; brings it all to life in 150+ pages of super-colour.

SEDUCTION KIT -FREE

Spend £3 or more and collect a FREE 'Seduction Kit' Gift of £6.95

WHEN YOU CALL IN PERSON AT OUR STOCKISTS FOR THESE AND MANY OTHER ADULT PRODUCTS

ADULT SHOPS
Mon-Sat
9.30-6pm
(Fri. 8pm)

LONDON (Kings X) *287 Pentonville Rd. N1 **(Cen.)** 81 Wardour St. Soho W1. **(East)** 34 Upton Lane, Forest Gate E.7/228 Green Street E.7 **(Nth.)** 477 High Rd. Tottenham N.17 **(Sth.)**
*1539 London Rd. Norbury SW16/19 West Hill, Wandsworth SW18/318 Lewisham Rd. SE13 **(West)** 193 Chiswick High Rd. W4 **ALDERSHOT** *266 High St. **BARNSLEY** 8 New St. **BATH**
28 Victoria Bldgs. Lower Bristol Rd. **BEDFORD** 72 Tavistock St. **BEXLEY** *14 Bourne Rd. **BIRKENHEAD** 49 Oxton Rd. **BIRMINGHAM** 487 Stratford Rd. Sparkhill **BLACKBURN**
71 Darwen St. **BLACKPOOL** 311 Church St. **BOLTON** 201 St. Georges Rd. **BOURNEMOUTH** 216 Holdenhurst Rd. **BRADFORD** 147 Manningham La. **BRIGHTON** 11 Surrey St. **BRISTOL**
76 West St. Old Market **BURNLEY** 124 Colne Rd. **BURY** 94 Rochdale Rd. **CAMBRIDGE** 38 Chesterton Rd. **CARLISLE** 6 London Rd. **CHATHAM** *18 High St. **CHELMSFORD**
*167 Moulsham St. **CHELTENHAM** 395 High St. **CHESTER** 5 Boughton. **CHESTERFIELD** 528 Sheffield Rd. **COLCHESTER** 74 Butt Rd. **COVENTRY** 34 Walsgrave Rd. **CREWE**
74 Edleston Rd. **CROYDON** *109 Church St. **DARLINGTON** 91 Victoria Rd. **DERBY** *61 Osmaston Rd. **DONCASTER** 15 Copley Rd. **EASTBOURNE** 135 Seaside. **EXETER** 133 Fore St.
FOLKESTONE *105 Dover Rd. **GLOUCESTER** 178 Barton St. **GRIMSBY** *189 Grimsby Rd. **GT. YARMOUTH** 3 Howard St. Nth. **HASTINGS** 149 Queens Rd. **HEMEL HEMPSTEAD**
193 London Rd. **HIGH WYCOMBE** 152 Desborough Rd. **HORNCHURCH** 144 Hornchurch Rd. **HOUNSLOW** 78 Whitton Rd. **HUDDERSFIELD** 70 Bradford Rd. Fartown. **HULL**
263 Hessle Rd. **IPSWICH** 37 Norwich Rd. **KETTERING** 25 Market St. **KINGS LYNN** 41 Norfolk St. **KINGSTON** 203 Kingston Rd, New Malden **LEEDS** 237 Chapeltown Rd.
LEICESTER 116 Granby St. **LINCOLN** *68 High St. **LIVERPOOL** 63 Moorfields **LUTON** *74 Wellington St. **MACCLESFIELD** *77 Chestergate **MANCHESTER** *54 Oldham St.
MARGATE 55 Northdown Rd. **MIDDLESBROUGH** 14 Borough Rd. **MORECAMBE** *86 Euston Rd. **NEWCASTLE** *56 Westmoreland Rd. **NORTHAMPTON** 8 Regent Sq. **NORWICH**
39 St. Augustine's St. **NOTTINGHAM** *18 Carrington St./*213 Mansfield Rd. **OLDHAM** 95 Huddersfield Rd. **OXFORD** 54 Cowley Rd. **PETERBOROUGH** 75 Oundle Rd. **PLYMOUTH**
23 Market Ave. **PORTSMOUTH** 62 Castle Rd. Southsea **PRESTON** 442 New Hall La. **READING** 108 Southampton St. **ROTHERHAM** *3 Rawmarsh Hill, Parkgate **SALE** 68 Cross St.
Gtr. Manchester **SHEFFIELD** Unit 5/68 Division St. **SHREWSBURY** *40 Wyle Cop **SOUTHAMPTON** 103 St. Mary St. **SOUTHEND** 39 Eastern Esplanade. **SOUTHPORT**
167 Eastbank St. **STOKE** *62 Piccadilly, Hanley **SUNDERLAND** 20 Stockton Ter. Ryhope Rd. Grangetown **SWINDON** 7 Devizes Rd. Old Town **WAKEFIELD** 71 Doncaster Rd.
WATFORD 169 St. Albans Rd. **WEST BROMWICH** 19 Bull St. Ringway **WIGAN** 57 Wigan La. **WOLVERHAMPTON** 17 Broad St. **WORCESTER** 18 Lowesmoor. **WORTHING**
68 Victoria Rd. **WREXHAM** 6 Yorke St. **YORK** 5 Scarcroft Rd. 000 **WALES—CARDIFF** 9 Mill La. **NEWPORT** Unit 14, Sovereign Arc. Kingsway Centre **SWANSEA** 3 Dillwyn St.
000 **N. IRELAND—BELFAST** 31 Gresham St.

*Licenced by appropriate Local Authorities.

Please send me the book(s) indicated.
I enclose £______ If paying by cheque add your address to reverse.
☐ AX/1 £6.95
☐ AX/1 plus two others £12 (tick boxes)
☐ CX/3 ☐ DX/4 ☐ EX/5
☐ GX/7 at £3.95 each
☐ CX/3·DX/4·EX/5·GX/7-4 titles only £12
☐ AX/1 plus other 4 titles £17
I am aware of the books contents. I agree not to show them to minors. I am over 18.
Signed ______
Name ______
Address ______
______
M1912

STARLIGHT BOOKS, DEPT MF,
P.O.BOX 4QL, 81 WARDOUR ST,
LONDON W1A 4QL

STARLIGHT BOOKS, P.O.BOX 4QL, 81 WARDOUR ST, LONDON W1A 4QL

LETTERS

continued from page 17

other, it was time for everyone to settle down for the night and I was pondering how to suggest that we join the five-mile high club. I was therefore delighted when instead of cocooning herself in her blanket, she overlapped it with mine, and rested her head on my shoulder.

Recognising that half the currents flowing between us were coming from her, I started caressing her. First her head, and her arm, then her warm, ample breasts were given my full attention – all very, very slowly and gently, so as not to cause obvious movement of the blanket, and attract attention from the man in the next seat.

After some sleepy position-changing, we settled so that we could both manage one-handed. Very gradually I eased up the hem of her dress, teased her thighs and between them with my finger-tips. Then I moved inside her cotton knickers to find her lips well-parted with excitement, and the most deliciously sensitive clitoris.

Similarly, she undid my trousers, and discovered the state of my tool. It was hot, very large and throbbing fit to burst. Over the next hour we teased and tormented each other mercilessly with tiny movements of the fingers. All the time, we were swirling upwards mentally until we climaxed simultaneously in what was for both of us the most mind-blowing orgasm ever. All without a visible movement of our bodies or sound from our lips. The sheer excitement of doing all that with some 400 people sleeping around us was incredible. It is highly recommended, and it led to a holiday of great and less inhibited passion.

The fact that the lady involved was my wife detracted nothing from the thrill of it all.

PS, Edinburgh

AT LAST!— IT'S COMING TO REST!!
526
Fieldvole

As a frequent 'commuter' between London and Australia, I was particularly interested in the story accompanying the delightful photos of Karen Thornton in Vol 19 No 9. In it, you said that Karen was visiting Australia promoting British videos by appearing on television chat shows. I can vouch for this as fact, for only a few weeks before buying my copy at Heathrow, I had been staying in a Brisbane hotel, and spotted her on TV.

Of course, I didn't know that the young lady was soon to appear in *Mayfair* at that time, but I was stuck by the girl's beauty, and a certain degree of mental undressing did take place. She first appeared on *The Burt Newton Show*, a chat show hosted by the former partner of Don Lane, whom some of you may have seen on the *Noel Edmonds Late, Late Breakfast Show* revealing what can happen in a live TV ad, and how it can go wrong. I also caught her on Des O Connor's show from Brisbane. You will be glad to know that her charm, good looks and sense of humour did a lot to promote her product, and she was a credit to her country.

When I bought my edition of *Mayfair*, back in London, I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw her on your centre pages. Congratulations on your 'scoop', I was just about to nominate her as a *Girl You've Asked to See*.

John Blake, Lewisham

Before I start to tell you about the exciting events I witnessed one warm autumn afternoon, let me assure you I am not a peeping Tom. I live in a block of flats with a balcony that overlooks the communal garden. If something 'private' goes on in the garden whilst I'm on the balcony, it is difficult to avoid seeing it.

I was enjoying a morning in the sun a few weeks ago – a rare treat for the time of the year – when I noticed that the two girls from downstairs were sitting on the lawn. They are the daughters of the Manning family (name changed), and

turn to page 194

Mayfair's exotic lingerie

A touch more daring...

MAKES A GREAT PRESENT

Imagine the joy on Christmas morning when the lady in your life tries on her present – one of our range of provocative playsuits. Sheer and sexy, the range includes a tantalising fishnet bodystocking (AA) and two superstretch bodystockings in white (V) and black (T). Or for fun and games all over Xmas, try our lacy playsuit (F). After all, why should the children have all the fun?

Overseas orders received after December 12, and inland orders received after December 20 may not be despatched in time for Christmas.

To: FASHION OFFER, Mayfair Magazine,
95a Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

Please send me

Qty ...... fishnet bodystocking(s) (Item AA) at £8.95 (one size)

Qty ...... bodystocking(s) in white (Item V) at £4.95 (one size)

Qty ...... bodystocking(s) in black (Item T) at £4.95 (one size)

Qty ...... playsuit(s) (Item F) at £10.95. Size ... (s/med 32-6", large 38-42" bust)

I enclose cheque/postal order for £........... made payable to Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd. Or debit my Access/American Express account.

MY CARD NO IS ....

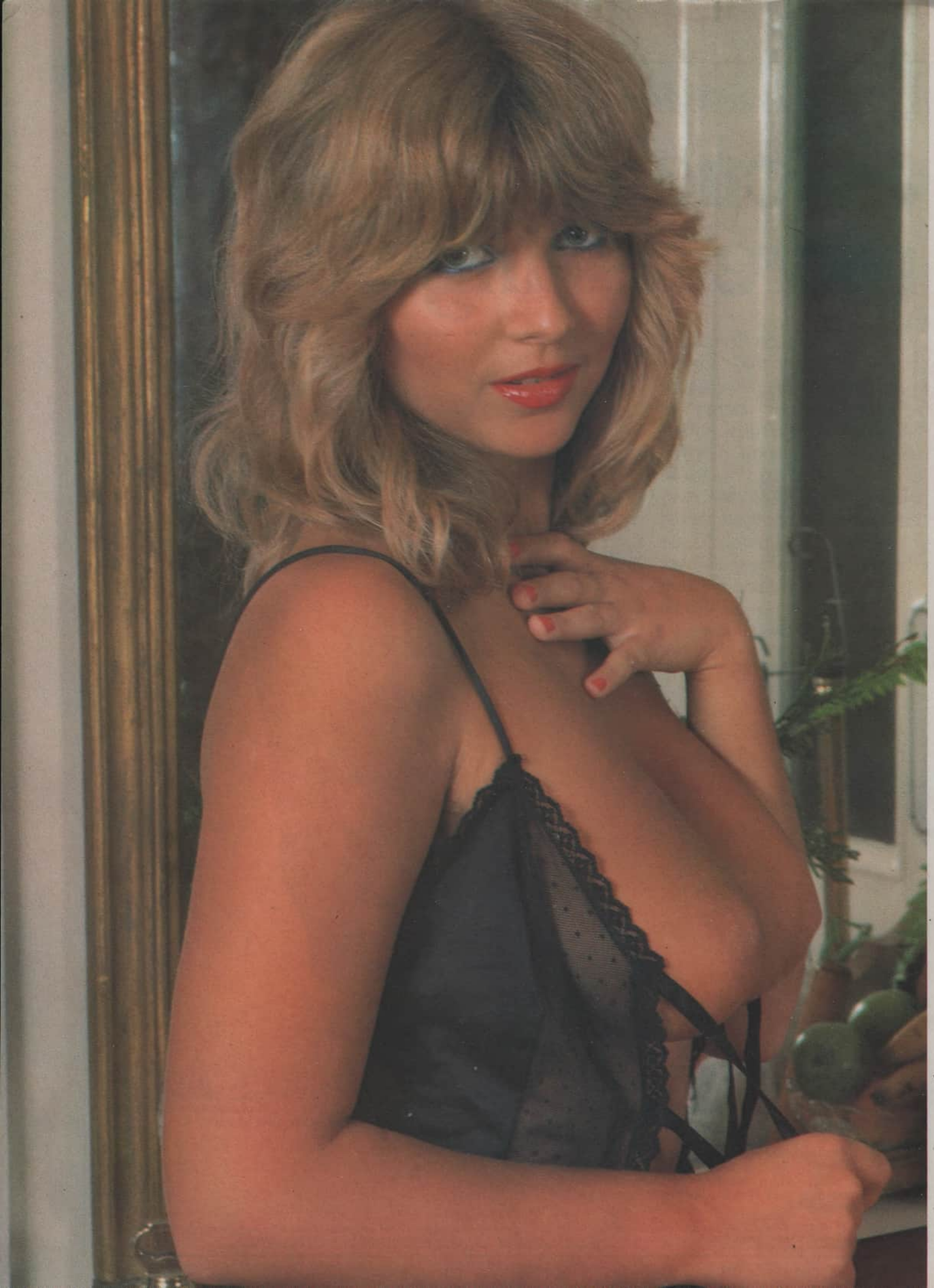
NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

....SIGNATURE M1912

Please allow 21 days for delivery. If you are not completely satisfied, simply return goods within 28 days of receipt for immediate refund. All prices include postage and packing, VAT and insurance. Customers outside Europe add £3.50 to total to ensure air mail delivery. All payments from abroad should be in Sterling (IMO).

IF YOU DO NOT WISH TO CUT YOUR MAGAZINE, PHOTOCOPY THIS COUPON OR SEND YOUR ORDER ON PLAIN PAPER STATING ALL RELEVANT INFORMATION



Pauline

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN ALLUM

If you ever bump into pretty Pauline Freeman in one of her favourite Chelsea pubs, and she tells you where she lives, don't ask why she isn't wearing her pearls and headscarf. 'I suppose I am a Sloane Ranger,' she admits, 'but it's unfair that we're so typecast. We don't all dress alike, and I wouldn't be seen dead with some of those chinless wonders.' Pauline, whose 35-25-36 figure would make any chin drop, shares a flat with her best friend just off Sloane Square, and works as personal assistant for a City stockbroker. 'I find the world of high finance so fascinating.'

Twenty-two-year-old Pauline might be involved in million dollar deals by day, but at night she is much more down to earth. 'I have a fairly quiet lifestyle, and you won't find me in any of those West End night clubs. I must admit I can't dance very well, and when I do dance I prefer it to be a smoochy number where a guy has his arms round me. It's my romantic nature.' Pauline enjoys the odd gin and tonic in her local pubs, or sharing a bottle of chilled *soave* with friends in a wine bar. 'Sometimes we eat at a great little Russian restaurant in the King's Road. There is a lively atmosphere, and it's very informal compared to the slick places I get invited to for lunch.'

Pauline might like the quiet life, but she also has a daring streak, which is why she decided to pose for *Mayfair*. 'A boyfriend was reading a copy one day, and when I said I could do that he just grinned patronisingly and asked me to get him a cup of tea. That did it, and here I am. I hope he gets a shock when I send him the pictures of myself.' And how will Pauline's boss react? 'He's quite chuffed, and said everyone will want to come and do business with him once they find out his PA is a *Mayfair* model. Mind you, he has to keep it a secret from his wife. She would probably kill him.'

LETTERS

continued from page 186

You've done it again! Produced a superb collector's edition, I mean. *Best of Mayfair No 4* is excellent. I particularly enjoyed Nicholas Witchell's feature on the Loch Ness monster, the Aston Martins and Maddocks' *Making an Ash of It*. But surely the winner for the title 'Best of *Best of Mayfair No 4*' is

turn to page 196

THE PARK STREET HEALTH CLUB

An Oasis of calm in the busy city

Situated in the heart of Mayfair, the Club offers a friendly and informal atmosphere and a complete range of relaxation therapies including:

Massage and aromatherapy
Sauna
Steam Cabinet
Manicure
Pedicure
Uvasun suntanning equipment

Whether you come in for an hour between meetings, or spend longer, you'll leave feeling rejuvenated, at ease and with total peace of mind.

80 Park Street, London W.1. Tel. 01-493 0057

Jade
A touch of class
24 hour visiting massage
Tel 724 1630

data link P O Box 100
STRATFORD UPON AVON
COMPUTER DATING

The Modern, Inexpensive and Effective way to meet ideal companions.

data link is Britain's **least expensive** National Computer Dating Agency. We have thousands of members of all ages - - everywhere. Our service is strictly confidential and we **guarantee LOCAL** introductions.

FREE brochure and details write or phone **0789-750092 (24 hrs)**

COSMOPOLITAN MASSAGE SERVICE

A Visiting Service that allows you to stay in the comfort of your Hotel or Home. Masseuses with the highest qualifications from around the world. Ladies with different languages and cultures. All well spoken, well dressed and well mannered.

Please Telephone:

01-486 8867

AFTER YOUR FLIGHT

(or busy business day)..

relax with a professional massage in the privacy of your hotel room, flat or house.
Before engaging a masseuse we insist that she should be:

- Attractive looking
- Intelligent and well-spoken
- Well - Dressed
- 23 - 33 years old

If she meets these qualifications, then we find out how good she is at her job in fact, all of our young ladies are qualified professional masseuses.
Nationalities? English, Japanese, Scottish, German, South African, Israeli, Chinese, Vietnamese, Polish, Persian.
All races, all colours—but all cultured, all very, very good.

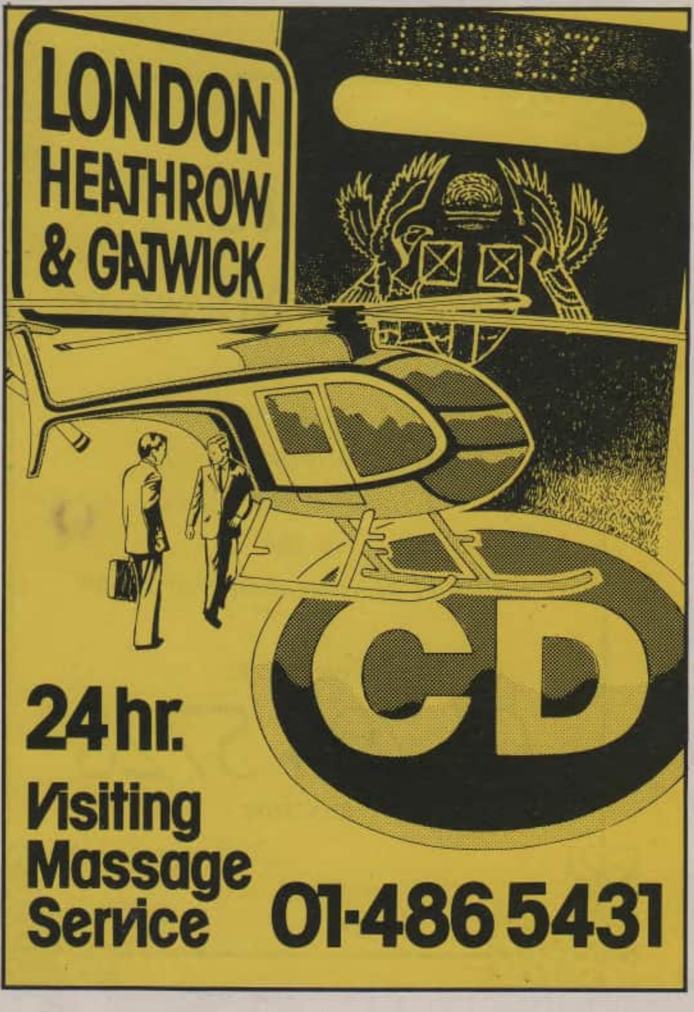
EXECUTIVE
24hr Visiting Massage
01-935 4820
LONDON also HEATHROW and GATWICK

INTERNATIONAL
24 hr VISITING MASSAGE

LONDON
HEATHROW
GATWICK

Please Telephone:

01-487 2531



LONDON
HEATHROW
& GATWICK

CD

24 hr.
Visiting
Massage
Service
01-486 5431

LETTERS

continued from page 194

Roberta Platt-Higgins, the naughty WRAC.

I've always been a fan of women in uniform, and those thighs of Roberta's in stockings and suspenders are just magnificent. If any of your readers haven't seen her yet, I suggest they rush out, and get a copy.

It brought back memories of my first uniformed woman conquest. Jill (name changed) was a traffic warden in North London in the days when they wore the old fashioned tunics with the breast pockets, the shirt and tie. When I first saw her on her beat, I practically came on the spot. She had long, blonde hair tied up in a neat bun, 36 inch boobs pushing out her tunic, and a pert bottom that even showed through the heavy serge. Not to mention the police regulation issue stockings and suspenders that had me sighing as I thought of them.

I stopped, and in my best pretend American, I asked her if she could tell me the way to Buckminster Castle. She looked amazed, then smiled. It was a lovely smile that had me melting into a gibbering heap. Then she pointed out that the Queen's house was actually called Buckingham Palace, and that I needed to catch the Northern Line into town. I asked her to show me, and she pointed to the tube station. Then, I blew my cover, and said, 'I suppose a drink with the only Londoner left around this part of town is out of the question . . .'

Eventually I persuaded her, and we were to go out on several occasions. But the nights that I shall always remember were when she would come back to my flat straight from work, and still in uniform. First she would come in, still looking pristine despite a·day's work, buttons still shining, tie still straight, and put her cap on the hatrack. Then she'd let her long hair flow over her shoulders by taking out the clip that held the bun in place. She knew that this really turned me on, and would walk deliberately slowly towards me letting me have a good look at her, then come and sit on my lap.

A deep kiss followed, and as her tongue pushed between my lips I began to run my hand up her stockinged thigh. As it reached the skin above her stocking top, I began to undo the skirt with the other hand.

Soon I'd slipped it down so that I could wiggle my fingers into her knickers. The top half of her uniform was still intact, but soon I began to undo the silver buttons so that I could reach in and rub her boobs. She used to look exactly like Roberta.

Eventually she would do a lengthy strip-tease of her remaining clothing. Tunic, tie, blouse and knickers were strewn on the floor in an elaborate show which Jill said relieved her of all the tensions of the day, and made her feel 'all gooey' as she liked to put it. Then we would make love in a slow relaxing way, as a sort of *hors d'oeuvre* to dinner.

When she left the force, they didn't let her keep the uniform which was a shame. And soon after we lost contact with each other. However whenever I encounter a girl in uniform, I hark back to those days immediately. Roberta made me do just that. Let's see many more girls stripping off their uniforms soon.

SPG, Brixton

Readers might be interested in a club which myself and three friends have formed. It is called SOP and stands for Sex in Odd Places. So far we are the only members, along with various obliging girlfriends, of course.

The idea came up when we were chatting in a chop house after a hard day in the City. Mark (name changed) was recounting a story he'd heard second-hand about a couple who had it off on the Piccadilly Line platform at Leicester Square underground station. We all laughed, and the conversation continued on the same lines as we tried to think of the most unusual place we'd ever had it off.

None of us could come up with anything as impressive as a tube station, so there and then we formed SOP, and set out to rectify matters. We agreed to meet at the same chop house in one month's time to swap notes and award prizes. When we met up again we traded stories, and the other three members decided that mine capped the lot, so I was nominated to write to *Mayfair* to relate the experience.

I must admit I had plenty of help from my girlfriend of long-standing. Elizabeth (name

turn to page 200

Elite
Visiting Massage

Relax with one of our
delightful Masseuses
in the
Comfort of your Home or Hotel

Telephone
01 794 5728
anytime

PEN PALS

Make yourself a new friend right away with MATCHMAKER, a monthly catalogue of EXCITING NEW CONTACTS, penpals and sweethearts near and far.
Every page is ABSOLUTELY PACKED with descriptive commentaries and photographs of people who are waiting to hear from YOU.
WRITE NOW enclosing a stamp, if possible. By return we will RUSH to you an APPROVAL copy of MATCHMAKER to view for yourself.
**MATCHMAKER, Dept. R.1.
CHORLEY, LANCS. PR7–4BS.**

IT COSTS LESS THAN YOU THINK
TO HAVE YOUR OWN HAIR GROWING AGAIN
Why not take your first step by sending for The Harley Hair transplant **FREE** explanatory booklet to answer many of your questions.
Simply return the coupon or phone
01-580 8858
(10am – 6pm)
TO HARLEY DEAN CLINIC
2 HARLEY STREET
LONDON W1
NAME
ADDRESS
TEL:
M

OUR GREATEST SUBSCRIPTION OFFER EVER!

FIRST THE BAD NEWS . . . With our January issue, Vol 20 No 1, the price of *Mayfair*, regrettably, goes up to £1.20. We had hoped to hold the price at the present level which has been unchanged for two years. Unfortunately, in the past few months the immensely strong dollar has put more than 20 per cent on our paper costs. But *Mayfair* is still great entertainment value when you consider that £1.20 won't buy you much more than a pint and a half of beer or a packet of cigarettes.

AND NOW FOR THE GOOD NEWS . . . To help loyal readers accept this price increase, we are making a great subscription offer – a year's supply of *Mayfair* for only £15 – the cover price of the magazine. Yes, the subscription price is being reduced by £2.50, so we will be bearing the whole of the cost of postage and packing, and your copy of *Mayfair* will be delivered direct to your home in plain wrapper for the same price as you'd pay in your local newsagent.

If you've just renewed your subscription, there's no need to despair. We are prepared to extend the offer to you to commence at the end of your current subscription, even if it has just started. In other words you can avoid a future price increase for up to two years, something we believe no other man's magazine can offer its readers.

Whatever the price, *Mayfair* will always be a great value package with the very best in girls and male interest fiction, features, and humour. And talking of girls, don't miss next month's issue which will be featuring the sensational top models Sian Adey-Jones (left) and Tracey Dixon. It will be on sale from Wednesday Dec 19.

Foreign subscribers have a great opportunity too. The following currencies show the cost of a year's subscription – which is well under the bookstall price.

Payment, please, in Sterling Eurocheques or in your local currency notes.

AUSTRIA 500 A SCH/ BELGIUM 1500 B FR/ GERMANY 100 DM/ HOLLAND 80 FL/ FRANCE 250 FR/ SPAIN 3500 PTAS/ SWITZERLAND 60 S FR/NORTH AMERICA US$25.

To Mayfair Subscriptions, Fisk Publishing Co Ltd, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. Send to the name and address below 12 issues of *Mayfair* starting at Vol . . . No . . .

Name

Address

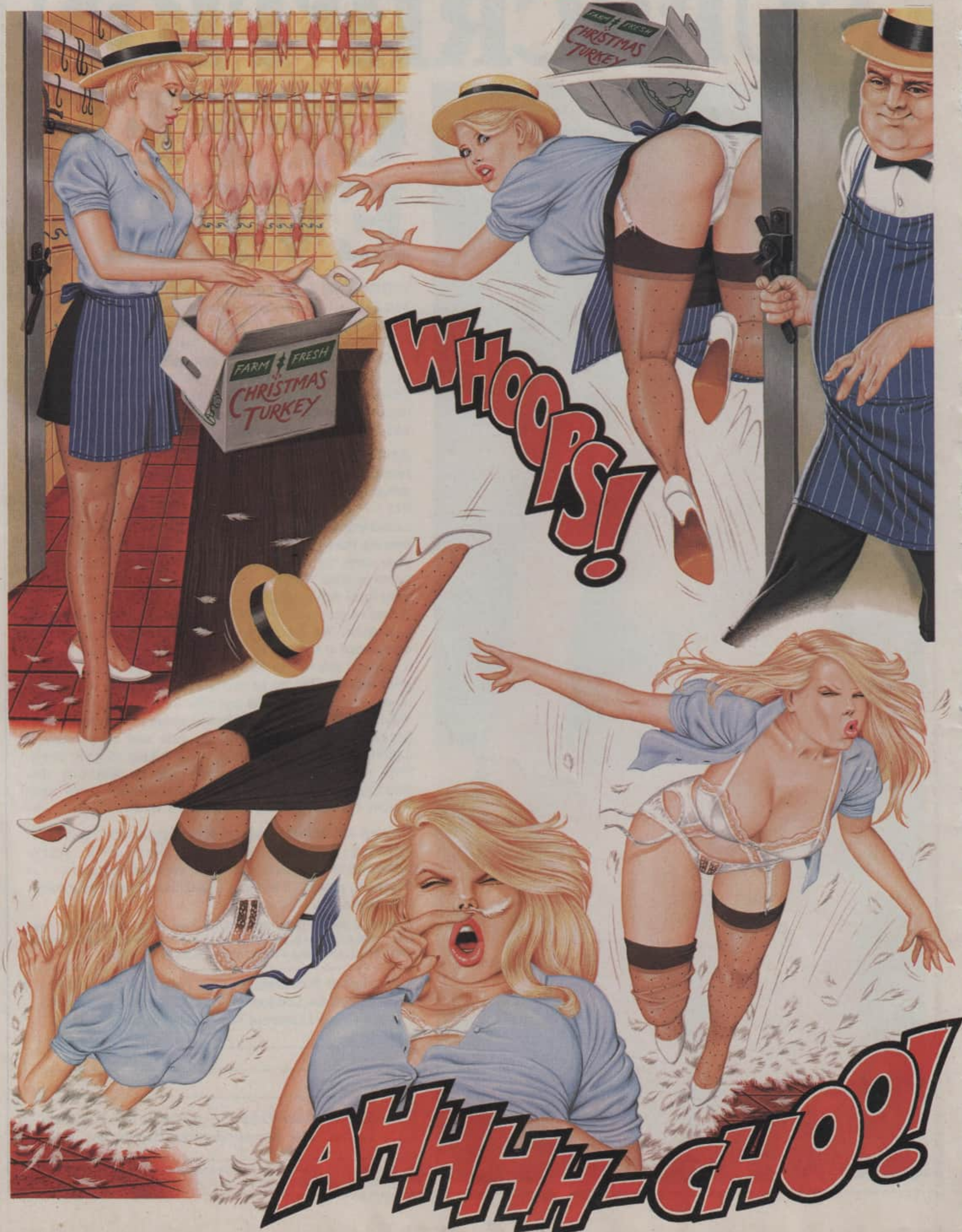
I enclose a cheque/PO for £15 payable to Fisk Publishing Co Ltd, or debit Access/American Express acc. no. . .

M1912

IF YOU DO NOT WISH TO CUT YOUR MAGAZINE, THEN PHOTOCOPY THIS COUPON OR SEND YOUR ORDER ON PLAIN PAPER

CARRIE

Carrie helps out at the butcher's, and ends up a game bird


FARM FRESH
CHRISTMAS TURKEY
FARM FRESH
CHRISTMAS TURKEY
WHOOPS!
AHHHH-CHOO!

RRRRIP!
PRIZE BIRD
STEVE KINGSTON

LETTERS

continued from page 196

changed) is as keen on sex as I am, and when I told her about the challenge the two of us sat down and tried to come up with something very unusual. We discussed the usual places like trains and so on, but soon rejected them as too obvious.

Then we hit on the perfect place – the Royal Albert Hall. We had standing-room tickets for one of Frank Sinatra's concerts for which I had paid an arm and a leg. Elizabeth reasoned that the number of people who have shagged while watching Sinatra at the Albert Hall is probably zero, and we would most likely be the first. On the night of the concert the thought of what was to come lent an added zing to our excitement as we got ready. Elizabeth wore a mini-skirt with crotchless pants and stockings which allowed easy access.

It cost a fair bit getting a taxi from Hampstead to Kensington, but with Elizabeth dressed like that, it would have been a bit much to expect her to sit on the tube, and give all the tourists a free show.

Safely arrived at the Albert Hall, we went to the standing area right up in the gods, and got a place at the front with Elizabeth leaning against the rail, and me positioned directly behind her. We'd worked out the various possibilities in a dummy run standing on my balcony the day before.

I was much more nervous than Elizabeth, and was worried that I might not be able to rise to the occasion. As soon as Old Blue Eyes took to the stage I inched my hand up Elizabeth's skirt, looking round guiltily like a schoolboy smoking in the bike sheds. But nobody was watching us, their eyes were focussed on the remote figure on the stage. Elizabeth however, turned round and whispered, 'Not yet, I'll tell you when.'

As the concert continued I felt my nerve failing, and was beginning to regret the whole thing. I just wanted to get it over and done with. But then Sinatra started to sing *My Way*, and from the big grin Elizabeth flashed at me I knew that was what she'd been waiting for.

I slipped my hand up between her legs, and to my surprise discovered she was already soaking wet in anticipation. Shiftily I unzipped myself, leaned forwards, and slipped into her easily, much more easily than I had imagined. She gave a slight shudder as I moved all the way into her, and then we were off. Nobody noticed us because they were all too intent on the stage. After all, who expects people to shag in the gods of the legendary Royal Albert Hall?

I tried to keep the movements to a minimum as we just rocked together. As I began to climax I felt Elizabeth shudder and stiffen, and her hand went up to her mouth to stifle her groan.

With a sigh of mixed satisfaction and relief, I slipped out of her, and zipped myself up. Elizabeth turned round and gave me a dreamy smile, before slipping off to the ladies.

It was a truly memorable occasion, but the trouble is that Elizabeth has now acquired a taste for the exotic, and is planning all sorts of strange sexual escapades which will make the Albert Hall look as secluded as my bedroom. So if you hear of a couple being arrested for having it off behind one of the goals at Wembley, it will be us.

PP, Hampstead

We were most amused, but we suspect that Queen Victoria was turning in her grave.

I am always amused by pieces of graffiti, and thought I would add a couple of observations of my own.

Incidentally, the toilets graffiti are seen in can be exclusive places. Most are open just to Gentlemen (according to the sign over the door). However, Euston station in London is more Bohemian. It allows only Way Out Gentlemen, if its notice is to be believed. Waterloo Station's sign contains a veiled insult to the hairdressing profession since it opens its door to Gentlemen and Barbers – the latter obviously not being considered normally worthy of entering.

However once in, there are several warnings which should be worth observing. My favourite appears at my local railway station. It says, 'Do not throw matchsticks into the toilet bowl. Crabs can pole vault.'

A Moss, Birmingham

Your views and comments are welcome. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ

LOOK OUT FOR THE NEW BEST OF MAYFAIR

Our fantastic new collectors' edition, the *Best of Mayfair No 4*, is crammed with 196 pages of our most riveting features, special brand of humour and gorgeous girls. We've published 16 of the most beautiful birds, including the nude from *Jaws*, and WRAC officer Roberta Platt-Higgins, in and out of uniform. Look out for *Best of Mayfair No 4*, on sale from all newsagents, price £1.80.

Still available to you– our top selling collectors' editions, Best of Mayfair Nos 1, 2, 3.

Please send me ...... copy/copies of *Best of Mayfair No 4* at £2.50 (including postage and packing) ......copy/copies of *Best of Mayfair No 3* at £2.25 (inc p&p) ...... copy/copies *Best of Mayfair No 2* at £2.00 (inc p&p) ...... copy/copies *Best of Mayfair No 1* at £1.90 (inc p&p). I enclose a cheque/PO for £......... to Fisk Publishing Co Ltd, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

NAME ____________

ADDRESS ____________

M1912

IF YOU DO NOT WISH TO CUT YOUR MAGAZINE, PHOTOCOPY THIS COUPON OR SEND YOUR ORDER ON PLAIN PAPER STATING ALL RELEVANT INFORMATION

Black in town

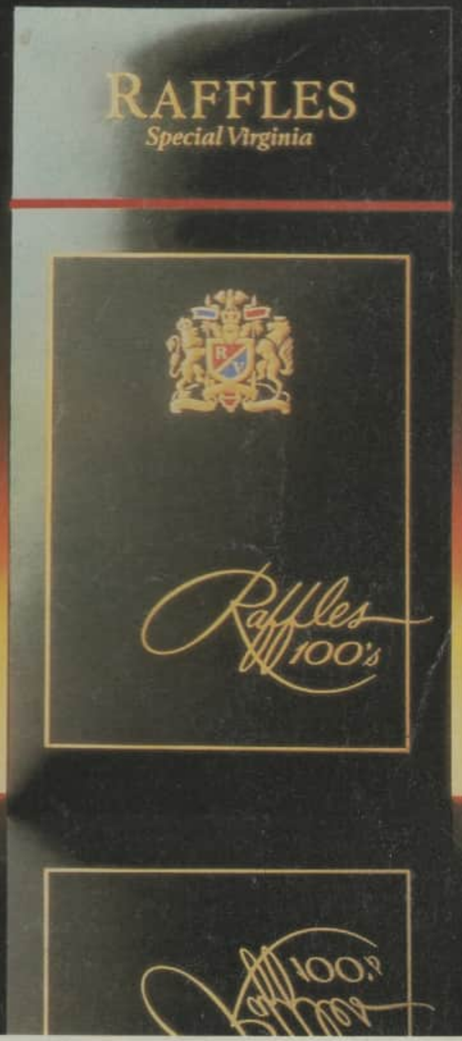
20 FILTER
JPS
John Player Special
KING SIZE
JPS4BKK

MIDDLE TAR As defined by H. M. Government
DANGER: Government Health WARNING:
CIGARETTES CAN SERIOUSLY DAMAGE YOUR HEALTH

GET TO KNOW

Raffles

ONE STEP AHEAD


RAFFLES
Special Virginia
Raffles
100's

TALLER
THAN
KING SIZE

LOW TO MIDDLE TAR As defined by H.M.Government
DANGER: Government Health WARNING:
CIGARETTES CAN SERIOUSLY DAMAGE YOUR HEALTH